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The ART WORLD & ARTS & DECORATION

For MAY, 1918

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Courtesy of Toledo Museum

MOONLIGHT
By R. A. Blake
(see page 21)

DO NOT, AS AN ARTIST, IMITATE THE WORK OF ANY MAN, OF ANY SCHOOL OR OF ANY EPOCH. LET THE GREAT WORKS OF ART IN THE PAST INSPIRE YOU; SEEK OUT THE LAWS OF THEIR GREATNESS BUT NEVER IMITATE THEM. REMEMBER THE REMARK OF EMERSON: "THERE COMES A TIME IN THE EDUCATION OF EVERY MAN WHEN HE LEARNS THAT ENVY IS IGNORANCE AND IMITATION IS SUICIDE."

"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH AMERICAN ART?"

THIS question was asked by Mr. John G. Agar, President of the National Arts Club, during his remarks while introducing our artist, Edwin Howland Blasfield, who was the guest of honor at the "Open Table" gathering, at the club, on the evening of April 29, 1918.

Among the speakers were Herbert Adams, President of the National Academy of Design, Charles Dana Gibson, Chairman of the United States Poster Committee, Ballard Williams, President of the Salmagundi Club, and other artists and laymen.

Mr. Agar made the above query after having expressed great disappointment at the necessity for postponing the exhibition of the results of the Poster Competition—advertised by the Arts Club to be held in its galleries—and for which prizes of \$2,000 had been offered. This postponement was made because the jury considered the result too meagre to be satisfactory.

Mr. Agar did not question for a moment the patriotism of the artists of the country nor their unselfishness. But he asked for an answer to his question: "What is the matter with American Art?"

When Mr. Blasfield rose to reply he put his finger on the principal one of the three causes of the failure of the exhibition by saying, in substance: "The American artists have acquired the habit of looking with more or less disdain upon the expression of ideas in art." He did not develop this thought, however.

We agree with him completely. We believe Mr. Blasfield has also found the reason why so few truly emotion-stirring and exalting posters have been created so far by American artists. Let us analyze the situation:

Since it is true that the transformation of this earthly "Vale of Tears" into a Paradise can be effected only by doing more and more justice to our neighbor and by making the earth more and more beautiful, it follows, logically, that the artist who dispenses justice—helps to increase the liberty of

his neighbor—creates the beautiful—should, at the banquet of the world, sit at the head of the table.

There is no higher type of man on earth than the artist who valiantly fights for Liberty and the Beautiful which—with health—form the three elements of human happiness; and the greatest artists in America recognize this.

Therefore, we on this Magazine have steadily been striving for the welfare, the dignity and elevation of the artist—but in a round-about way; that is to say, through the enlightenment of the public. We have been trying to awaken the public to discriminate between such art as will elevate the soul, not only of the public, but also of the artist himself and such other kinds of art as are either merely trivial or even worse. In fact, we consider ourselves one of the best friends the true artists have ever had in America.

But there are all kinds of temperaments among artists, and as many degrees of moral elevation or lowering as there are among our average citizens. There are great-hearted, trivial and debased artists. Among these some produce works that are noble, some that are negligible and some that are mere drivel. Hence the question arises: What constitutes a great artist?

Many of our artists have a fundamentally wrong idea, to-day, of what makes an artist great. They begin their careers by struggling fiercely with the tremendous difficulties of the technical side of art—with the tools and language of expression—with "technique," and many of them, as they recognize more and more the enormous difficulties of mastering technique, unless they have a special genius in that direction—and how few actually do master it?—they begin to worship the clever technician who does master it easily—they fall down and worship "cleverness," to the exclusion of the higher elements of a work of art (grace), or grandeur of subject, nobility of the conception of the subject, and splendor of the composition of the subject.

The result is many men always remain mere "painters," mere "modelers," mere "rhymsters," without ever becoming great—creative artists. To many of them it will be news to be told that they may be even great painters without being great artists, great modelers without being great sculptors, since great painting and great modeling never can make a picture or a statue truly great. When will this truth find lodgment in the minds of our American artists?

When will they again learn what the Greek and the Renaissance artists knew: that the final *Product* of an artist is the supreme important thing in a work of art and not the technical *Process* by which he creates that work, however important the process may be?

No great product—whether in a statue, landscape, poem or war-poster—is possible without having as a foundation an *idea*. Let its nature be what it may, an idea must underlie every great work of art—even of a great landscape, above all a war-poster—intended to emotion the soul of America and to exalt it to the highest pitch of creative patriotism and service.

But how can an artist expect to invent such ideas, or be the chosen instrument by which the Cosmic Volition," or God Almighty, "puts over" such ideas, when they persistently ridicule the expression of ideas in art, and so destroy their own serviceability as channels for the passing of noble ideas from God to man? And this ridiculing of the expression of the ideas in art is what so many of our artists have been doing—ever since mere technique and cleverness and processes have been raised to a fetish and have been bowed down to by the "clever" men in the world of art, especially during the last generation, during which the cleverness of Velasquez has been exalted to an importance which would be denied by himself? One of these technique-coryphees, George Moore, that ballet-dancer of art criticism, said in his "Confessions of a Young Man":

"Les Palais Nomades" is a real beautiful book, and it is free from all those faults that make an absolute and supreme enjoyment of great poetry an impossibility. For it is in the first place free from those *pests* and *parasites* of artistic work—*ideas*. * * * Shakespeare was truly great when he wrote: "Music to hear, why hearest thou music sadly?" not when he wrote: "The apparel oft proclaims the man!" Could he be freed from his ideas what a poet we should have! * * * Gustave Kahn took counsel of the past, and he has successfully avoided everything that even a hostile critic might be tempted to term an *idea*; for this I am grateful to him."

And Kahn is already a "dead one." Think of it, to call ideas in a poem "pests and parasites!"

Another, R. D. W. Stevenson, said: "Technique

is art, and those who are not interested in technique are not interested in art." And think of Whistler, falling in, more or less, with his conception of art?

What made the matter worse is not that the advocates of surface technique insisted on great technique, but on technique that was "individual," "different," "unique," even "peculiar," a false and sham technique and, along with this, condemned the expression of all ideas as "literary punk."

Now this intellectual and æsthetic poison appealed to all such as are incompetent to draw well, or to paint well. Why? Because the complete expression of any idea, in order to make it really emotion-stirring to others than the artist himself, requires consummate, expressive drawing and skill in painting; and the more exalting the idea the more skill necessary. But many artists do not even know the difference between *mechanical* and *expressive* drawing. If you talk to them about fine drawing they repeat the fallacy: "Oh, yes, a camera also draws finely!" showing they do not know the meaning of expressive drawing any more than they do the difference between real fine technique and sham "technique."

This æsthetic poison also appealed to such as are so brutal in nature that they cannot conceive any subject in a lofty way and who, in consequence, have not imagination enough to invent a fine composition with a fine idea as a basis.

The result is many of the men in the world of art who, while they are clever painters, are utterly useless as channels for ideas—hence ideas do not come to them—flow through them—and, when they do, they are utterly incompetent to effectively handle them, to profoundly express them, so as to produce a work of art that will stir the emotions of their fellow-men. That is the main thing that is the matter with American art.

Therefore when, in this supreme hour, the President of our country calls upon our artists to do their bit, in creating sublime posters to exalt the soul of the American people into a complete realization of the enormous job that is before us, very few of them are able to supply the demand. They produce "clever" posters, O, yes! clever drawing, clever color, clever technique. But over the vast majority hangs the pale veil of triviality, when what is needed is sublimity—to emotion the soul and to arouse the nation's enthusiasm, without which nothing great in war, nor in art, can be accomplished.

One would say our artists are actually ashamed of letting themselves loose—to show they are normal and natural and human—by the expression of what they really feel in their hearts, all because they are afraid some dapper press-hack may call their work "literary" and an "illustration," as many of these have now the insolence to call even Velasquez's "Surrendering of Breda," Chavannes's

"Peace and War," not to speak of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," or Michaelangelo's "Creation" which, though all great compositions are, au fond, nothing but *illustrations*!

Another thing that is the matter with American art is this: American artists have absorbed that other æsthetic poison: "An artist should please only himself," the most destructive slogan ever flung in the face of the public by some arrogant egotist.

Do the composers and the dramatists and the poets work only to please themselves? Do they not all aim to captivate their audiences? And, when they fail to do so, are their works not quickly thrown on the junk-pile? Of course they may seek to captivate their audiences in a manner which pleases them, that is true. But although they choose the manner that pleases them their aim is to captivate their audiences—by pleasing them.

It is impossible for an artist to become great except by captivating the public—by pleasing it—by stirring its emotions—whether he aims to do so or not. The "Ninth Symphony" and "Hamlet" have become immortal works of art only because they do please the public, and across the ages, and they do so because Beethoven and Shakespeare aimed to please the public.

The result of the working of this æsthetic poison—that an artist should please only himself—is that shoals of artists have been shriveled by it, so much that they do not strain to know how to stir the emotions of the public, nor how to exalt and to ecstasize it, but retire into their own studios to please themselves by doing clever stunts in technique, not to captivate the public but to astonish their artist friends and the juries of art exhibitions—made up of artists—all of whom, of course, worship technical skill more or less, the weaker the artist the more, the stronger the artist the less.

The result is the national output in the world of art to-day is mainly of a merely decorative and not of an expressive character. Its coldly intellectual, sleight of hand character is merely *interesting* to the mind instead of being of a warm character and exalting to the soul.

Therefore the majority of art students never go beyond being merely clever craftsmen and fail to become great, creative artists, in the true sense of

the term. Until destiny sadly tells them: "It is too late for you!" they do not wake up to the fact that a clever technician, in any field of art, is not a true artist—unless he is able to, and does, so profoundly and grandly express an idea, or sentiment or story that his fellow-men will be lifted high enough towards the Empyrean to love his work and to love him for having exalted them by his creation.

No, boys Cut loose from the rotten æsthetics of those neurotics—Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, George Moore and their followers. Be yourself, be normal, be truly modern and human, and forget absolutely all you ever heard from the mouths of the pseudo-prophets of the Place Pigalle, the "Chat and Noir," the "Café d'Athene" and the bohemian dives of Montmartre. Look into your own hearts for inspiring ideas and sentiments and echo the words of Shakespeare's "John II.":

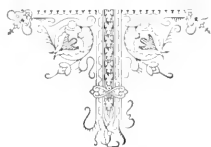
"Mount, my soul, thy seat is up on high!"

Call upon the forces above for sublime ideas, then use your undoubted cleverness and technical skill to express them profoundly and our people—the normal American public—will applaud and reward you by giving you a place in their hearts—which is the only road to immortality.

Let not our public imagine our artists are not clever technicians. They have become very clever under the intensive striving for cleverness during the last generation. But what they need to-day—at a moment which may be considered the opening of the great American art epoch—is to mix thought and poetic feeling with their clever handling of pigments and clay.

But the American public must demand things that are more than merely clever, things that are great, and then they will be created by our artists. It is up to our public after all whether we shall have a great American school of art or not, or even great individual works of art.

We recognize that it is only in response to some great wave of national emotion that great art epochs make their appearance. Let us hope, and believe, that, when victory perches on our banners at the end of this war, its emotioning power will be so strong that America will have its real great art epoch and lift our artists and art once again to heights worthy of the greatest epochs of the past.





Spring Evening in Petersburg—By Shchedrin



Champ de Mars—By Galaktionov



Banks of Neva—By Aleksiiév

THE TRADITION OF THE OLD IDEA IN RUSSIAN PAINTING

By FRANCIS HAFFKINE SNOW

Author of "Ten Centuries of Russian Art"; "Isaak Levitan, the Painter of the Russian Soul"; "The Seasons in Russian Painting," etc.

IN matters of Art, preëminently, Russia was long subject to the tradition of the old idea. By this phrase I mean two things—the Byzantine and the Italian art traditions. The Byzantine school, a sacred petrification which I hope in some later study to prove was no stiff and solemn inanity, but a form of religious painting possessed at its best of an austere and imposing sublimity, exercised for five centuries an almost tyrannic sway. Russia indeed has never entirely freed herself from it, and this, I think, because iconography—and specifically in its Byzantine aspect—responds to certain needs and longings of the Russian soul which find here their best expression; some of the modern painters, like Vrubel, Nesterov, Vasnetsov, still show the mood and unmistakable traces of the stereotypation. But before modern art could even begin, this crystallization of an old tradition had to be set aside. Like shipbuilding, like mechanics, so also art had to be imported. It is certain that Peter the Great transplanted the Italian school of painting almost bodily to his "window-on-Europe." But this was also sacred art, a form of Iconography. Hence, between Russian painting of the old and new schools a chasm intervened, and the view of these two plains facing and opposed is strangely contradictory in its allure. And the influence of these two schools offers a

special explanation of the dominance of figure painting and the almost complete neglect of landscape painting in Russian art.

There was also, I believe, another explanation. Whatever men may say about "European" Russia, anyone who knows his Russia well, who has lived in the great Slavic land and penetrated its psychology, anyone who speaks the "mighty tongue of sibilant song" and who has delved into the strange workings of the Russian mind, knows that Russia is an Oriental, not an Occidental land, and that the faces and the souls of the Russian race are turned, like those of the worshippers of Islam, towards the East. Melchior de Vogüé, whatever his superficialities and inaccuracies, was right in this. Artistically Russia takes its source in the neo-Christian art of Byzantium—an influence consequent on the conversion to Greek Catholicism in the tenth century. Now Latin art, which developed landscape painting, was born in the Middle Ages in Western Europe. It was never transplanted to the shores of the Bosphorus or to the lands of the East. The importation of Italian art in the 18th century, as I have said above, was the importation of a form of Iconography. The Greeks, on the other hand, were preoccupied with the human; to them Nature had no appeal save in relation to its reflection on the human



PRINCESS KHOVANSKY
AND
Mlle. C. KHRONSTAHEF
By D. Levitsky

soul. Phaedra's only thought of Nature is purely subjective, and in the manner of the Ruskinian pathetic fallacy. Landscape painting could have no part in a conception of life where the whole action formed a gigantic drama of Humanity. It is, therefore, easily understandable that the Russians, who were artistically dependent on the Greeks, and later on the Italian pietistic school, should belong to the non-landscape-painting nations.

Hence is explained the long centuries of Byzantine figure-painting in Russia, culminating as late as the seventeenth century. Hence, from another angle, the predominance of the figure-painting of the transplanted Italian Renaissance under the rule of the great Peter and Catherine the Second.

So the long centuries dragged by, and Russia, for the special reasons which I have given, developed no landscape-painting art. The last vestiges of the Stroganov School of Iconography disappear by the end of the seventeenth century; and between this sacred painting, which had existed from the tenth century, and the modern Russian School of landscape painting a chasm would have intervened if, for special reasons here again, an eighteenth-century "official" landscape art had not been artificially induced and developed. From a purely historical viewpoint, then, we may say that Russian landscape painting, like most of Russia's artistic achievements, goes back scarcely more than a century. Eighteenth-century painting, pseudo-classical and highly artificial, accomplished little in this field. The executors of the great Peter's artistic enthusiasm soared to no sublimities. The only painters of talent of the century—I mean, of course, Levitsky and Borovikovskiy—were, it is true, masters in the field of portraiture. And to be fair to the art of the eighteenth century, there were some among those who painted the "official" landscape—that landscape which Peter and his successors, whose eyes were turned toward the West, considered the acme of artistic elegance, who possessed a touch worthy of a nobler and more modern inspiration.

I am not sure if the poetry of eighteenth-century art has been generally appreciated. There is a mood here; unmistakably there is a mood. It is, if you like, the mood of the rococo; a soft and silken wantonness, the lure of an over-civilized and highly artificial society. And the eighteenth-century landscape is the fitting background for the mood. Sometimes, when wandering through Versailles and the Petit Trianon, I have sat in some rustic arbor or temple created at the behest of Marie Antoinette, and as I caught the white sheen of the splashing waters of the Neptune-guarded pool, I have grasped the mood and sensed for a moment the elusive, long-dead charm of the period of silken panniers and noble shepherds and shepherdesses, with their powdered hair and patches, their high-flying, quintessentialised conversations akin to the alambicated metaphysics

of the *Astrée*; but it was the landscape that brought the mood. So, as I stand before some of the landscape paintings of these eighteenth-century representatives of "official" art, I seem to see unfold again the "strange, morbid, charming blossom" of this eighteenth-century neo-Arcadian civilization, and I understand why the modern painter and critic Aleksandr Benois, obeying some old French atavism in his blood, turned away completely from the modern era, and chose this eighteenth-century *milieu* for his pictorial domain.* Already with Semion Shchédrin, who lived under Catherine, we get the mood; some of his paintings, if at times technically defective, are pervaded with a haunting charm; the striking effects of clear-obscure so loved by Benois, are here; the fascination of murmuringly plashing fountains, the lily-white *fleur-de-lys* of water-vapors among sombre verdure; the deserted nooks and enamelled meadows; the white cottages mirrored in the darkly gleaming pools. . . . And there was Mikhail Ivánov, more manneristic and less sincere, with his water-color paintings of Tsárskoe Seló and the sites visited by Catherine and Potemkin. . . . And lastly, there was Fiódor Aleksíev, greater than both of these, with his paintings of the Neva, full of glowing color and possessed of a deep, rich *pâte*. . . . In Aleksíev preëminently we have a color-scale which presages the coming of a new era.

Of a verity, these epigons of pseudo-classicism, as they painted their eighteenth-century banalities, were acquiring a technique. The Academy, developing from Peter's school of drawing at the Petrograd Printing House, was formed by Elizabeth in 1748 in her creation of a Department of Fine Arts at the Academy of Sciences, and was given the dignity of an Academy of Fine Arts in 1757. From the second half of the eighteenth century the classical spirit fostered by the Academy grows and develops.

Academism has been condemned; it has been productive of great sterility, but it has also furnished the teachers who shaped and moulded the genius of many artists who needed principial education and control. The painter Makháyev, for instance, by his teaching of perspective in the new Academy, founded a whole school; a school which I might call a school of topographical landscape. Such a school was urgently required, and in constant demand under Peter and his successors, Elizabeth and Catherine.

Russia, before the time of Peter, was one vast and wretched village. Peter and his successors aspired to make their cities the envy of the West. Palaces, villas were built; gardens and parks were laid out; Petersburg was turned into one of the eight wonders of the world. Topographical engravings made

* The group to which Benois belongs has been gracefully and truly defined by Christian Brinton as one which "has revived the graces of former days and transmuted the fragrance of the eighteenth century into something spirited and modern yet instinct with poetic sensibility."

by Academically trained artists were sent abroad to show an astonished West the refinements of the "barbaric" Russian culture. It was a time of proud self-immortalization. Called into existence, not by the demand of Russian society as a whole, but by the will of a Government and of an Aristocracy who wished to see the external splendors of Western culture transplanted to their own land, the art of the eighteenth century even at its best could show no original national spirit. The Russian artists of the century lack utterly the original personal note, the specific Russian sensibility. Hence is explained the vogue of Portraiture, which requires technique, but no pronounced artistic personality, no strong creative imagination.

The City of Peter, above all, seems to have exercised a strange fascination over the minds of certain painters whose lives begin in the eighteenth and continue through the nineteenth century, but who lived still in the eighteenth century tradition. Petersburg then was a granite city; even to-day it is cold, grim, dreary, and solemnly oppressive. The melancholy charm of the chill and barrack-like city bit deep into the spirit of some of these early artists; their imaginations were arrested by the impression of granite might, by the lonely majesty of the Exchange, the Palace square, and the Admiralty. Magnificently austere, the granite city of Peter glittered coldly in the waters of the Neva; grandiose and overpowering as the ambition of its creator, its very grimness had its appeal; in the engravings and water-colors of Galaktiónov, Martýnov, Maksim Vorobióv (1800-1877)—and here Aleksandr Ivánov, born at the turning of the eighteenth century, might be included—the austere spirit of the early city has

been evoked and crystallized; one need only gaze at them to feel how potent must have been the fascination of the white stone city which rose as if by magic over night, at the imperious stamp of the despotic foot of Peter, whose will was stronger than Nature and the logic of prepared events.

Vorobióv, indeed, carries us nearer to the spirit of nineteenth-century painting than most of his contemporaries. Gifted like some other Russian artists with a talent for music (it is astonishing how closely the arts of painting and music have in Russia been allied!), Vorobióv turned his eyes away from all the flinty dreariness of the view through the window on Europe, and dreamed in the strange pallor of white nights before the Neva. One who has never lived in Petrograd in the "white" seasons, can scarcely imagine the poetic impression of the wan and milk-white luminance which spreads over the whole city like pale, tenuous veils, through which some dim and alabastrine glow diffuses. And there on the noiseless waters of the glauque and silent Northern river rides the Russian moon, of a soft June brilliance, and its radiant light fusing with the white and melancholy atmosphere, produces an effect of weirdness and tonal indefiniteness so problematically difficult of resolution that Vorobióv must not be blamed for failure in an age still struggling with the complexities of experimentation.

And one is often astonished when one sees the inferiority of the contemporary production, at the excellence of some of this attempting. Of all of the painters of this "picturesque" school, of which M. Vorobióv may be said to have been the founder, there is scarcely one—for Fiódor Matvéyev's pictures

(Continued on page 62)



Morning in Petersburg—By Vorobióv



Danish Girl with Flowers—By Helena Dunlap

CONTEMPORARY ART IN CALIFORNIA

The Forty-Second Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association

By J. NILSEN LAURVIK,
Director, the Palace of Fine Arts

THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915 marks an epoch in social, political, and cultural history of America, as did the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and, like the latter, it has not been without its definite effect upon the artistic trend of the community in which it was held, as has been so strikingly demonstrated in the three exhibitions of work by California artists held in the Palace of Fine Arts since the close of the Exposition.

In the first Jury Free Exhibition, as well as in the San Francisco Art Association's Annual Exhibition of 1917, and in the Second Jury Free Exhibition just closed in the Palace of Fine Arts, the new spirit was clearly discernible in color and treatment, no less than in subject matter. In these later exhibitions the Whistlerian tonalities and Barbizon romanticism in vogue before the Exposition were conspicuous by their absence. There is also a refreshing absence of the banal, conventional subject

matter at one time so popular with public and artists alike. On every hand one finds painters, etchers, and sculptors occupying themselves with contemporary themes, which is leading to many interesting rediscoveries of California and Californians.

At last the noble lines of the California hills are being painted without pseudo-idealistic, romantic preconceptions, and gradually the painter and public are coming to realize how much more beautiful are these realistic versions of our grandiose landscape than the vague, characterless echoes of the Barbizon School, which so long passed for true portraits of California. A refreshing candor, typical of this far West country and its people, characterizes these later interpretations that will give California art currency far beyond the borders of our State. For, however paradoxical it may seem, it is nevertheless a truism that only art of a strongly nationalistic character has any hope whatever of becoming known and influential internationally,



POURTRAIT OF ELMER HADER
By E. Spencer Macky

and in the same degree only that art has a chance of becoming a real part of the national being which truthfully reflects the character and conditions of the particular locality in which it is produced.

Thus we see the fame and influence of Florentine, Venetian, Bolognese and Tuscan art spreading far beyond their borders and becoming a part of Italian art and finally of the art of the world. We find this phenomena again repeated in our own day in the art of the Düsseldorf, Munich, Barbizon, and Impressionist schools of painting, all of which were products of intensely localized influences expressed with such force and fervor as to command outside attention and emulation.

A somewhat similar instance of this sort of local expression becoming a national force presents itself in the Hudson River school of painters, whose intensely localized point of view gradually dominated the art of the period. These observations lead one to the inevitable conclusion that the only hope of art in California becoming an integral and influential part of American art in general, lies in its being less supinely cosmopolitan in character and more truthfully and idiomatically Californian in subject matter and treatment. And, judging by recent manifestations, the prevailing tendency here among the older as well as the younger painters is frankly in this direction, which at first glance

may appear to be a curious result of an international exposition.

Never was California art so truly representative of the life and landscape of California as it has shown itself in the work done since the Exposition, which seems to have liberated the artistic potentialities of the community—and by community I mean the whole Pacific Coast, which shared in the effects of these liberating influences. It was a matter of general comment among many who visited the First Jury Free Exhibition of the Works of California artists given in the Palace of Fine Arts in the summer of 1916 that they had been wholly unaware of the existence of so many able artists on the Coast, and this surprise was shared by the country at large when the first Traveling Exhibition of the Works of California Painters, sent out by the San Francisco Art Association, was shown outside of our State. To the rest of the country, long accustomed to accepting California art as personified in the venerable Keith and the panoramic Thomas Hill, this collection was a revelation of a hitherto little-known country expressed with a clearly-defined individualism, refreshingly free from any dogmatic *Parti Pris*.

Here was an art mature and yet possessed of the zest and freshness of youth, not so much a

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The Herring Tower of Nieuport—By Armin Hansen



Washington Crossing the Delaware—By E. Luetze
A mediocre piece of painting, but a great work of art

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

The Standard

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

NOW that we have merged two magazines in one we feel it incumbent upon us—in order to get in close touch with our new readers—to state anew the fundamental principles and point of view from which we look at art. For all our judgments and decisions in regard to anything in life depend upon our point of view.

Our principles and standpoint were neither made nor discovered by us. They are the principles which have guided the great artists of the past and will guide the great artists of the future. We simply adopted them as our own, after forty years of study, and after communing with many of the greatest artists of Europe and America. We adopted them because we believe them to be the soundest and most universal and, therefore, the most enduring.

"WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE"

By E. LUETZE

A Mediocre Piece of Painting, But a Great Work of Art.

WE can assure the public that the majority of the "painters"—of to-day, who follow the painting fashions and fads, when they hear this picture called a great work of art will say: "Nonsense!" Why?

Because they look at a picture mainly from the point of view of mere painting, and in addition such painting as is *clever*, that is—such as is manifestly done easily, quickly, with the least retouching or modeling, painting that is done with the fewest brush-strokes and yet has that element—so difficult to explain to a layman—called *quality* of color. This element of quality involves brilliancy of tone, truth of color-values, and therefore of atmosphere, richness of color, transparency of shadows with true texture of surface, etc., a quality of which Velasquez was the great master, and who has be-

come, during the last generation, the idol of most modern painters.

Other artists—a minority—still worship the carefully modeled, smooth painting of such men as Holbein, Van Meer and their kind, which is not at all "clever," but powerful, manifesting life sometimes with even greater intensity than did Velasquez, but a life, and a quality of color, obtainable only by more or less laborious *modeling* in color, in which the brush marks and all clever, wizard-like, sleight-of-hand dexterity is eliminated completely, so that one cannot tell how the effect was obtained.

And, as for the ridiculous "modernistic" artists—now dying out—they, of course, would say: "Punk!" in reply to anyone calling this picture a great work of art.

But in the final judging of a picture, painters do not count any more than sculptors, or other men of wide culture and imagination. The painter may be an authority on painting, on pigment-manipulation, which is but a part of a picture, but he is not necessarily an authority on emotion-stirring Art—which involves conception, composition and expression, three elements which are present in a reproduction of a painted picture, whether by photograph or engraving, while the color of the painting with all its qualities are lost in the reproduction. All the painting qualities of Leonardo's "Last Supper" are lost in a photograph of it, but the conception, composition, dramatic expression and drawing are still there and, in spite of the total absence of color, powerfully stir the emotions of thinking people.

This proves the utter absurdity of our modern painters making so much fuss over the painting qualities of a picture, and makes their ridicule of those higher elements in a work of art positively destructive. For it is that attitude—this over-valuation of mere painting, above all by those painters who "paint only for painters"—which is the cause of the paucity of great works by our American artists.

Being a mere follower of the rotating painting-fads, without being a thinker and a poet, is not the job of a real man. The leading men of the world have come to this conclusion. Let our mere painter-boys reflect over this fact. Because they are face to face with a new epoch in life and in art. Pigmental skirt-dancing in the world of art has become a dreary bore, so has tangoing in color. Therefore, face about, boys, for the world has become serious once more!

Luetze, the author of the picture we are discussing, was a German, born in Emingen, in Wurtemberg, and in 1816, as a child, came with his parents to Philadelphia. In 1841 he returned to Europe and studied in Düsseldorf, Munich, Venice, and Rome. In 1850 he won a gold medal in Berlin with his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," his masterpiece among a large number of other historical works. He came back to America in 1851 and 1859, and finally settled there in 1863 and died in Washington in 1868.

He came at a time when "premier coup," "slapdash," "individualistic," "song-and-dance," "personal" and "egotistic" painting—as understood by many of the painters of to-day was scarcely thought of. Painting was simple, straight-forward, impersonal—no one aimed at leaving catspaw brush-marks all over his picture. The aim was—to *represent* things, and with relative truth. Nobody thought of "significant form," "creative form" or

"deformation" of the form. Such aberrations had not yet been incubated. The aim was to tell a story, to express an idea, with as much profundity of expression and as much beauty of color as possible, and all "stunting in color" was undreamt of.

Were this picture cleaned the painting would appear to much greater advantage and, moreover, as superior, in many ways, to the painting of the Luxembourg decorations, by Rubens, in the Louvre. Nevertheless, judged by the painting of Couture, Courbet, or Ingres—of about the same epoch in which Luetze worked and in which this picture was painted—let us admit it is not of the highest class of painting. It would take too long to say why.

But it is not at all to be ridiculed as painting even, when compared by the very best the Americans have done so far, above all—in large historical painting. We must remember the picture is 12 by 21 feet in size, perhaps the largest easel picture ever painted in America, not being a wall decoration in the strict sense. And a technique of painting, which suits a small 20x24-inch canvas, is not suitable for a canvas of the size of this one. Hence, its painting quality should not be judged from the painting quality of Teniers's "Dutch Kitchen," of which we will speak presently. In fact it may be said the painting suits the size of the picture.

But, in revenge, if the painting is not of the highest, the subject is conceived in a most noble spirit, composed with extraordinary skill, monumental in



A Dutch Kitchen—By David Teniers, the Elder. A great piece of painting, but a mediocre work of art

style, full of rhythmic lines and with a color-pattern that is still of unusual beauty, despite the dulling dirt upon the canvas.

It shows with consummate skill not only the crossing of the Commander but of his whole army, in boats and barges stretching in a waving line up the river in fine perspective, yet, at the same time, showing Washington as the indomitable leader, in advance, and serenely confident and actually leading his army. There are few more effective compositions.

While the drawing may not in every little detail be as impeccable as that of Ingres, it is far above the average in force and truth of movement and expression and giving an amount of life rarely seen in a historical canvas in which the main figures are all over life size.

But the chief excellence in this picture—and this it is which makes it a great work of art—is the extraordinary and profound dramatic expression of all the figures. From this standpoint it is worthy of standing by the side of the best historical pictures of the 19th century.

Is there a more heroic, more confidence-inspiring figure in American, or any other art, than that of Washington as he calmly and fearlessly faces the uncertain fate that awaits him on the enemy-beset and bleak shore before him? In fact, in no other work is Washington represented more grandly and more appealingly to the imagination of his countrymen. And with what a grim determination every man in the boat attacks the problem of getting through that floating ice and across the river—and to fight! How beautifully the figures are grouped, especially the two holding the flag against the fierce wind!

Then note the truth of expression on every face, each in harmony with the action each man is engaged in. In Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda" all but one of the twenty-two faces in the picture seem to pose for their photographs, instead of watching the action of Spinola, the conqueror, receive the keys of the city from Justin of Nassau. Not so here. Every man is self-forgetting and absorbed in tending strictly to the business before him. It is therefore one of the most dramatic boat-loads of human beings ever painted. All is truth of movement, of action and of expression. Unity pervades the whole work. But, above all, it radiates not only war—but the very spirit of Revolution. Victory is on the face of every man in the picture! So that, as year by year we study this work, it becomes a more and more superb creation and the truth gradually steals over us that it is one of the greatest, most dramatic and emotion-stirring *historical* pictures in the world.

But—it expresses an idea! O ho! think of it! It represents a great historical event. And, therefore, to the ping-pongers of paint over canvases composed in drivelling ways it is—"literary," is

"story telling," and that—to these trifflers in the world of art is; forsooth—anathema! Nevertheless, we predict it will be a long time before American artists will be capable of making a finer representation and a more dramatic expression than this, of Washington crossing the Delaware.

The picture suffers, just now, also from familiarity—and "familiarity breeds contempt." It has been reproduced in every medium for more than a generation. Therefore we feel sure that, were this picture covered up until the appearance of the next generation, it would, upon being uncovered, meet with instant approval—above all if then the craze for mere peculiarity or individuality of manner in painting will have given way to a sane appreciation of the importance of nobility of conception, beauty of composition and profundity of expression of thought, feeling and emotion.

Our citizens, who love this picture but have been bewildered because some of the absurd paint-fadists have gone even so far as to say this picture is not art at all, can rest secure in the faith that, when these pitiful color-mongers and their silly pattles-in-paint are utterly forgotten, or in disrepute in the chamber of curios in some museum, this picture will be treasured as an exalting and enduring great work of art.

"A DUTCH KITCHEN"

By DAVID TENIERS, the Elder

A Great Piece of Painting But a Mediocre Work of Art.

THIS is a picture of about 20x24 inches in size. It speaks for itself, as to subject, conception, composition, etc.

There is no more skillful piece of mere painting in the Metropolitan Museum than this. The late W. H. Chase never tired of leading his "class in painting" to this picture and descanting upon its cleverness, as painting. But Chase was always merely a "painter." He it was who said:

"There are no such things as poetic subjects. Velasquez could have painted a sublime masterpiece of a yellow dog with a tin-can tied to his tail!"

Yet Chase was right—this is a superb piece of mere painting. And, if the making of an almost photographic reproduction in color of a hotel kitchen as this, is great art, this would be a very great work of art.

But it is after all a dull, commonplace, unemotional work, absolutely devoid of inspiration or charm or emotioning power—except in color, and astonishing only for the realism with which the brass kettles, the cablages and the pots are painted. And when we—those of us who are not art students studying Teniers's tricks of painting—have seen it once, and noted its fine technical skill, we do not care to look at it again very often, we pass it by,



"Cremorne Gardens No. 2"—By Whistler

and hurry off to some other work that is truly full of emotion-stirring and lifting beauty.

Compared, as mere painting, with the "Washington Crossing the Delaware," it is the superior work; but, compared with it as a dramatic and exalting epic in paint, it is far inferior, and not in the running. It leaves us where it finds us—on the earth; it never gives us an exalting tremor!

These two works, by Luetze and Teniers, finely illustrate what we mean by great art and what is merely great painting, and the inadequacy of the latter to satisfy our higher natures.

The Dutch "little masters" produced many works like this, in Holland, during the 16th and 17th centuries. While Louis XIV. was absent from Versailles on some expedition, some of these Dutch works were hung in his chamber. On returning he said: "Take away those grotesques there!" He was not far wrong—from the standpoint that great art is something more than mere painting however clever—when the subject is no higher than the materiality of a Dutch hotel kitchen.

"CREMORNE GARDENS NO. 2"

By WHISTLER

A Trivial Piece of Painting and a Trivial Work of Art.

WHAT shall we say of Whistler's "Cremorne Gardens No. 2"? If anyone were to say that Luetze, who painted "Washington Crossing the Delaware," was a greater *artist* than Whistler—a howl would go up from a majority of the artists of the world, to-day in this fad-ridden epoch. Because the majority of artists have been bitten by the "painting plague," and have been drawn into the current of following the general trend in the painter-world—to abandon art alto-

gether for mere painting and pigment-juggling of every degree of peculiarity.

And the naive effrontery with which these ox-eyed children of the brush and palette assert—that the end of life is to sling a pot of paint at a canvas, as Ruskin accused Whistler of having done, and for which that gay cox-comb dragged the irascible old critic, then in his dotage, into court is amusing indeed. It used to be exasperating, but now, since the Russian debacle has frightened mankind and made them once more serious and sane, and since ping-ponging paint is visibly giving way in art to poetic thought and emotion-stirring sentiments, it is simply laughter-provoking.

As a mere craftsman or precieuse technician, Luetze was not the equal of Whistler; we doubt if he could have made the four fine plates in Whistler's "Thames Series" of etchings, or painted the marvelous white skirt of his "Miss Alexander."

But, as an all round *artist*, he was actually superior to Whistler. The latter never created anything to compare with Luetze's great picture here shown. And we could predict that, if Whistler's "Portrait of My Mother" were destroyed, most of his works would be forgotten—except in the minds of a few collectors—when this picture by Luetze would still be honored and cherished by Americans. The reason is furnished by the more or less total emptiness of Whistler's works as shown in this "Cremorne Gardens"—an extreme example it is true. We selected this extreme example—to drive home the message we have to deliver, namely: A work of art which lacks poetic, lifting thought and sentiment, is bound to pall upon the public and be gradually pushed aside among the petty curios and empty sea-shells—pretty but meaningless—because incapable of emotioning the soul either to laughter, delight or tears.

(Continued on page 46)



The Gale—By Winslow Homer

Courtesy of Mr. E. C. Babcock

PAINTINGS AS AN INVESTMENT

Notes on the Increased Values of American Paintings

By G. FRANK MULLER

THE buying of paintings is not generally regarded in the light of an investment, nor should it be. On the other hand it is obvious that the purchase of works of art is by no means an outright expenditure of money which will never be returned. True it is that the merchant prince or successful financier who has a penchant for works of art is not always well equipped to make happy selections, but there are many instances where laymen have gathered about them during their hours of leisure, collections of paintings and works of art which have proven extraordinarily wise investments. Many of them doubtless have been guided by the valuable advice of dealers who look beyond the immediate sale. In the last twenty years masterpieces of the American School of landscape painting have increased in value at a pace almost equalling, in this phenomenal accretion, the rapid rise of the Barbizon School and the Old Masters. No important collector of American art considers his possessions complete without the addition of an Inness, a Wyant or Blakelock, to mention only three of the painters whose works invariably appeal to all classes and tastes.

The late George A. Hearn was one of the most consistent supporters of art and the American

School of landscape received no small share of his attention. That many of his purchases were wonderfully good investments was proven by the remarkable results obtained by their recent dispersal at auction. Three notable records were made on this occasion—\$30,600 for "The Woodgatherers" by George Inness; \$21,500 for "In the Adirondacks" by Alexander H. Wyant, and \$15,600 for a "Land-scape" by J. Francis Murphy.

A sensation was created in the art world in 1916 at the Carolina Lambert sale of paintings when the "Moonlight" by Blakelock brought the then second highest price by auction for an American landscape; the \$20,000 paid by Henry Reinhardt & Son for a painting for which, it was said, an astute collector and silk merchant had paid only a few hundred dollars about twenty years ago.

The Babcock Gallery sold "The Gale" by Winslow Homer in 1916 to the Worcester Museum for \$30,000 which was the record price at the period for an American painting either by auction or private sale. This picture was painted by the artist for the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893 and \$1,500 was asked. It was awarded a Gold Medal, was then offered for \$300 to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke who, however, included it in his sale in the year 1900



Courtesy of Corcoran Gallery

Girl Sewing—By Theodore Robinson

when it sold for \$1,625 to the late J. Harsen Rhoades, whereupon it passed into the hands of Mr. Babcock. The famous "Peace and Plenty" by George Inness had a checkered career before reaching its final resting place in the Metropolitan Museum. It was painted about 1865-6 at which time the veteran art dealer Mr. Snedecor called at the artist's studio and remarked: "That is a masterpiece, Inness," and the painter retorted, "I've heard that story before." Bierstadts were the fashion then and selling for from \$4,500 to \$5,000 apiece. It was the time when Queen Victoria acquired an example of his work for \$25,000. However, Inness' "Peace and Plenty" could not find a purchaser and the artist finally gave it as collateral for a loan of \$150. Three years later the mortgage called for the cancelling of the loan and Inness sold this grand work for \$225 to the late George A. Hearn. This was in 1870.

The highest price ever paid for a work by George Inness was obtained by Mr. George Ainslie for "Autumn Woodlands" here reproduced which he sold to Mr. Robert Handley of New York for \$45,000. The Homer D. Martin now in the Metropolitan Museum netted the artist \$190 was then sold at the Clarke sale in 1900 for \$5,500 to Samuel Untermyer who generously presented it to the

Museum. Wyant's "In the Adirondacks" was sold in the first Evans sale some twenty years ago for \$6,300 going at the Hearn sale to Otto Bernet, agent on behalf of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff for the record sum of \$21,700 for a work by this artist. The J. Francis Murphy which went to former Senator Clark for \$15,600 was disposed of by the artist some twenty-five years ago for \$300. Mr. Macbeth sold Inness' "Tenaflly Oaks" in 1905 for \$6,500 and it has since changed hands for \$30,000.

And now we have to record the resale of "The Woodgatherers" by Inness through Messrs. Scott & Fowles to Mr. Harold Somers of Brooklyn for \$40,000—the second highest price paid for a landscape by the greatest of American landscape painters.

George Fuller's "Girl with the Turkeys" which was purchased for the Worcester Art Museum in 1917 for \$15,600 at the Dr. Humphrey's sale was secured by the latter in 1904 for \$2,500. "The Romany Girl" now in Mr. Henry Clay Frick's superb collection was secured in the Ichabod Williams sale in 1915 for \$10,500. There are, of course, many other American artists whose works command handsome prices both at auction and at the various art galleries. Among them Theodore Robinson, the pioneer American impressionist whose "Girl Sewing" and "Valley of the Seine" fetched respectively \$5,000 from the Corcoran Gallery, Washington and \$4,000 to Samuel T. Shaw.

At the sale of the works of the late Henry Ward Ranger "The Edge of the Village" went to Mr. Harry S. Harkness for \$4,100, the "Twin Trees" sold for \$2,500 to Mr. G. A. Black and at the recent sale of the art effects of the late John T. Crimmins, Mr. F. Childs paid \$1,850 for "Old Oaks and New" by the same artist. Homer D. Martin, Albert Pinkham Ryder, John Henry Twachtman and the works of William Morris Hunt are also among the deceased artists whose productions are eagerly contended for.

High prices brought under the excitement from auction are not of course a necessarily fair indication of the merits of any individual painting. Many regret the high price of the Murphy bid in by Senator Clark, believing that many of the artist's later works command a higher rating. Lack of space has forced me to mention only a few of the outstanding features in the rise of appreciation of paintings by American artists, omitting the names of dozens of others who are making American art of to-day.

The collector who purchases American paintings of quality is investing his money in no chimera, for the artists in America are on the eve of their greatest development and bid fair in another decade to occupy the commanding place among the Nations, if not as the greatest historical painters, assuredly as the foremost landscape and portrait painters.



Courtesy of Mr. George H. Amshe

Autumn Woodlands—By George Inness



Courtesy of Worcester Art Museum

Girl With the Turkeys—By George Fuller



Gallipot vase of heavy porcelain, Ming Dynasty, about 1500, decorated with enamels.
The smaller vases were made in the same period.

CHINESE PORCELAIN

A Brief Review of the Principal Dynasties of General Interest

Illustrations by courtesy of Parish Watson, Esq.

THERE is infinitely more variety in the many classes and qualities of Chinese porcelain, in the diverse periods and the styles of its decorative treatment, than in any other branch of this interesting subject. A fairly large house may contain a representative collection of Sèvres, or Dresden, but nothing less than a museum of generous proportions can hold a good display of a representative collection of all the different types and classes of Chinese porcelain.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, the Salting bequest, has many rare and beautiful examples; but the most complete catalogue of Chinese ceramics is probably that of the Garland collection, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It is not generally known how narrowly the American people escaped the loss of this valuable property. Mr. Garland had lent his treasures to the museum, and by his will bequeathed them to the nation at his death. In making a fresh will at a later date he entirely forgot to mention his collection on loan at the museum, and therefore when he died his executors had no option but to realize its value. A well-known firm of art dealers immediately saw their

opportunity, purchased it for a large sum, and then approached some of their wealthy American clients to invite a subscription among them to prevent its being sent to Europe. The suggestion met with a ready and generous response, the collection was repurchased from them, and remains a national possession. The Imperial Museum of Berlin can also boast of one of the finest collections of Chinese porcelain.

The factories where the different kinds of porcelain are made in China are many, and the writer has no specific knowledge of them—that is, in the way that we know the towns and districts in France or England where the different factories are or were situated. We know that in the pottery district of King-te-chin there are thousands of furnaces and numerous factories; but the collector has been taught to classify Chinese porcelain by the names of successive dynasties during whose reigns important developments occurred, or to some extent by the names of “families” suggested by the predominant colorings which prevailed during certain periods. These are given in their chronological order, although, through overlapping, they are to

some extent contemporary, with the exception of the *famille rose*, which did not commence until the beginning of the Yung-chêng dynasty. This form of nomenclature was adopted by the French connoisseur, who wrote and spoke of the *famille noire*, *famille verte*, *famille jaune*, and, lastly, *famille rose*.²⁸ The chief dynasties of general interest are the following:

Sung	- -	960-1279	
Yuen	- -	1280-1367	
Ming	- -	1368-1634	
T'sing	- -	1662-1722	generally known as the K'ang-hsi period
Yung-chêng		1723-1735	
Ch'ien-lung		1736-1795	

From the middle of the T'sing dynasty a decline, more pronounced after the Ch'ien-lung period, set in, and with increased manufacture for export to Europe, chiefly England, Spain, Portugal, and Holland, commercialism gradually prevailed over art.

Pottery produced before the Sung dynastic period may be regarded as non-existent, or of doubtful authenticity. Some specimens labelled as such in museums are of interest from an archaeological point of view rather than that of the collector. Some very early Celadon and crackle belong to the Sung and the Yuen periods.

The real interest of the collector commences with Ming, and authentic examples are rare and valuable. This period of nearly three hundred years may be again subdivided into times which are known to have been responsible for certain specialties. For instance, the beautiful white porcelain known by its French name of *blanc de chine*, having for decoration incised or engraved ornamentation, is supposed to have been produced during the reign of Yung-lo, 1403-24. Sometimes the surface of cups and saucers of *blanc de chine* is made to represent shagreen, or shark's skin, by a number of tiny points raised above the surface. The French call this *cuir de poule*, or chicken skin.

Sprigs of the tea plant and other foliage were also modelled in relief, and one has seen some of the choicest little specimen cups of an oval form, called sacrificial cups, mounted in gold.

The best blue and white painted in underglaze blue of the Ming time was that made during the reign of Hsüan-te, 1426-35, a period also noted for the production of a red color varying from dull maroon to a vivid blood-red. Colored designs and the decoration effected by enamels and glazes flourished during the reign of Hung-chih, 1488-1505, a period also famed for the production of a pale transparent yellow color. Blue and white was a specialité of the next reign; that of Chia-ching, 1522-66; of Lung-ching, 1567-72; and of Wan-li, 1573-1619.

The study of Ming, therefore, with its many subdivisions, alone affords good opportunities for the

serious collector. The prevailing colors of the Ming period are greens, browns, and yellow, and occasionally one finds the beautiful turquoise glaze, which became of more frequent occurrence in the succeeding dynasty.

Kwan-yin, the Queen of Heaven, the hearer of prayers, seated, with a figure on each side in the act of praying and making an offering, is a favorite figure, generally seated and having a handsomely decorated robe, while the face, neck, and hands are in the unglazed putty-colored clay. Some of these divinities of the Ming period are standing or seated upon decorated pedestals with panels formed of joo-e heads (an elaborated quatrefoil).

The so-called kyilins are also a favorite ornament of this period. I believe that the correctly named fabulous animal is very rare, and has a deer-shaped body; but those more generally recognized as kyilins are really the dogs of Buddha, and often found in pairs seated on square pedestals and covered with a brilliant green enamel and decorated with yellow, aubergine, and black. They are quaint little beasts with open mouths, prominent eyeballs, and claws and tails; one generally holds the sacred ball. The one with its foot on a ball is the male. The female has its young at her side.

The Fêng-hwang, or phenix, the ho-ho bird, and the dragon are also to be found represented in Ming pottery and porcelain. With these figure subjects, where the material is so thick, one cannot differen-



An exceptionally rare example of the "Blue and White Hawthorn" jars. Only about forty-five jars are known, having domed covers. The usual cover is flat

tiate between pottery and porcelain, as translucency cannot be observed.

The representation of plants and fruits had also an allegorical as well as decorative *motif*. Thus the bamboo is symbolical of longevity, the pomegranate of fecundity, while the peach stood for longevity, and is also an emblem of marriage.

The Chinese language, being monosyllabic, is

probably a reason for the extraordinary development of symbolism in their art. Just as some of the trees and fruits mentioned above are emblematical, so are such animals as the deer, the fox, and tortoise. The blooms of the azalea, jasmine, cockscomb, convolvulus, camellia, the fungus, lotus, poppy, rose, magnolia, oleander, and tobacco-plant, are all employed by the Chinese ceramic artist to decorate the porcelain, and at the same time to represent a thought, an ideal, or to convey a wish. Several of the animals and flowers here mentioned do not appear until after the Ming dynasty had passed, but they are given here as a general indication of the widely spread and diverse character of allegorical decoration of Chinese porcelain.

Cobalt blue is said to have been discovered in the tenth century, but was not used in the decoration of porcelain until after the turn of the fourteenth century. Personally, the writer has never seen any specimens which he could place earlier than the fifteenth century. A blue and white bowl in the Salting collection is ascribed to Hsüan-te, 1426-35.

There is at Hardwick Hall a fine blue and white ewer of the Wan-li period, mounted in silver, bearing the English hall-mark of Elizabeth's reign, and several other examples are known which have similar date guarantees in their mountings. This period also produced pieces with enameled decoration combined with underglaze blue.

The T'ing Dynasty, 1662-1722, generally called the K'ang-hsi period, was one of great development in the ceramic industry of China. K'ang-hsi, the first emperor of this period, reigned for the long period of sixty-one years, and it was during this epoch of porcelain-making, generally termed by collectors the K'ang-hsi period (pronounced Kang-he), that the production of porcelain in China reached its apotheosis. Nothing can be more beautiful in ceramic art than the best productions of this important period. The scheme of ornamentation of vases in sets of three jars or vases with covers, and two beakers, forming a set of five, was to divide the surface into panels of diverse size and shape, which were filled in with paintings of figure subjects, emblems, or foliage. Rocky lake scenes, figures and emblems representing "the hundred antiques," the sacred symbols of Buddha, carp rising from cataracts, a full moon hidden among clouds, all kinds of ceremonial processions, figures of mandarins and officials in various attitudes and performing all kinds of functions, the decorative variety of this time, and the beautiful and well-harmonized colorings, defy description. Sometimes the miniature landscape work executed in small panels on the borders of plates, on the necks of vases, or in parts of some of the old cisterns of this period, is a study in miniature painting of details, which are fascinating in their variety.



Rare example of the so-called "Black Hawthorn" variety of porcelain, made in the K'ang-hsi period. This is one of twenty-five specimens known on which red is used with the black background

To this period also belongs the production of those self-colored vases and bottles which are not only treasured for their own merit as ceramic specimens, but are so valuable for decorative effect. The chemists employed in the factories displayed consummate skill in the preparation of those metallic oxides which could produce such a variety of tints as one finds in a representative collection—a rich deep maroon red or *sang de bœuf*, a lighter red, a coral, a coffee brown, green of many hues and shades, including a beautiful turquoise, and other colors, to which somewhat fancy names have been given, such as “crushed strawberry,” “pigeon’s blood,” *clair de lune*, or peach bloom, “tiger skin,” “iron rust,” and others.

The famous splashed colors, known by the French term *flambé*, are very beautiful, and were produced by dexterous manipulation of the furnace, graduated degrees of heat in the kilns, so that the ceramist could imitate the colors of jade in its many varieties, also agates and fruits, such as the peach and the pomegranate. In the production of this ware the color used was mixed with the glaze and applied to the piece *en biscuit*. One must not omit to mention that this self-colored and splashed decoration, although perfected during the period under consideration, was reintroduced during the subsequent dynasties. Its manufacture is still carried on extensively, and is one of the kinds of reproduction which the inexperienced amateur must guard against. For the purpose of decorative effect, some of these modern self-colored vases are excellent, and they can be purchased for such trifling sums as make them accessible; but from the collector’s point of view they must be rejected in favor of the genuine old specimens. These latter will be found to be carefully and skilfully potted; the colorings are more brilliant, and if the hand is passed over the surface a smoothness and softness of glaze will be apparent, which is missing in the modern article. Like so many other distinctions between old and new, good and medium or bad, when two or three really fine old pieces occupy their appointed places in the collector’s cabinet, and a stranger of the “baser sort” is introduced into their company, the difference, if not immediately apparent, will become more and more obvious as one observes the niceties and peculiarities which distinguish the “gentleman” from the “parvenu.”

In addition to the “blue and white” and the decoration by enameling in various colors, there are some varieties of K’ang-hsi which deserve description. The *famille verte*, or, as it used to be called, “old green enamel,” is so named on account of the prevalence of green in its decoration. This is relieved by the brown color of the trunks of trees, and by the Indian red used in the petals of flowers; the faces, features, and limbs of figures are also delineated in ordinary flesh-tints. But the prevalent



Turquoise blue jar with handles of the K'ang dynasty

color is green, generally shaded with dark brown and yellow, and having black lines and occasional patches of gold. Then another “family,” still more rare, is that called *famille noire*, in which the ground color of the specimens is a lustrous black with a peculiar greenish glaze. The ornamentation generally is either that of the prunus or wild plum, often miscalled “hawthorn,” or powerfully drawn foliage of the *famille verte* character, which on the black ground is very effective.

The kind of decoration to which the term *famille jaune* has been given is a combination of green and yellow. Indeed, many collectors are inclined to classify pieces of this character with the *famille verte*, to which it is similar, but for the more dominant participation of the yellow with green in the decoration. Occasionally one finds specimens in which black and a peculiar color known as aubergine are employed. One may explain *en passant* that aubergine is a pigment said to be adopted from the egg-plant, and is composed of a variety of shades varying from rich dark brown to purple.

Another specialty of this period is the kind of decoration known as “powder blue.” This peculiar but beautiful ground color is produced by spraying the surface with the color, so that it presents a minutely specked appearance, and this ground color is relieved by panels of various shapes, having a white ground, upon which is painted either a floral or figure design in blue, or a decoration in the *famille verte* manner already noticed. Specimens such as vases with this powdered blue

ground color, and the green enamel panels, are very beautiful, and deservedly very valuable.

It is not until the following short dynasty, that of Yung-ch'eng, 1723-35, and the longer and more important one which succeeded it, Ch'ien-lung, 1736-95, that a beautiful color derived from gold, known as rose, which varied in tint from pink to crimson, was introduced, and on account of its becoming the prevalent tint in the scheme of decoration, the name of *famille rose* was adopted by collectors. To the Yung-ch'eng period have been assigned the beautiful plates, and also very occasionally cups and saucers, bowls, etc., known as "ruby-backed." These are of eggshell thickness, and called therefore "eggshell" china, and have a deep crimson pink color on the outside—that is the underside—of the borders of the plates, which are generally rather deep, like a soup plate. The decoration of the inside surface of these plates is very delicate, carefully drawn, and beautifully finished, sometimes figures and groups of figures in various attitudes and occupations, such as a tea-party, some national game, or a conversation, the borders being of intricate design, in which birds, butterflies, and flowers are charmingly intermingled. These ruby-backed eggshell plates, when undoubtedly genuine, command high prices.

They have been imitated by Mr. Samson of Paris, but his fabrications ought not to deceive an experienced collector. The paste of Samson's "eggshell" is thin, but vitreous and shiny, displaying to an experienced eye a poverty of quality, while the ruby color is apparently more superficial and glossy, and the detail of the drawing of figures, birds, insects, and foliage is inferior. The real ruby-backed eggshell has a paste the appearance of which is really not unlike eggshell itself, the ruby color underneath the rims of the plate is opaque in appearance with just an eggshell gloss, and, as I have already observed, the drawing of the decorated surface of the plate is the work of miniature artists of great skill, who have paid marked attention to minute detail.

During the Ch'ien-lung (pronounced Keen-lung) period, 1736-95, considerable progress appears to have been made in the technicalities of manufacture, when glazes were improved and perfected.

The peony blossom forms a characteristic feature in the floral enrichment of plates and dishes; in the Chinese language of flowers it symbolizes Spring. The crysanthemum, conventionalized as an ornament, and also more or less *au naturel*, is in constant use, as are also the tobacco leaf, the tea plant, lotus, and many other beautiful presentations of Chinese horticulture; while the infinite variety of figure subjects, processions, functions, legends, poems, introduction of Buddhist and Taoist emblems, and all kinds of allegories, many of which it is difficult to understand or interpret, simply beg-

gars any cataloguing or description. The representation of animals and of buildings being drawn without any attention to perspective, gives the Oriental porcelain a quaint archaic appearance peculiar to the East, but the extreme care and attention to detail, combined with the brilliant and varied coloring, illustrate a scheme of beauty and decorative effect that is found in no other product of industrial art.

To this Ch'ien-lung period belongs the class of Chinese porcelain known as "Mandarin." One reads such descriptions in Christie's catalogues as a pair of "Mandarin" vases, which really means that the decoration consists of figure subjects, which as a rule represent some ceremony of function in which Chinese officials take part. It is quite probable that when the old Dutch East India Company, which was the predecessor of our own English Company, imported Chinese porcelain into Holland, the purchasers of the time demanded a kind of decoration which represented the manners and customs of the Chinese, and therefore what is known as "Mandarin" china was made for export rather than for home consumption. The best and most valuable of this description of porcelain is that known as "thick eggshell," and a variety which has a groundwork of little dots, in relief from the surface, which are colored a turquoise green, and having the panels of the kind of figure subjects already noticed, is to my mind the most effective decoration of this description.

While we are on the subject of porcelain made for export to Europe, mention should be made of the "armorial" services, which were made in great quantities during the time of our own East India Company. Well-to-do families sent out drawings of their crests and coats of arms on vellum, and these were copied in the Chinese porcelain factories.

Another kind of decorative treatment has been termed "Jesuit" china. It generally comprises copies of religious subjects taken from prints and drawings of a roman Catholic character, and therefore could only have been produced by Chinese Buddhists or Taoists for Europeans.

There are many other curious examples of copies of European prints and drawings to be found; a specimen or two in a collection is of some interest, but they are by no means the best of the Chinese potter's efforts.

The subject of old Chinese porcelain is so large and so intricate that within the compass of a single article it is impossible to attempt more than a slight sketch of the different features and peculiarities of the different classes of ware which claim the collector's attention. Perhaps this glance at its chief characteristics will stimulate the reader who is interested to pursue the study by reading some of the many manuals on the subject.



Courtesy of A. Kimbel & Son

A detail of apartment house decoration which possesses merit through its consistent expression of the idea of formality

SELECTIVE DECORATION FOR THE APARTMENT

The Importance of Consistency

By C. MATLACK PRICE

Author of "Posters," "The Practical Book of Architecture," etc

A THOUGHTFUL study of the problem of decorating the apartment reveals several points which deserve serious consideration. Because of the impersonality of the environment, the furnishing and decoration of an apartment is a more exacting problem than that offered by a house, and though it is often the intention to create, in an apartment, as much as possible of the homelike spirit of a house, the means of realizing the intention are different.

There is less margin for errors in apartment-house furnishing because every detail is of nearly equal importance, while in the house there is far greater latitude. There is lacking, too, the dominating personality which most houses assert over their decoration and furnishing, and in an apartment this personality must be expressed by the detailed treatment, by colors and forms.

But most important of all is the consideration of *consistency*, for the reason that there is not room in an apartment for decorative indecision, or for dec-

orative excursions in too many different directions. By its decorative consistency the apartment must assert its personality, whether formal or informal—and by consistency, above all else, will be measured its success.

The first broad decision which must be definitely dealt with—shall the decoration of the apartment be formal or informal?—ought not to be made arbitrarily, or without careful thought upon the significance of decoration as a background for those who are to dwell within it. Elaborate dinners and receptions, with the whole panorama of formal entertainments which fill the days of certain people—these unquestionably demand a decorative background of the utmost formality, a background which would be distinctly inappropriate for a studio.

Certain styles immediately suggest themselves as directly adaptable to the expression of certain decorative purposes. The French style of Louis XVI. and the Georgian styles of England afford to the skillful decorator a range of strong material for



Modern reproductions of the furniture forms of the Italian Renaissance have formed an important contribution to the creation of informal interiors



Courtesy of Leed, Inc.

An apartment house interior in which reproductions of historic furniture forms have been agreeably used to attain an expression of decorative values

the creation of the formal type of interior. In the first he will find incomparably dignified and perfect wall treatments, with flat mouldings, formal panels and built-in paintings and mirrors. Lighting fixtures and furniture of the period are in nice accord, and to a degree which is found in but few other styles, the decorative material furnished by that of Louis XVI. will be found to be remarkably consistent.

Of the Georgian English style, that of the Brothers Adam most resembles Louis XVI. in point of the consistency of available decorative material. Furniture, mirrors, candelabra, sconces all are contributory to the expression of one idea, and the general development of decorative resources gives to the decorator of to-day a wide field for choice in fabrics of Adam design, as well as rugs of the period.

Next in formality to the style of the Brothers Adam, the Georgian period offers Hepplewhite and Sheraton, while the diversity of Chippendale affords decorative possibilities in several directions. The French style of Chippendale with some infusion of his Gothic and Rococo incidents, may be utilized for the creation of a formal interior which is not classic in spirit, just as the French style of Louis XV. may be used for the same purpose. Both styles were so conscious and, in a sense, so artificial, that their profusion does not defeat the decorative expression of formality.

For the creation of the informal type of interior, the present decorative materials which are available make the possibilities of this type particularly alluring. For the informal interior which is dignified, there are splendid reproductions of the furniture and decorative accessories of Renaissance Italy—great tables, *cossoni*, *credenzas*, cabinets, porchères and all the other superb panoply of the old villas and palaces, rich in historic and romantic association.

For the informal interior in which it is desired, primarily to create a spirit of domesticity, there are the English styles of William and Mary and Queen Anne, quiet, satisfying furniture of walnut, the highboy and the lowboy, the gate-leg table, interesting mirrors and comfortable chairs. And turning back to a still earlier period of English design splendid decorative material for the informal interior which is intended to be both dignified and homelike, is found in the Elizabethan period and the Jacobean period. There are great refectory tables with benches, sturdy cabinets, lutes and chests, with joint-stools and cricket tables as interesting "incidental" pieces.

To adhere, in the main, to the furniture and accessories and fabrics of a given period is to aid the effect of consistency, but to do so in a sympathetic and flexible manner, avoiding empirical narrowness, is the achievement only of the decorator who possesses a great deal of technical sureness,

combined with a keenly discriminating intelligence.

Of the co-mingling of styles it is difficult to speak with much definition, and at the same time speak safely. In many apartments it has been successfully done, but usually by a skilled and resourceful mind. The danger of diversity in apartment-house furnishing lies in the probable destruction of unity of effect, and when unity of effect is destroyed there results a lack of repose. It is true that a decorator of limited perception would undoubtedly achieve little more than barren monotony and empirical accuracy in his rendering of a consistent period style; but the same decorator might do something far worse if he followed his own devices. The ruled blue lines in his copy-book are his only safe guide if he would save his client from a complete decorative disaster.

It will be found upon the careful observation of many apartments which are successfully decorated and furnished that certain important contributory details are common to both formal and informal treatments, and to select all furniture, fabrics and decorative accessories with these details in view, is to practice selective decoration.

All things in the apartment must be in scale, must bear a nicely-studied relative proportion not only to the room in which they are placed, but to each other. In the apartment of limited size the general proportions of the furniture should correspond, because large, massive pieces will be not only inconvenient from the practical point of view, but will dwarf their whole environment. In such an apartment picture frames should be light and not elaborate, and decorative accessories should be kept down to a minimum.

In the Louis XVI. console table, mirror and wall-sconces in one of the illustrations may be seen an admirable example of harmonious scale, notably in between the mirror and sconces, the table might desirably have been a little lighter in its proportions.

The colors selected in the decoration of an apartment should be carefully harmonized, and cool or "receding" colors will be found to create the more quiet and spacious effects. Closely related to color is pattern, which, if large and insistent in design, will destroy repose and give a fictitious scale to the interior, usually making them seem appreciably smaller. Pronounced patterns upon walls also destroy the effectiveness of the wall as a background and must therefore be used with the greatest care and forethought.

To counteract the impersonality of most apartments, it is important to give keen consideration to the inherent interest which exists in certain furniture forms, in tapestries, lighting fixtures, lamps and other incidental objects which, if well selected, will create much of the spirit which is too usually lacking in the apartment house environment.

Furniture alone is not sufficient to furnish. To

well-chosen furniture must be added well-chosen fabrics and decorative accessories, and because the exigencies of the problem may often restrict the quantity of these, it is necessary to exercise the greatest discrimination in selection. Every single detail in the decoration of an apartment must not only contribute to the whole scheme, but must also stand upon its own merits.

It should be apparent that the placement of furniture is of vital importance, for every wall-space is a problem in design, and the utmost is often required to be made of floor space.

One aspect of the placement of furniture seems largely to have escaped attention: the importance of the vista. When rooms open one from another, as in most apartments, and where the views from windows are seldom of importance equal to those from country house windows, it is doubly important to effect pleasant glimpses through doorways. While the logical arrangement of furniture in a given room should never be sacrificed for its effect as seen from another room, care and ingenuity may achieve the double result and devise an apartment which affords a charming vista in every direction.

As in the case of architecture, it may be said that the average individual makes one of two mistakes when he is confronted by a problem in interior decoration: he sets about the matter with intent to carry out inflexibly some rule, or set of rules which he has read or been told will apply to his particular case, or he sets about the matter with no coherent ideas of any kind, no clear vision of what he wants, no knowledge or belief in the principles of interior decoration. Needless to say, neither one of these courses will achieve any happy result, for furnishing and decoration constitute a problem which, like any problem, must be studied in order to be solved.

A certain thing is to be done, and the observance of certain reasonable steps in procedure form, or should form, the logical manner of doing it.

It is unpleasing to think that there are rules in interior decoration, or even methods—but everyone must believe, sooner or later, that there are *principles*, as in any other art, and that there is a logical basis of fitness. For which reason, in interior decoration no more or no less than in any other art, high attainment will never be reached on the level of blind chance.



One of the most interesting possibilities in the art of interior decoration lies in the creation of attractive vistas through door openings



The decorative values of the earlier English furniture forms are becoming yearly more keenly appreciated

REVIVING OLD FORMS IN NEW FURNITURE

A Study in the Evolution of English Chests and Cupboards

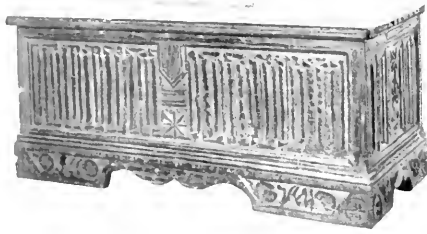
By MARGARET MEADE

ONE day, back in the twilight years before the conquering William had set foot on English shores, some half-savage inhabitant of that important little island in the sea developed the "property sense," and conceived the then original idea of accumulating a store of valuable possessions. The enterprising islander was next confronted with the problem of protecting his belongings from the acquisitive instincts of his neighbors, and out of his necessity was evolved the first strong box— forerunner of the coffer, the chest, the casket, the dower chest dear to generations of hopeful maidens, and foreshadowing across a thousand years the sophisticated protection of the safety deposit box. Of every country the same tale might be told; in them all the chest came first in the slow development of furniture-making. Nowadays, when comfort is such an important consideration, our commonest and most numerous article of household equipment is the chair. But the chair, a crude experiment in early Gothic times, is a mere parvenu in English furniture annals, when contrasted with the ancient and honorable lineage of the chest and all its descendants.

The most primitive chest was made from a hollowed tree trunk, and it has been suggested that from this source we derive our modern word

"trunk," as well as the barrel-shaped lid which was popular until a few years ago. Next in order of development probably came the iron-bound strong-box and the coffer, the latter a receptacle whose sides were each formed of a single plank. The coffer was intended first of all for strength, and its construction, simple though it was, proved an effective means of protection. Of this ancient Saxon furniture there is no trace left, while the few chests and coffers which have been preserved from the Norman period are excessively rare and approaching complete decay. In Norman times there must have been some slow advance in methods of construction, and it is known that many of the chests of this period were covered with an intricate filagree of iron-work cut in the forms of scrolls and rosettes.

It is with the opening of the period which we now designate as "Gothic" that these chests and coffers, intended in the first instance only for protection and a means of moving possessions from one place to another, began to exhibit elements of conscious design and decoration. But by the beginning of the thirteenth century chests and coffers, caskets and strong-boxes no longer represented the whole range of contemporary furniture. There were the crude beginnings of chairs, and what is



A reproduction of the Gothic type of chest with linen-fold panels

more interesting, there was a group of pieces of varying sorts which we can include under the general term of "cupboards." After the chest, the cupboard is the earliest form of English furniture, and one which suited the ingenuity of the Gothic craftsman, offering him many free and splendid spaces on which to ply his patient art of carving. It is sometimes puzzling to say just to what ancient form the numerous names that have come down to us are to be applied, and precisely wherein lay the differences between the luthes and credences, the almeries and dole cupboards, livery cupboards and court cupboards, armoires and presses which are mentioned in early manuscripts. Together with the chests and coffers of the period, they partook of the irregularity and the infinite variety of Gothic woodworking, which was not content to make two pieces alike, nor to duplicate any bit of decoration on the same piece. Gothic furniture, though so much less highly developed than the architecture of the same time, is no less interesting in its degree, and possesses the same charm of perpetual diversity in its decoration.

The earliest chests of Gothic make were of ponderous weight and cumbrous proportions. They were used for the storing, protection and trans-

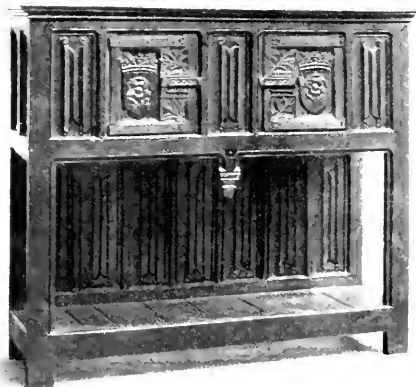
portation of goods, and probably for many years were the most ordinary form of seating furniture, a purpose which they long continued to serve. The single panel of the front was supported by what seem to be unnecessarily large stiles, giving the whole piece an ungainly and rather unworkmanlike aspect. Gradually, however, these stiles assumed more reasonable dimensions, and by the latter part of the Gothic period, a great part of the beauty of many chests and cupboards lay in the perfection of the proportions of the whole piece and of each of its parts. On the most ancient chests the decoration usually took the form of shallowly incised series of arches or geometrical patterns. During the fourteenth century the carved embellishment became much more elaborate, and by the end of that century or the beginning of the fifteenth the paneled construction, which we usually think of as typical in connection with early English oak,



A "transitional" cupboard, evolved from the chest, with portrait medallions and carved Gothic tracery. An exceptionally interesting reproduction.

was well established. Each panel of the several which composed the front of the chest now became a background for decorative treatment of one sort or another, and sometimes this elaboration extended to the side panels, or even to the back, if the chest were intended for the center of an apartment.

The so-called tilting chests of the time of Richard II. bore portrayals of knightly joustings, the carving being enriched with vivid colorings and gilding. Others were decorated with hunting scenes or with legendary subjects, such as St. George's encounter with the Dragon. In addition to the panel decorations which took the form of typical lace-like Gothic tracery, intricate with pinnacles and arcades, or of geometrical wheels and figures, or of the legendary scenes just mentioned, there were also embellishments upon stiles and uprights and the top and bottom rails of the framing. The trailing grape or hop vine was a favorite pattern when banded decoration was necessary, and not infrequently the stiles were bedecked with those mythical creatures which we group as Chimeras,



The linenfold panel and Tudor rose seen in a finely reproduced cupboard of the Gothic credence type

and so assumed something of that strange grotesquerie that was one element of the Gothic temper.

Chests which were made for religious use—and it was in the monasteries and for churchly purposes that most Gothic furniture was originated—often had a little tray at one end and just above this in the lid a slot through which the charitably inclined might drop their offerings. The slot and tray were features also of the "Crusaders' Chests," which were used to collect money for waging the war against the Saracens. One of these chests is still to be seen in a small English church, and is said to have been made in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion. Chests or boxes made for domestic use frequently had rings fitted to either side through



The Jacobean chest with one or more drawers below was the forerunner of the "chest of drawers," and the later bureau

costly armor of the knight. The doors were embellished with paintings in bright color, or sometimes with perforated Gothic tracery.

The credence, smaller and lower than the armoire, was elevated on legs, with sometimes a shelf below, and contained a locker for preserving remains of food. The top, which was a little more than table height, was used by the steward as a serving-table. Here he carved the huge roasts, and here it was his duty to taste of each portion before serving it—a custom which suggests the sinister practices of days when poisoning was almost a fine art.

In its original form the almery or dole-cupboard was a receptacle with a railed front to receive offerings of fresh baked bread which were brought to the church on Sundays as a donation to the poor of the parish.



Elizabethan, or English Renaissance details are seen in the carved roundels, the strapwork and the "melon bulb" legs of this reproduction

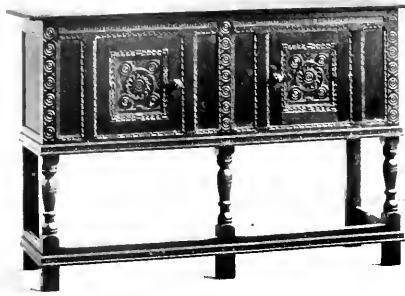
which poles could be inserted when it was necessary to transport one's worldly goods.

One of the most interesting features of the chests of the Middle Ages was the iron work of the fittings. The smith of those early days was as much the artist in his own way as the wood carver, and his contribution to the decorative effect of the whole was by no means to be overlooked. The long strap hinges were curiously and beautifully fashioned in leaf and floral forms, and sometimes were extended so as completely to encircle the chest. Lock plates, which were of generous size, took various fantastic or conventional forms, difficult to duplicate in reproduction, for most of the originals were long ago lost or replaced by those of more modern, and usually uglier make.

Of cupboards perhaps the earliest is the armoire, a huge press, with several doors of varying sizes. The armoire, which was of cumbrous weight and size, without feet of any sort of elevation, was designed to hold precious belongings of any sort, but especially the rich vestments of the priest or the



A Tudor cupboard of unusually light and graceful proportions, and some suggestion of Italian influence



A reproduction of a late Tudor hutch, with interwoven circle motifs which were favorite motives from Gothic times until the end of the Stuart period

The hutch is sometimes described as a chest which had a stationary top instead of a hinged lid, and two or more doors in the front. However, the name is now somewhat variously applied, and is usually understood to attach to a rather long low cupboard elevated on a stand or legs. Very nearly all these early Gothic cupboards were used, among other purposes, for the storing of food, and in all of them it is common to find doors or panels of pierced tracery to allow for ventilation.

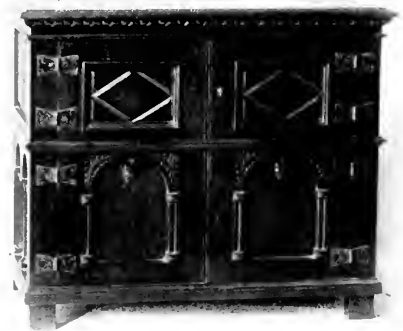
Toward the end of the Gothic period, and in fact marking its final development before the classic spirit of the Renaissance changed the whole character of English woodworking, the linenfold and parchemin panels began to appear on the fronts and ends of chests and on the doors of cupboards. After the advent of this form of decoration, the tracery patterns of earlier Gothic years almost completely disappeared. Linenfold and parchemin panels in a diversity of different forms and in varying degrees of elaborateness were everywhere employed, and remained a popular feature well into the sixteenth century.

Under the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the classic influences, emanating from Italy and, at second-hand, through France, finally found their way into England, working there a sudden and almost revolutionizing change in design and more



The solid under-brace, or "flooring" of this modern version of a Tudor hutch recalls an earlier device of Gothic times

especially in the character of decorative motives. What we are accustomed to speak of as Tudor furniture is in fact synonymous with furniture of the English Renaissance. The arched tracery in the earlier Gothic manner was now completely abandoned and even the linenfold panelling was relegated to comparatively unimportant positions such as the ends of chests and cupboards. A favorite form of decoration for the front panels of chests, and sometimes for cupboard doors, was the portrait medallion, showing a carved likeness of the reigning monarch or of the owner of the chest. When arches appeared they were the flat rounded arch of the Renaissance in place of the pointed Gothic arch. Inlay began to be used at this period, and by the time of Elizabeth's accession it had reached a high degree of perfection, taking the form of intricate geometrical patterns, conventional flowers, or even little views of famous buildings. Caryatides, not the impressive figures of classical origin, but a far cruder and more gro-



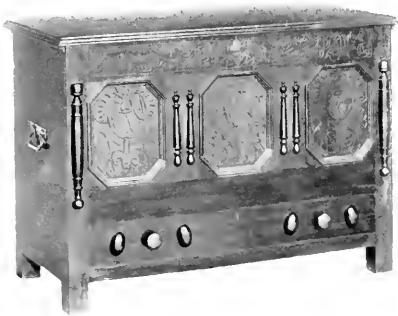
An interesting reproduction of an oak cupboard of the early English Renaissance, with round arches which replace the Gothic type

tesque sort, often appeared on the upright members of Elizabethan chests, contrasting sharply with the perfection of the broad mouldings, the fine strap-work and inlay. Architectural details were freely employed, and in some instances miniature pilasters, capitals, pediments, and even window-like framings enclosing heraldic devices are found on a single chest.

The chests of the Stuart period followed rather closely the manner of their Tudor ancestors. Mouldings became smaller; turned work, spindles and split balusters which were used as applied decorations, gained in favor. Prevailing tendencies were steadily toward less elaboration and economy of time and material. The heyday of the English oaken chest was over when Elizabeth's reign closed, and the Jacobean era marked the period of its decline. It is true that chests were still used and

valued while the Dutch monarchs reigned, and even during the time of the Georgian cabinet-makers. But they were no longer almost the sole common article of furniture, nor indeed one of the most important. From distinction the chest had dropped to obscurity, a mere utilitarian necessity, and it wanted almost a century till its favor should be revived, and the chest should once more assume its dignified and rightful place in the scheme of household decoration.

But meanwhile, what of the cupboard, that one other indispensable piece of early furniture, which we left as still a Gothic credence or armoire, dole cupboard or hutch? During the time of Henry VIII. the armoire had come to be merely a great chest with two doors below and above them three small compartments. Under Elizabeth this rather unwieldy structure developed into the "court cupboard." In this form the lower portion consisted of a cupboard elevated on legs; the upper was a recessed cupboard with small doors, surmounted



Reproduction of a late Tudor hutch, with the turned baluster legs which became more common in the succeeding Jacobean period

shelves to hold plates and cups and drinking flasks. The superstructure of shelves, so much weaker in construction than the rest of the piece, has been lost in almost all of these Stuart dressers which have come down to us, and in this shellless form they are often seen in modern reproductions, which are used in place of a sideboard or serving-table, and usually go under the name of Jacobean wall-tables. The Welsh dresser (in Wales called a "tredarn"), with its cupboards, its shelves, and its overhanging canopy supported by balusters, shows its affinity with the court cupboard, and was a local variation of that form rather than a devel-

(Continued on page 52)

Moulded panels, "scratch" carving and applied split balusters, and the long drawer with wooden knobs are all thoroughly typical of the Jacobean period

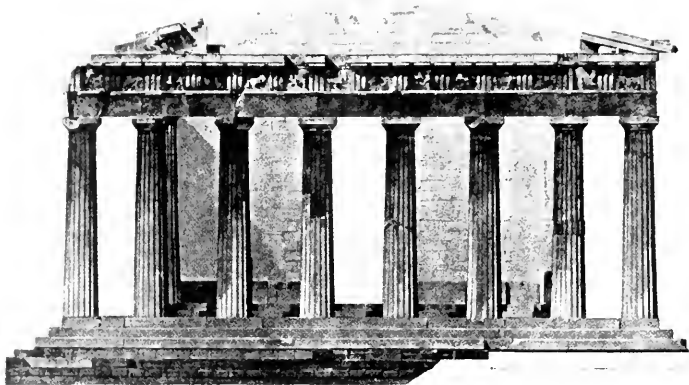
by an overhanging canopy held up by turned balusters—or sometimes by supports showing the typical carved melon-bulb of Elizabeth's time.

The livery cupboard—a name found in many old inventories—is variously described, sometimes as a small hanging cupboard with perforated doors, in which were kept food and wine for immediate use; sometimes as a kind of serving table with several shelves where dishes might be set until the diners were ready for them.

The dresser, which figures so prominently in early Colonial inventories, was known as a "dressor" in the Middle Ages, and at that time it had cupboards with little doors below the high table top, and above it a number of shelves. By the time that Charles II. was king in England this primitive "dressor" had become a narrow table, six feet or more in length, with panel-fronted drawers instead of cupboards, and a tall back with a range of



A modern version, in walnut, of the more sophisticated development reached by the cabinet-makers of the William and Mary periods



Parthenon—Present condition

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

By EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

THE DORIC ORDER—Continued

Note: The issues containing the three previous articles in this series may be obtained from the publishers.

IT has been hereinbefore shown that the triglyph was an inheritance from a primitive wooden prototype, an inheritance which was not only productive of a noble architectural form but was also responsible for the greatest difficulties in the adjustment of this form to the Classic entablature. The rhythmic alternation of triglyph and metope is unexcelled as a frieze motive, but the necessity of preserving its proper relation gave the Doric architect more trouble than any other part of the structure. The normal and natural position of the triglyph was over the centre of the column and over the centre of the bay, two triglyphs and two metopes to one column, but if this relation was maintained in the case of the corner columns there would be left half a metope on each corner, which would be weak and architecturally unsatisfactory. It is conceivable that some decorative scheme might have been found that would have remedied this defect, but any such solution would have been at the sacrifice of that wonderful simplicity which was so inherent in Doric architecture and would have been abhorrent to the Greek architect. The simplest, and therefore the best solution was adopted. The triglyph was not placed over the centre of the corner column, but on the corner of the frieze. This motive was repeated in the flank so that the two corner triglyphs were contiguous and formed a double-faced triglyph. If with this arrangement the columns remained equally spaced, the two end metopes would be of necessity much larger than the normal, and the rhythmic balance would be destroyed; consequently the corner intercolumnation was reduced by enough to equalize the

metope; in other words it was a case of the tail wagging the dog; the column centres were determined by the metopes. This diminution was relatively great; it amounted to more than two feet in the Parthenon, and is distinctly perceptible, but is not displeasing, nor is it noticeable to the ordinary observer, and it even possesses a great artistic value. It tends to give the temple an air of solidity at the corners, which is most essential, and this effect of solidity was enhanced by making the corner column slightly larger than the normal by about one-forti-fifth. This diminution of the corner bays was attributed by Vitruvius solely to the fact that as the end column could be seen in silhouette against the sky, it would look thinner and the bay would look wider than the normal. This undoubtedly would be the case to a certain extent, and there is no doubt that the narrower intercolumnation is an architectural betterment, but that the Greeks were influenced solely by the spacing of the triglyphs is shown by the fact that this diminution is observed only in Doric temples. It is not found in other styles in Greece, nor in any examples in Rome.

There were various methods of adjusting this spacing. (Fig. XIX.) In the earlier temples in Sicily the intercolumnation gradually increased from the center to the corner, but this was not entirely happy, as it tended to make the central opening look excessively small. Another scheme was tried by which the triglyphs did not centre over the columns or over the bays, while the columns retained approximately normal spacing. This also was not considered a definite solution and in the so-called Theseion and in the Parthenon the centre bay was slightly

larger than the normal spacing, which extended to the end bay with little change, the end or corner bay receiving a sudden and relatively large diminution. The triglyphs were then approximately spaced over the centres of the columns, the metopes being nearly uniform in size. That these difficulties, but not their solution, were appreciated by Vitruvius is shown by his statement that the use of the Doric order was abandoned by reason of this inherent difficulty, and he adds that if it was considered essential to make use of this order then the triglyphs should not be placed at the corner of the frieze but over the centre of the corner column, a statement which is precisely what one would expect from such a source.

Unfortunately, the difficulties in spacing were not confined alone to the outside of the entablature. It was almost an impossibility to adjust the beams in the ceiling of the pteroma so that they would agree with the external spacing and with the spacing of the triglyphs of the pronaos, and undoubtedly to this difficulty is to be attributed the elimination of the triglyphs of the pronaos and the introduction of the Pan-Athenaic frieze in the Parthenon. It is singular and encouraging that two of the most artistically successful features of the Doric temple were in reality expedients, the result of earnest and long continued effort to overcome inherent defects.

The spacing of the columns of the flank generally is approximately equal; the differences are so slight that it is hard to imagine why absolute symmetry is not maintained, the only explanation given being that of Penrose, who attributes it to the difficulty in obtaining architrave stones of requisite length, stating that these slight irregularities were caused by the unwillingness of the Greeks to discard a stone which, by some fracture or error in cutting, was not exactly the right length. This explanation apparently does not take into consideration the extreme improbability of the quarrying and cutting of all the architraves before any of the columns or the stylobate were set; nor the fact that similar irregularities are to be found in the so-called temple of Theseus, which is so small that this hypothesis could not well be maintained. In default of a better explanation, it would almost seem that these irregularities were allowed, or even sought, with the general idea that the building was thereby improved, and that possibly for the same reason the columns themselves vary slightly in diameter. That the Greeks did this knowingly is shown by the fact that the eastern and western fronts of the Parthenon agree in width on the stylobate to one two-hundredths of a foot; and further as an evidence of the care in matters which, though small, are important, the size of the abacus of the corner column is relatively smaller in proportion to the column than is normally the case, to the end that on account of the increased size of the corner column, the abacus

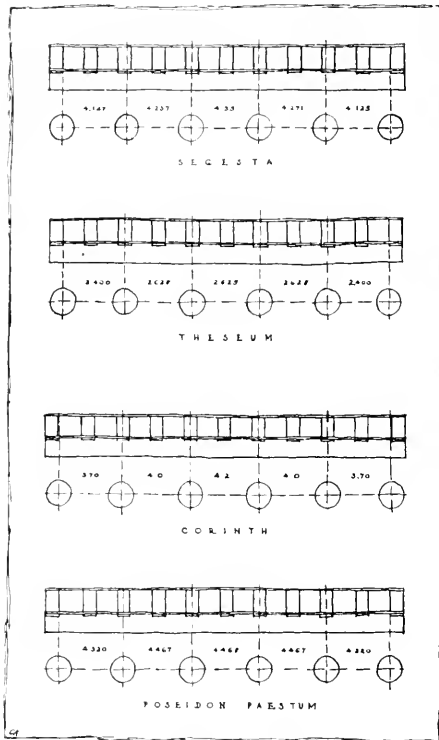
may not project unduly beyond the face of the architrave.

One of the most interesting indications of the care which was lavished on their more important work by the Greeks was brought to light by the discovery of the curves which existed throughout the Parthenon, the Theseion, and to some extent all of the major Greek temples. In the Parthenon and Theseion practically all the lines were curves and few of the surfaces vertical. The columns were not set truly plumb, and the top of the stylobate and the under side of the architrave were bowed upward in a gradual convex curve. The history of this curvature and the reasons for it have been admirably given by Professor Goodyear, the general idea being the same that influenced the application of the entasis, and probably also the irregularities of spacing on the flank—a general abhorrence of mechanical stiffness and regularity. The old theory that these curves were introduced to correct optical illusions cannot be maintained. For the architrave to appear to sag in the middle it would be necessary for the observer to be far enough away so that his eye could take in the whole front without changing its direction, and this distance would be so great that all the detail would be lost and the sagging could not be detected, this idea evidently originating from the effect given on a rendered drawing and not from the building itself. An interesting commentary on this point of view is shown in a recent discovery in the temple at Cori. The architrave under the pediment, while level has a concave curve in plan, which, when seen from below, naturally would tend to produce that very sagging effect to prevent which these curves are said to have been used.

In the application of these curves, then, there is no general rule. They are varied in different temples and often in the same temple. They were part of the design, and any strict rule would defeat the principal purpose of their application, and in this connection it might be stated that the word curve is rather a misnomer, the effect of curvature being obtained by a series of straight bends, the curves being so extremely slight that the breaks in the line are imperceptible.

It would be interesting to know whether this system of curvature has even been attempted in modern architecture. The method of cutting stone is nowadays so mechanical that the additional expense would be a deterrent, and it would present certain difficulties in setting; still, it is perfectly possible, and I hope to see it tried; but whether in the necessarily complicated modern structure it would repay the trouble and expense involved is problematical. I have carefully observed many long colonnades where nothing of the kind has been attempted, and while naturally it is impossible to say whether or not the colonnades would have been improved by its application, still I could detect no sagging.

Another refinement introduced by the Greeks was the inward inclination of the column, which was practiced partially for the same reason as was the system of curvature, but chiefly to correct a certain



XIX. Spacing of Triglyphs after Perrot and Chipiez.

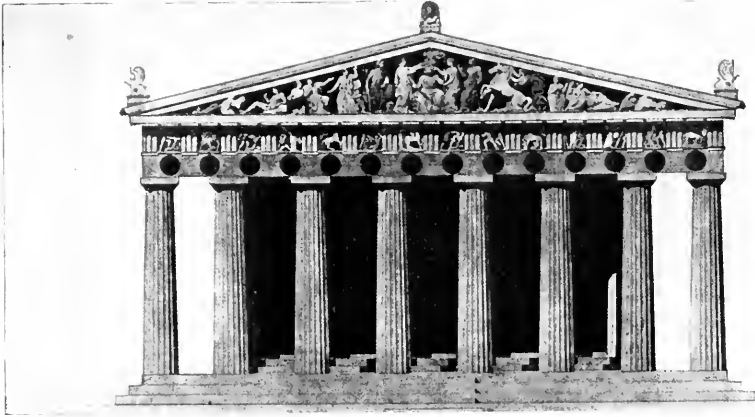
optical illusion by which the columns in a peripteral temple would seem to lean outward, if set vertically, and also to give not only an apparent but also an actual increase of stability. The most stable form in architecture is the pyramid, and to insure at least an appearance of stability a pyramidal form is essential. Practically, also, this inclination would tend to make the temple slightly more secure in case of earthquake, which was the cause of the destruction of many ancient monuments. It has been advanced that this inclination was due to the fact that if the column was vertical the pteroma would appear wider at the top than at the bottom, but it would seem that this effect is more noticeable in a section than in reality, and although the diminution would certainly improve this condition, its real cause must be sought elsewhere. The inclination was usually about equal on the four sides of the temple, and in the Parthenon amounted to about two and three-quarter inches in the height of the column, 3' 3"—the corner columns naturally inclining inward on the diagonal. A peculiar variant was found in the

so-called Theseion, where the columns of the front were not only inclined inward, but sideways, toward the axis of the building, this sideways inclination being greatest at the corners and decreasing almost to the vertical for the centre bay. This was evidently an ultra refinement suggested by some fancied defect in the inclination of the columns of the Parthenon and tried in the Theseion which was built shortly after. The inclination of the column was taken up entirely in the upper and lower drums, the beds of which were not parallel, the beds of the intermediate drums being parallel and perpendicular to the axis of the column, while the top bed next the cap was sometimes also inclined to correspond with the curve of the architrave, just as the abacus always followed this curve.

In modern architecture the use of this inclination of the column has been quite frequent. I myself have employed it several times, and while its use is attended with some difficulty in setting, it can be done safely enough. The inclination of the axis can be obtained by the use of the plumb-bob, which is difficult owing to the diminution and the entasis, or by stretching a stout wire a short distance outside of the bays with the correct inclination. From this wire a trammel of the requisite length will give the location of the centre of the column.

As would be naturally expected from this inclination of the column, the architrave and frieze had also an inclination inwards, but to a greater degree, about one in eighty, the greater inclination being caused by the relatively lesser height of these faces, and by the necessity of their lines being in harmony with the great diminution of the column. Of the smaller vertical faces, the abacus and the corona leaned outwards very slightly, probably for contrast and for a better effect of light and shade. The wall of the naos sloped inward, but the face of the anta of the pronaos had a slightly outward slope, the first from analogy to the columns, but the second for no reason that can be seen, unless for some effect of contrast. I attempted to try the effect of this on the small scale model above referred to, but the model was not large enough to show such delicate adjustments. The pediment had a slight forward inclination, while the tympanum inclined backward a little, with the object doubtless of restoring the feeling of verticality to the pediment.

Another refinement introduced by the Greeks was the application of a curve to the outline of their columns, but this curve, called by them entasis, was so slight in the examples of the better period that until comparatively recently its existence was unsuspected. Its purpose was not to correct the imagined optical illusion that the column without this curve would appear hollow at the centre, as this effect is impossible, owing to the relatively great diminution of the Doric column, but rather for the same reason that led to the employment of the hori-



Parthenon—Restoration by Paccard

zontal curvature, the latter giving a more pleasing outline to the stylobate, and the entasis a more graceful outline to the column.

The entasis is usually expressed in terms of the maximum projection of the curve beyond an imaginary straight line connecting the upper and lower diameters, and in the Parthenon amounts to only three-quarters of an inch, or approximately one-twelfth of the semi-diameter, and in the Theseion it is even less, about five-sixteenths of an inch, or one-sixteenth of the semi-diameter, the above figures being taken from Penrose, who says that the curve is a hyperbola with the apex of the curve below the base of the column, the maximum entasis occurring at two-fifths of the height of the column in the case of the Parthenon, and at half the height of the column in the case of the Theseion. This curvature, then, in the later work, was so extremely slight as to be almost imperceptible, whereas in the primitive temple it was excessive and very noticeable, the reduction of the curve of the entasis keeping pace with the refinement of the column in the diminution of its proportion and in the softening of the abacus projection.

It would be interesting to know just how the Greeks laid out their entasis. Penrose assumes it was laid out from the ordinates of a small hyperbola, and it is possible that such a thing could be done, but such an assumption is merely in line with the idea of the mathematical theory of proportions, which is so absolutely foreign to Greek character or to the method of any designer, either a Greek or a man of modern times. When you consider that the entasis in the Parthenon is so slight that for centuries it was unsuspected, is it reasonable to assume that Ictinos had the slightest interest in knowing whether this curve was a hyperbola or a parabola, or the segment of a circle? Probably all he knew and all he cared was that the curve was satisfactory and that it fulfilled the purpose for which the en-

tasis was used; it is absolutely inconceivable that he arrived at his decision from any geometrical layout. Unquestionably the matter of the entasis was decided by careful and exhaustive study from a model, probably at full size, and from this model a template was made, to serve as a guide in cutting the flutes, which was done in situ, for it was a peculiarity of Greek work that the stone was mostly set in the rough and finished, as we say, "on the job." The cap was completed, except that the abacus was protected from spalling by projections left on the corners, and on this same capstone the top of the flutes were cut. On the bottom drum also the flutes were cut for a distance of a few inches, this being done to serve as a guide in the completion of the flutes and for greater accuracy in the setting of the bottom drum. The intermediate drums were set in the rough, the beds only being carefully dressed, and the centre fixed by the insertion of a wooden plug, which served not only to locate the centre, but also as an axis in the rubbing of the drums, for in their desire to have the columns appear monolithic the Greeks went to extremes in the fineness of the joints that have never since been attained. The beds were not only rubbed, but brought to practically a half polish, and were then ground stone upon stone, so that there was practically no joint at all, and in order to facilitate this rubbing the point of contact between the two stones consisted only of a ring of about three or four inches in width around the circumference of the drum and a smaller ring at the centre, surrounding the hole left for the dowel, the intervening space being cut away so that there was no contact between these rings. This method was not at all structural, and if the columns had been called on to support any great weight, it would have undoubtedly resulted in spalls at the edges, but as the Greek Doric columns were capable of carrying a load enormously in excess of the actual weight of the

(Continued on page 46)



Tea-Kettle, 1831, in Queen Anne style. The decorated stand shows the influence of Paul Lamerie

COINAGE, TEA-KETTLES and HISTORY

By E. W. POWELL

TO the student of English history, the Britannia mark on English silver suggests the interesting conditions and events that made it expedient. It appears on all English plate from 1696 to 1720, and it certifies that the piece thus marked contains 959 parts of silver to 41 of alloy, whereas sterling contains only 925 parts of silver.

The purpose of the Britannia mark was to put a stop to the melting of coin for use in plate, and to do this, the only way appeared to require a proportion of silver so high that it would not pay to melt the coin.

Verily, it would seem that gold is the source of all evil, and that undaunted human nature will take any risk to "get rich quick" or easy. It would seem that there always are "moonshiners."

It will be remembered what difficulty the English Government had had for years to control coin clipping. It offered informants forty pounds sterling. The right of search was virtually unhindered. It flogged, it imprisoned, it branded and it hanged. On one occasion, the records show that seven men were executed and one woman burned on the cheek, and on another, a malefactor offered 6,000 pounds

sterling for a pardon—a big sum in those days! Coin-clipping and the attendant melting of coin for plate, however, continued.

Then the government established a mill which minted only circular coins, yet this did not solve the evil, for hammered coins were still current, hammering being the method of shaping which had come down from the 13th Century. Cut out with a pair of shears and then stamped, they were not uniform in shape, of course, and had an irregular appearance from the beginning. Consequently, so long as they appeared on the market, they continued to tempt addicted sinners. Abolition was the only remedy.

Indeed, the coin was so debased that the story is told of a Quaker traveling from the North who amazed the inn-keepers on the way by the weight of the old guineas with which he paid them, and which, as he approached London, diminished in exchange value from thirty shillings to twenty-two.

It was not until both Locke and Newton, if we mistake not, applied their wits to the situation that the people of the realm were told to bring their hammered coin to government depots between

January 14th and May 4th, 1696, between which dates it would be weighed and they be given an equivalent according to weight in newly-minted circular metal, and for the purpose of melting the coin turned in, ten large spectacular furnaces were built behind the Tower of London.

Still the government currency problems were not ended. Money was scarce, the wealthy lived on credit, and the melting of coin continued for the making of plate.

Consequently, the Britannia standard for the first five years was given out at London alone. (It is said, by the way, that 90 per cent. of all English plate bears the Hall Mark of London, which is the leopard's head crowned.) After 1720 there existed the two standards for English plate: the Britannia, which in addition to the Britannia Mark shows the leopard's head erased, and the sterling, which is indicated by the lion passant. (Her Majesty's lion.)

THE STERLING MARK

Her Majesty in this case was Good Queen Elizabeth, who established sterling coinage in 1545. The history behind this step goes back to her father, Henry VIII., who despoiled 800 monasteries, melted the ecclesiastical plate therefrom for coinage, and in his need for money, decreed a standard much lower than sterling. Nor was the standard stable during the short succeeding reigns.

In the time of James I., we again hear of plate being melted into coin, but now it was the royalists' secular plate offered by them to the crown.

Later we find that the Goldsmiths' Co. of London financed Cromwell, and still later in 1767, that they acted as the chief bankers of the kingdom, lending money at 20 per cent. and 30 per cent. interest and borrowing at 6 per cent. With the coming of William of Orange, the Bank of England was established in 1694 after the Dutch system.

Despite the long historical survey, our article centres about tea-kettles. We have recently seen two made in the exclusively Britannia period. The earlier (see illustration), which has the octagonal, pear shape and rests on a three-legged stand with chains, bears the Arms of the Duke of St. Albans and was made in 1710. The Duke of St. Albans, as perhaps everyone knows, was the son of Charles II. and that spritely beauty, first orange-girl, then actress, Nell Gwynne. It is a most beautiful and rare piece. So is the other, also illustrated, which resembles one made for the Duke of Portland and shows the date letter for 1719. It is of the globular form, which continued to be more or less popular until about the end of the third quarter of the Eighteenth Century. In both, the duck-bill spouts and the ebony grip of the handle should be noted, and in the latter, the ebony knob to the lid.

As for tea, it too had not uninteresting antecedents before the Eighteenth Century. Tea-drinking had already started to become as national an institution as the making of plate or of coin.

Tea was first heard of in 1625, but it was called "chaw." To "tee" meant to brew, whence the name of the vessel used in the brewing of "chaw,"



The first Tea-Kettle bears the arms of the Duke of St. Albans and was made in 1710. Its octagonal, pear-shaped form is characteristic of the period. The second, an urn made in 1790, shows neo-classical influence.



The Tea-Kettle at the left (1740) shows the rococo influence of Louis XV. The other was made in 1719 and remained popular until the latter part of the Eighteenth Century

the "tee"-pot. 1670, however, is the date of the first "tee"-pot. By that time, the English had been converted to "chaw" as the beverage that "cheers" but does not "inebriate," and had learned that the "chaw" liquid should be served and not the steeped "chaw" leaves, as we hear of one early hostess doing. Pepys tells in his diary that in 1660, he for the first time tasted a rare "china drink" called "chaw" and would much have preferred ale. Maybe it was unsweetened and milkless or lemonless. It was known that the Chinese considered "chaw" a pleasant draught, but the Englishman knew himself for a different person from the Chinaman and decided to make a good medicine—all the more efficacious because it cost, with the tax just placed upon it, ten pounds sterling per pound. Long before the end of the century, great quantities were being brought to England by the East India Co and it had been reduced to six shillings a pound.

Coffee was first brought to England in 1650; and cocoa, in 1657, so tea, coffee and cocoa came in about the same time. It is hard to imagine life without them, and it is not hard to believe they quickly "took hold" much as sodas and "sundaes" have in America.

At first, receptacles resembling a small, slender, straight, individual coffee-pot were used for all three drinks, till very soon the shapes found in Chinese porcelain were imitated. English porcelain, it may be noted, was not invented much before 1750, when every cottager soon had her lustre-ware, as well as every farmer's wife her Sheffield

plate, and every lady of the Manor her sterling-plate. To-day, of course, the pots for tea, coffee and cocoa are clearly differentiated.

As for tea-pots, by the time of Anne (1702-14)—whom no other present pleased quite so well, the shapes had become squat and roundish, an excellent example of which style is seen in the kettle with a wicker handle, and the form of which resembles a Dutch cheese. It is dated 1724, a circumstance which is explained by the vogue of Queen Anne until 1725, when the rococo influence of Louis began to be felt.

The kettle of 1733 shows a combination of both styles, the shape, the simplicity and the chased escutcheon being Queen Anne, whereas the workmanship is more refined and the base is ornamented in relief and filigree.

The kettle of 1740 is still more ornate, and the shape has become the characteristic inverted pear.

With the continental influence we associate more than any other the name of Paul de Lamerie, a French silversmith and artist who lived in England for forty years. His work so far as mastery of technique goes, is considered the high-water mark in English plate and is much sought after by connoisseurs.

It was in 1760, that Robert Adam returned to England bringing with him classical motifs in decoration and a return to form as more important than ornament and to smooth surfaces in silver as well as in furniture. This is the Heppelwhite.

(Continued on page 50)

CURRENT NOTES

WITH Rheims in irreplaceable ruins, with Amiens menaced, with the thought of the unspeakable loss of so much of the best of what Flanders had preserved of Gothic art—can we find any faint spark consolation, any conceivable good that may rise from the ashes? Future generations have been robbed of their legacy, and for what has gone there can be no reparation, no restoration.

The torch of mad, barbarous *kultur*, flaming arson instead of enlightenment has lighted up the world with the sinister glow of destruction—but it has kindled, too, a thing beyond and above its understanding. Embers of destruction have flamed up in a love for the things that have been destroyed.

To the French, indeed, and to the Belgians, this new love for the beautiful things they had lived with, must indeed be a passion, and to the world at large, once indifferent or passively appreciative.

There is, in this, far more than a transient interest born of present events in Europe. It is not so much that Gothic art has taken on a new life—it is rather Gothic art is now discovered to have never been dead. True in its reflection and embodiment of the spirit of the people who created it, Gothic art is immortal. Shatter its images, its spirit will survive for all time.

Appreciation has moved back to the beginnings of things, through the art of the 18th century, through the art of Renaissance Holy, until it has come to kneel, as at a shrine, before the art of the Middle Ages.

Through their devotion, and not through technical skill or sophisticated manner, the architects and carvers and weavers of the Middle Ages created their immortal art. Theirs was a *naïveté*, a selflessness which no conscious effort of to-day could simulate. They loved the work of their hands, and left that love to smile forth at the world for all time from the quiet faces of carved saints, and the gentle faces of carved virgins.

Let cults of self-expression in art, let egotism in art wave its red flag of independence—at the end, the sincere and the clear of vision will come to sit at the feet of the older arts. And from none of these may be learned more of the real purpose and meaning of art than from the works of the Middle Ages. Study, inspiration, devotion, and finally a simple and abiding love for Gothic art must come successively to those who own the finer perception of things.

There are splendid examples in the Gothic rooms of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, examples which hold for the artists and the craftsmen of to-day a wealth of lessons in the true meaning of art and in the immortality of the Gothic spirit.

But Gothic art has come to a point of contact with the present even more close than may be felt in the galleries of a museum. The Demotte galleries, of Paris, recently opened in New York, are devoted entirely to showing rare tapestries and sculptures of the Middle Ages, examples which must fire the ambition of the collector no less than they must delight the subjective senses of the lover of old and beautiful works of art.

French towns may be destroyed, French soldiers killed, but the spirit of France, old and finely wrought, is immortal: Rheims may be levelled to the ground, Amiens may perish, but the spirit of Gothic art, old and finely wrought, is immortal, and cannot by mortals be destroyed.



Courtesy of Demotte

Virgin and Child, carved stone, School of Lorraine

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

(Continued from page 20)

When we examine this picture of Whistler's, in the Metropolitan Museum, we at once feel a slight charm it is true, but only slight, and only because of a delicate pearly tonality. But we feel the same charm in face of some wall paper of a pearly tint, and this picture is nearly as empty as a piece of wall paper.

"Cremorne Gardens No. 2"—what a subject for a great poet! What could not Gleyre, author of the immortal "Lost Illusions" in the Louvre, and once Whistler's master, have made of it! To those who know what Cremorne Gardens in London stand for, this picture is nothing but empty piffle in paint.

As a conception it is *nil*, as a composition mediocre, as an expression of what Cremorne Gardens means, it is worse than *nil*; and, as for the technical side, it is, as drawing, childish; as color it has no more charm, we repeat, than a piece of faded pearly pink and blue wall paper; and as for surface technique it has but one quality, he obtained what he did—his more or less false values—by premier coup brush-work, showing that he was truly clever. It is nothing but a clever little stunt in dexterous, but only half-true, brush manipulation and paint distribution. But otherwise it is as empty as a deserted cuckoo nest, and of no more consequence, at least to a thinking man, who is hungry for emotional exaltation, than the drawing of a child. And when once we have seen it, and have used up the little charm of tone which it really has, we pass it by more and more as we find it more and more empty of all thought, of definite form, of all expression and, therefore, utterly meaningless. Its absolute intellectual and spiritual worthlessness becomes at last irritating as we see wall space—costly to the taxpayer to maintain—alotted to it and which we overcome only by reflecting that a museum is a sort of historical store-house for showing the evolution of art, in which the good and much bad is shown, either to point a moral or adorn a tale.

This is not an onslaught on Whistler. It is an attack on the intellectual triviality often inflicted upon us with such pomposity as in this piece of painting—one can scarcely call it a picture. We are not knocking Whistler. We are attacking his childish drivelling point of view—that merely clever brush-manipulation is art of a high order, and which moreover violates his own famous dictum: "A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared." We hope, in an early issue, to do full justice to him, and to indicate the true place he occupies in the world of art.

Luckily for Whistler he once departed from his fastidious and foolish art pose and became real human and painted the "Portrait of My Mother," which

is so fine that, if he had done nothing else, it would insure him a place in the affections of mankind, whom he so often affected to despise, an affection mingled with regret at what he failed to be but might have become had his soul not been twisted by the neurotic gang in Paris, which he frequented and of which that artificial and wayward genius, Baudelaire, was the inspirer—in that Paris where he stayed too long. Had Whistler always been real human, and had he made less use of charlatanism to advertise himself; and, instead of developing "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" had always sought to captivate the heart of mankind, as he did in his mother's portrait, he would have used his unusual technical genius to creating a larger art baggage than he is now traveling with down the ages.

And the world would have been the gainer, and his influence, instead of having been destructive—because of his railing at the expression of ideas and of morals and of altruism in art, would have been creative of more and more truly great works of art to the glory of America.

CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

(Continued from page 41)

entablature, the scheme used had no bad results. It was just this anxiety for thin joints that led to the cutting of the flutes in place, for it would be manifestly impossible to set these fluted drums without spalling, with such a tight joint. In point of fact, whether due to the precedent set by the columns or whether due to the lack of knowledge of any other method by the Greeks, the entire building was practically set in the rough and cut in situ. Even the stones of the stylobate and the ashlar of the cella walls were set rough, and afterwards dressed to a perfectly smooth plane surface, but in this case also the joints were treated in practically the same manner as the beds of the columns, and in order to insure accuracy in setting and as a guide for the future re-surfacing, a narrow draft line was finished around the edges of the stone, so that when first set these stones presented an appearance not dissimilar from certain forms of rustication. Indeed, it is probable that the idea of rustication originated from this early method of re-surfacing, and this would account for the fact that in most Classic rustications the joint is in the centre of the depth of the rustication, instead of being on the edge of the projecting part, as is usual in modern construction. A Greek example of rustication may be seen in the base of the monument of Lysicrates. This method of re-surfacing the entire temple after the work was set is clearly shown by the fact that in many of the temples certain portions have never been completed.

Note: This article will be continued in the June issue.

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GIAN—LORENZO BERNINI
(1598-1680)

It is unfortunate that an artist of such great importance should be so little known in America and so badly represented in our Museums and private collections. And it is a still greater misfortune that America has allowed the race of "Huns" to discover his value many years ago, and who now hold a number of his best works. It is surprising too that this great master, whose genius was recognized in the seventeenth century, should in the eighteenth have been so absurdly misunderstood, and his genius of invention and originality should have been interpreted as being baroque.

The perfect technique of Bernini is obvious even to those with a slight knowledge of sculpture. His perfect knowledge of anatomy, and his delicate use of his chisel, that might rival the painter's brush, could scarcely be termed as belonging to the age of decadence. His understanding of composition and balance is almost a revelation.

As a portraitist Bernini also achieved great fame. He made the busts of the greatest personages of his day, both in Italy and France, and, under the Popes Urban VIII. and Alexander VII., he made portraits of the principal members of the papal court. It is in these that he excelled, for he not only caught the sincere physical resemblance, but he portrayed the very soul of his subjects.

Bernini was master of his age. It was he above others who knew how to create art-made joy and

smiles. It was he who gave to architecture and form a new truth that clothed the marble and gilded churches and made live upon the altars a world of little loves and smiling feminine forms. Never was story more adequately rendered.

In his "Vita di Bernini" Professor Munoz of the University of Rome has most interestingly pointed out that the marble group, "Apollo and Daphne," is the evolution of Bernini's first conception in presenting the mythological characters. This he made, first in bronze, and it after resulted in one of his greatest works.

The Apollo and Daphne in marble, the life-size group, is at the Borghese Gallery in Rome; the smaller bronze group, which is in "cire perdue," is now on exhibition at the Tolentino Gallery.

In the first composition in bronze, the two figures are surrounded by little fluttering winged loves. There is the Daphne who is who is held close in the grasp of Apollo, an exquisite springtime figure already half faded and changed into the rustling laurel leaves, as she flees from the too hasty claim of her lover, and in her face is written more regret than fear at the loss of her pursuer. The face and attitude of Apollo in this group show the tenacious quality of a more material love. His expression of wrapt admiration, is that of one who believes that his feeling for Daphne is enough to save her from her doom. In this first interpretation, the strong idea the artist portrays is that of love.

There is nothing of the astonishment which Bernini depicts later in the marble, of the man who sees the flight of the woman he loves through no fault but his own folly, and in his stupor he becomes resigned to her inevitable fate.

Both are Greek and classic in spirit, carved with such consummate mastery that we almost forget the marble or bronze and hear only the whispering sad leaves. It is a magnificent work and compels admiration even from those whose training tend to limit their preferences for works of another type.





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Only recently the owner of a house-boat "discovered" with enthusiasm that he could have beautifully stained weather-proof chairs, upholstered in sea-proof materials, with rail cushions and rubber caps, instead of the red-plush atrocities he had "invested in" last season. A woman whose war duties will keep her in the city had her apartment transformed with attractively stained and enamelled willow furniture, gaily upholstered in cretonne. What a cool, comfortable air it will give during the warm days to come! A suburban dweller has the delight of a cool sun-and-rain protected sleeping couch, with a waterproof mattress, for his sleeping porch. Why, even from Mexico and the West Indies have orders come for the convertible chaise longue, the clever space-saving foursome table, the companionable porch chairs, the decorative flower-boxes, and other willow delights.

This shop, however, has more than willow specialties. There are always the most unusual cretonnes and chintzes to be had, and rugs. At present there are some charming hooked-work affairs from New England. Then, besides, there are always so many little odd and decorative household pieces that will make delightful wedding gifts.

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COINAGE, TEA-KETTLES AND HISTORY

(Continued from page 44)

Sheraton, Chippendale period or the Middle Georgian, to which, and to the Queen Anne period, our Colonial style is related.

Examples dated 1790 and 1807 excellently illustrate this neo-classical influence. These, however, are not tea-kettles. They are "urns"—a sort of family or party piece intended to brew, or to boil, usually, for more persons at one time than possible in the smaller tea-pot, and they suggest a limerick written in 1835:

John's wife and John were tete-a-tete.

She witty was. Industrious, he.

Says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate."

"And I," said she, "have 'urned' the tea."

The late Georgian Period, heading for the execrable Victorian, began about 1620, when again the French influence was manifest, and decoration again became more elaborate and heavy, although more restrained than in France.

THE MARKS ON ENGLISH SILVER

As for the marks on English silver, in addition to those already mentioned, *i. e.*, the Britannia, the Hall Mark of London, and mystifying date-letters, there may also be the mark of a provincial assay or "touch" and a duty mark.



Hall Marks on silver made by John Robins in London, 1792, king's head denoting that duty has been paid

Thanks to the splendid research work of Mr. C. J. Jackson, an English barrister, we have to-day almost a complete list of the names of the English silversmiths working during the last few hundred years.



Hall Marks, Britannia Standard, London, 1720

The Goldsmiths' Company of London, still a powerful organization, started out as a trade-guild or "mystery," and still believes in trade secrets and mystery—whence to this day the continuation of anonymity, and instead of a straightforward date, a date letter.

Its extraordinary influence goes back to 1327, when it was granted plenary rights to make and enforce the laws of the realm regarding this particular trade—since which time, it is true, certain royal or parliamentary supervisions have been from time to time imposed. It has given London many mayors, it has played an important economic and political rôle, and to its jealous integrity it may proudly claim is due the unbroken and sterling quality of English plate for nearly 600 years, whatever the vicissitudes of coinage.

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OLD FORMS IN NEW FURNITURE

(Continued from page 37)

opment from the Mediaeval "dressor." It remained in favor for many years, and Welsh dressers were common articles of furniture in some parts of England throughout the Stuart reigns.

After the cramping period of the Commonwealth, when the most modest attempts at luxury were frowned on, and originality was ruthlessly crushed out, suddenly with the restoration of a Stuart of the throne, an era of innovations and "many inventions" in English furniture design came into being. These were really the days of transition from the old order of things to the new — from household furnishings that, beautiful though they often were, yet in the main must be judged as rather primitive in character and extremely limited in number, to the comfort and the elegance that were firmly established under William and Mary and Queen Anne.

The crude Gothic cupboard, designed for utility and put to so many homely uses as well as high ones, had now become the elegant and elaborate cabinet which was a great favorite until the very end of the Georgian era. During the years of the Dutch reigns, these cabinets were frequently lacquered in imitation of those imported from China, and set upon extravagantly carved and gilded stands. The delicate little carved and painted cabinets were a later development and show some of the most exquisite work of the Georgian designers. China cupboards, three-cornered cupboards, cupboards with wooden doors and with glazed ones, cabinets with a single compartment and those with a bewildering variety of drawers and pigeon-holes, desks and secretaries, even the now indispensable bookcase — all these came into being during the early years of the eighteenth century. And all of them, closely or remotely, can claim relationship with those far-away Gothic creations which, together with the chest, formed the first English attempts at furniture-making.

Small wonder, then, that with such distinguished lineage and with so many slow years of development behind them, both the chest and the cupboard (in its endless variety) should offer splendid material for decorative purposes and the very maximum of utilitarian value, for which, indeed, both of them were first of all designed. Ancient chests and old Gothic cupboards are fascinating if one is so rarely fortunate as to have acquired originals. In them as in no other old furniture, the very breath and flavor of antiquity seems to have been preserved. But if originals are unobtainable, as in the vast majority of cases they necessarily must be, such modern reproductions as illustrated in this article offer a surprisingly satisfactory substitute.

Note:—The service department will gladly answer inquiries regarding prices, etc., of any piece of furniture here described.

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THE MUSEUM AND THE WAR

The great reality of the present is the war. Gradually the American people are becoming aware of its insistent demands, to a degree unappreciated in its earlier stages. Still more as the months go on must the privations, the economies, the hardships, to say nothing of the bitterness of human losses, come deeply home to people.

With these demands confronting us, together with the many eager calls and "drives" in behalf of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Liberty Loans and other nation-wide movements, it is but natural that one's thoughts turn toward retrenchment in the fields where, apparently, the actual visible return upon the investment is least evident.

To many a former supporter of an art institute has come the question of continued support and membership, to be answered frequently by a cessation of former activities and a withdrawal of further support.

Natural though this action may be, its result is inevitably serious, and if continued for long, and if wide-spread, but little short of a public calamity. The museums must, naturally, take thought regarding it. In a recent bulletin of the Chicago Art Institute we find quoted an editorial from the Chicago *Tribune* which we take the liberty of copying here. It says:

"We admire the motive. It bespeaks a moral earnestness very encouraging to behold. And yet we believe it is a mistaken economy, unfair to professionals who live by their art, unfair to a public that depends on artistic pleasures to keep its spirits up, and unfair to the givers themselves, as the movements they have hitherto supported will get a setback from which they will be slow to recover. Then, too, it strikes us that such economy is premature, to say the least, and strangely out of harmony with the behavior of the great warning nations in that regard. Take a case in point.

"France, so we are repeatedly told, is 'exhausted' and 'died white.' Yet the Paris salons continue. Music survives. The theatre, while gravely hampered, is by no means extinct. The embellishment of cities goes on, not as before the war, but with astonishing fearlessness, considering. New acquisitions are still being made by the Direction des Beaux-Arts, and just at present Paris is having the finest of all rose shows.

"We are convinced that fine, artistic movements deserve support in America despite the war. We are almost tempted to think that they deserve special support because of the war. Their entire influence tends toward a sane, wholesome morale. Things will be gleam enough without our deliberately robbing existence of its enjoyments. There is no need of doing so now. In all likelihood there never will be."

In the Bulletin of the Cleveland Museum for April-May appears an article along very similar lines, from which also we quote:

"These war relief appeals should not, however, blind us to the real fact that we as a people are in the crucible to-day, and require more than ever a growing consciousness of our deep need of the inspiration of art and of the other aspects of the higher life.

"Our art museums, in so far as they are maintained as institutions 'by and for the people,' must inevitably become

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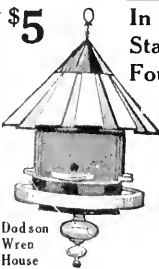


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ETCHED PORTRAITS

By ANTHONY VAN DYCK

The Rhode Island School of Design has recently acquired a fine impression of the second state of the etched portrait of Jodocus de Momper by Anthony Van Dyck. Etching was but a small phase of Van Dyck's activity, only twenty-one examples in all being attributed to him, nineteen of which are portraits; but no one, with the single exception of Rembrandt, and he only infrequently, has surpassed Van Dyck in the purity and force of his style, or in the straightforward characterization and simplicity of his etched portraits. No less charming than his oil portraits, they are more vigorous in their handling and more manly in their effect. With a few bold strokes, and with an unerring elimination of unessentials, Van Dyck concentrated on the salient features of his sitters, and by a cleverness of selection gave a characterization that reveals much of their personality.

In the etching of De Momper these essential features of Van Dyck's treatment are readily felt. The concentration is admirably focused on the head by the summary yet structural treatment of both the body and setting. The head is the only part at all carefully modeled, but with such restraint that not a line or dot could be removed without destroying the quality of the whole. The bony structure of the skull is perfectly felt under the skin, while the wrinkles of the forehead and the flabbiness of the cheeks are suggested with a mastery of touch that is almost startling. Yet there is no undue emphasis or vulgar realism about these details. They are a part of the man, and so had to be etched; but they are merely hinted at, and we are conscious of them only as we would be conscious of them in the living man. By these carefully selected suggestions of external characteristics Van Dyck has given us more than the mere outward appearance, we have the very character of the man. Quick and vigorous in thought and action, easily stirred to anger, but with a readiness of wit that soon sees the humorous side of a situation, such is the reading of De Momper's character from this vital etching by Van Dyck.

Jodocus de Momper was a landscape and marine painter and an etcher of average merit. He was born in Antwerp in 1564, and died in 1634, only a few years after this portrait was executed. His paintings are to be seen in many European galleries, especially in Dresden and Madrid.

The impression under discussion is from the Gillis Hendrix edition (1645) of Van Dyck's famous "Iconography." This edition was the second to be issued, the first having been published at intervals by Martin van den Enden during the years from 1626 until after 1636. The first edition, however, did not contain the Jodocus de Momper, nor in fact any of the fifteen absolutely authenticated portrait etchings by Van Dyck, al-



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though they had undoubtedly been executed during the time when Van den Enden's edition was published. This folio included only eighty portraits, all but three being by other engravers working from oil grisaille panels that Van Dyck had made as models. The attribution of these three etchings to Van Dyck has been questioned by the latest authority on the subject, Arthur M. Hind, and so they need not detain us here.

In the Hendrix edition of 1645, which contained 101 portraits, the fifteen authentic etched portraits by Van Dyck occur, although in various degrees of reworking by engravers. Five remained untouched, and the De Momper in the Museum Collection is one of these; five had only a background added; while the rest were either in part or entirely reworked by an engraver. The Franz Snyders, of which the Museum owns a fine impression of the first state, before the reworking, was one of the subjects so treated.

The De Momper in the Museum is an impression of the first published state, although an earlier state without the lettering or Hendrix's monogram exists. These first states are either artist's proofs or were printed by Van Dyck and presented as gifts to friends. As few of these impressions were pulled off the press, the plates were still in excellent condition when they passed into Hendrix's hands, and have (those that were untouched by the engraver, at least) all the bloom and freshness of the unpublished impressions.

The first states of these portraits have, of course, become extremely rare, so that we are also very fortunate in possessing the splendid first state of the Franz Snyders, which is considered by many critics to be Van Dyck's greatest etched portrait. This is from the Isaac C. Bates collection. Only the head has been executed, but the perfect placing leaves nothing to be desired, and the imagination readily supplies the missing body. The subtlety of the placing of the head on the plate may be immediately realized if comparison is made between this impression showing Van Dyck's intention, with a reproduction printed with the head in the center of the paper. How much of the charm is lost by this mere shifting of a few inches! It can be compared in this respect only to an oriental work.

These two etchings give one an admirable opportunity to study at first hand the style and technique of one of the greatest portrait etchers that the world has produced.—*Bulletin of Rhode Island School of Design.*



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It is an unpleasant but, apparently, a very necessary duty to refer once more to the subject of "fake" pictures. New nests of them are rapidly developing and new names are being added to the repertoire. Twachtman and Ronger are now claiming the active attention of the copyists, presumably because the works of these men are coming more and more into demand. Two of the pictures reproduced in the catalogue of the Ronger Estate Sale have recently been offered to me, but, unfortunately, I already owned at home the original of one of them and knew where the other was, so I did not buy! I understand that the second of these is now prominently displayed for sale in a Philadelphia "art" store window. Someone will probably buy it and gloat over his bargain. It is an often asked and never answered question why people will buy pictures they know nothing about from dealers who know they know still less. —From "Art Notes" of the Macbeth Gallery.

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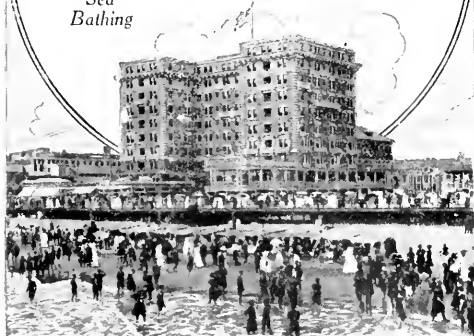
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CONTEMPORARY ART IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 15)

matter of years as of an unspoiled point of view, perennially interested in things for their own sake. Although the last to achieve that wider recognition, I am sure California art will not be the least important contribution to the art of America. Indeed, I rather expect to see in the near future the most distinctively national expression in American art produced in California. Especially will this be true, I think, of the landscapes painted out here. Many signs point to the development of a great school of landscape painters, whose achievements, I believe, are destined to epitomize the true spirit of America in a manner hitherto unrealized.

The bold contours of the hills bulging large against the blue vault, the sweeping arms of the bay, the big trees and great streams, the vast expanse of the Pacific, upon which the Californian gazes from birth, give him a bigness of vision that visualizes things and events in their entirety. The results of this are fast appearing in the art as well as in the civic and commercial life of the Coast, whose pre-eminent influence in national affairs is now an accomplished and accepted fact. And, with the opening of this Annual Exhibition (the second to be held since the close of the Exposition), I am sure every well-informed student of contemporary art will readily admit that California art can no longer be judged merely by local standards; it is to-day an integral part of American art, and must be so regarded both in and out of the State.

The present Annual Exhibition is made notable and will remain noteworthy by reason of two things: It is the first definite exposition of the new point of view crystallized by the influence of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and therefore an important mile-stone in the art history of the Coast and the Nation, and it also marks the first participation of the architects in these Annual Exhibitions of the San Francisco Art Association, thereby re-establishing that common relationship between architecture and the allied arts which furnished such fruitful sources of mutually beneficial co-operation in the past.

The gain to our community that may be expected from this reunion of the arts is hardly to be calculated at the present moment, but I believe one of the most important results will be to make utility once more synonymous with beauty, to the great advantage of both. Only in the harmonious blending of the two can we find the possibility of an environment satisfying to the inner as well as the outward needs of modern man, and the participation of the architects with the painters, sculptors and engravers in this exhibition is a significant step in that direction.



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THE TRADITION OF THE OLD IDEA IN RUSSIAN PAINTING

(Continued from page 12)

were of the Roman, not the Russian landscape—who deserves to be remembered to-day. Of the painters whom I have discussed above, is there one who stands out as a personality, one whose name has significance, as the names of Venetsiánov, Vrubel, Levítan, have significance in the History of Art of the preceding and the present century? Representatives all of what Benois would call "official" art, landscape painting to them was what in Russian technical jargon is known as "shablonism"—more dilettantesque superficiality. One painter there was—and here I am thinking of Shchédrin—who had talent, and some of his paintings* show a by no means negligible appreciation of the seventeenth century Dutch school, and had no Russian mood. Then, too, there was Lebedev, his youthful contemporary (he died six years after Shchédrin, in 1836), who possessed a certain softness of coloring comparable to that of Rousseau or Corot, whom I shall cite again in connection with Korovin. But like so many prominent talents, that of Lebedev was soon obscured by death, and it is not till the sixties and the seventies that anything great, either in design or execution, was achieved in this domain.

Greatness, however, is purely a relative term. Before the time of the modern school of symphonic painting typified by Isaak Levítan, there appeared artists representative of various schools and movements whose achievement, far from being negligible, is deserving of a high degree of praise. On the stream of every artistic "tendency"—be it Romanticism, Realism, Utilitarianism, or Modernism—some genius floats; but of these talented representatives of landscape painting I shall speak in a later article, as I trace the birth specifically of the Modern Russian School—one of the most brilliantly beautiful manifestations of creative power which the artistic world has seen since the rise of the School of Barbizon.

* Cf. also his "Surroundings of Naples."

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State of New York, County of New York, ss:—

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Dexter W. Hewitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the ARTS & DECORATION, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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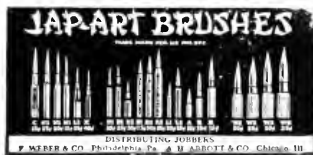
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TEA LEAVES

By Paxton

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

EDITORIAL

WHAT IS FAME?

There is no word which is so often misused as "Fame!" Now it is used for "Notoriety," now for "Celebrity," now for "Renown," etc., and often by writers of power in a way that is vexatious enough. And it is certain that most men when they use the word Fame mean the thing called Notoriety. This is indicated by the number of men who decry or ridicule Fame. We could quote a score of familiar exhortations, used by well-known writers, to eschew the pursuit of Fame or belittling it, but we will quote only one. Kipling says, in his fine poem:

"When Earth's last picture is painted
and the tubes are twisted and dried
When the oldest colors have faded
and the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
lie down for an aeon or two,
'Til the Master of All Good Workmen,
shall put us to work anew.

* * *

And only the Master shall praise us,
and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money
and no one shall work for fame.

But each for the joy of the working,
and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It
for the God of Things as They are!"

All of which seems to indicate that Kipling had a contempt for the pursuit, not of enduring Fame, but of temporary Celebrity, and used the wrong word.

For nothing is more short-sighted than to decry the pursuit of true Fame. It is a profound error, whether this belittling is done by the successful in life, or by life's failures, or by the jelly-fish men who think energy should only be expended in satisfying the senses, and this under the plea that the love of approbation is vulgar egotism, whereas a little reflection will convince anyone that the ridicule of any manifestation of egotism is a blow at the highest interests of the race.

For these reasons: Civilization may be said to have begun when the first man for the first time did an act—in order to win the praise, or admiration, or love, of someone else. For by that act—he got away from himself and became less an animal and more a creative being, since every unselfish act is truly creative. Therefore, every action a

man does—with the specific object of obtaining any kind of approbation from his fellow-men—decreases man's animality and increases the civilization of the world. For the approbation of our neighbors or of all mankind can be obtained only by such acts as are more or less beneficent.

Nor does it make the slightest difference whether the beneficent act is done with the purpose of obtaining the world's approbation—as might an artist who labors for a generation to achieve lasting fame—or whether it be as a result of a quick, instinctive impulse—as might happen to a man who risks his life, even loses it, in trying to rescue a fellow-being from imminent danger. Even more, it is certain that the man who, with forethought, decides to deny himself all the social pelf that the average man thinks alone worth living for—in order to work for a fame-bringing result, is on a higher plane than the instinctive hero who acts from sudden though noble impulse.

One of the profoundest truths is shadowed forth in Emerson's remark:—"ALL NATURE IS BENT UPON EXPRESSION." This is true of the violet in the woods as well as of Apollo on Olympus. Poverty, sickness, or imprisonment are never so soul-sickening as—when they prevent us from expressing ourselves in the direction nature urges us, and above all when we are gifted with an active Ego, which longs to express itself consciously, which implies the truth that many men have an Ego so weak that their self-expression is not a conscious process but merely instinctive, like that of a cow chewing her cud. It is the active Egos, powerfully hungry for self-expression, who are the creative leaders of the world. And whatever tends to stimulate these Egos forces along the development of civilization and the perfection of the race.

Therefore, the greatest curse upon the earth is that lot of Oriental ruminators who preach that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit," and that this earth is but "a vale of tears,"—from which men should turn their eyes and direct them upon the future world. For this doctrine is the greatest paralyzer of man's will to power and of the desire to creatively express himself, since it tends to stop production in all directions, both spiritual and material and, without production, there can be no advancing civilization and man remains but a barbarian.

To men inoculated with this poisoned philosophy—that the earth is only a "vale of tears," that self-effacement should be the order of the day in this life, and that self-expression should be sought only

in the life after death; to such, the pursuit of the approbation of our fellow-men seems mere petty vanity instead of a laudable worship of the race. The influence of these men is as benumbing, and hence as destructive, as the Upas tree.

And investigation will reveal that the apostles of this suicidal philosophy were originally all Oriental exploiters of their fellow-men—the aristocratic Hog-men, the conquering Wolf-men, and the superstitious Bat-men.

What we should teach in every grammar school is this:—That the earth can and should be made into an Eden, in which a man should express himself beneficently, ergo creatively, and so ally himself more and more to the Creator until, when called to a future life—if there really is one—he shall be fit to enter it so as not then to feel disastrously out of place. Should this gospel be taught vigorously for two generations the earth would be so changed that the angels would not recognize it!

If a merchant, or a farmer, or an artist when a boy should be inspired by his mother to long for the love of his fellow-men, and knew that he could not obtain that love except through beneficent creative service, he would exert himself to serve mankind or his next-door neighbor to such an extent as to insure his living in the affection of the race. And that would be real—Fame!

And could anyone conceive of a more exalted feeling than the consciousness of having a niche in the hearts of mankind—whether obtained by a life-time of abnegating creative effort, or achieved by a sudden transfiguring act of self-sacrificing heroism?

Surely Kipling could not have meant to decry this, the only kind of real Fame, when he said: "And no one will work for Fame."

It is this sort of true Fame—true transforming power—which Emerson had in mind when he wrote:—

Ah Fate, cannot a man
Be wise without a beard?
East, West, from Beer to Dan,
Say, was it never heard
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten?

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame
Who sells his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Were it not better done
To dine and sleep through forty years;
Be loved by few; be feared by none;
Laugh life away; have wine for tears;
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we asked was graunted?

But Fate will not permit
The seed of gods to die,
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
Its guerdon in the sky,
Nor let us hide, whate'er our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure.

Go then, sad youth, and shine;
Go, sacrifice to Fame;
Put youth, joy, health upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame;
Being for Seeming bravely barter
And die to Fame a happy martyr.

Rational, beneficent self-assertion, or Egotism, is the energizing power of the world—it makes it go. Even the Prophets of the Bible saw that:—"Let your lights so shine, etc.", and, "Hide not your light under a bushel!" These are commands, presumably from on High, which prove that a slavish, self-effacing modesty is not a virtue but fundamentally a vice—since it ends in non-production, above all in the realms of spirit, the most essential kind of creation.

In fact, a reputation for extreme modesty is always based either on flabby indifference or pretense. And the cry of "Egotism" is the Shibboleth of the timid, the hypocritical and the weak, it is a club stuffed with envy which they use to belabor the heads of the daring, the frank and the strong.

As the dangerous power of Electricity should not be destroyed but controlled—so egotism should not be decried but encouraged, and then *directed in the right channel*, guided—to become not a destructive but a beneficent force.

It is ego-mania—self-assertion gone mad, through diseased selfishness, that should be curbed by all means in our power; for, when men become ego-maniacs, we find them seeking not the approbation of their fellows but consumed by a desire, truly insane, to surprise, astonish, shock or exploit them.

Then we see certain men develop into mountebank Charlatans—like Cagliostro, "bamboozling" even the "great" in the European capitals; or such fakers as Mohammed ensnaring a whole people; or a George Law, swindling half of Europe; also we have such idiots as Giteau or Colgozs, murdering Presidents. But worse still, we have such hyenas as a Tamerlane, an Atilla, or a Kaiser, assassinating whole peoples!

Every altruistic, self-assertive act, whether of an individual or a nation, is, we repeat, a creative act, while every brute self-assertion is a destructive act.

At present America is the incarnation of altruistic self-assertion and Prussia the colossal example of brute ego-mania. But the Kaiser has discovered that: "The spirit in which we act is the main matter; for spirit alone can transform action." As was said by Goethe, who despised the Prussians,

America is now seeking mainly to preserve the liberties of the world; but, sub-consciously, also seeking the love of mankind, while Prussia is earning its execration, the result of debased vanity.

Napoleon was reported as having said:—"If you wish to be remembered you must make a noise, and the greater the noise the longer you will be remembered." He denied this at St. Helena. At all events, could there be anything more puerile for an individual or a nation than the desire to cackle and parade, like a dirty-clawed Peacock, up and down the avenues of Time, with a swelling chest and saying:—"Look at me! I did that—am I not great?"

If it was to deny such "fame" as that, Wolsey was quite right when he said:

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then;
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't."

From such fame-hunger—fame-hunger as this—
Lord deliver us indeed!"

When we think of the hate-engendering havoc and suffering that has been caused by the pestilential ego-maniacs, the wolf-men and the hyena-nations, when we know that by the pursuit of true Fame based upon the love of our fellow-men we could turn this earth into an Eden in two generations, does it not seem that every child ought to be educated above everything else to work for such Fame?

Of course, altruism out of place in time and space, is oftentimes more destructive than rank selfishness. When the Teutons degenerated into hyena-Prussians, and with frothing mouths, guns and gas grenades in hand, reached out for their neighbor's lands, for the Russians to remain lamb-like Tolstoyians, and meet the monsters with Christian-pacifist half-truths on their lips, Soviet lilies and brass Ikons in their hands, is to invite not only the derision of the ages but the destruction of Russia—even of civilization.

No individual, no nation, can practise complete altruism and seek the love of the race—as long as there remains on its hind legs an Ichtyosaurian, pin-headed, beastly, selfish force, on the alert to devour its neighbor. As long as one conscienceless military oligarchy exists on earth every government must have wasteful force for its foundation.

What is true of life in general is true of the World of Art in particular. What sort of distinction should an artist seek? To say that he should seek none at all, but only work: "each for the joy of working," as Kipling says, to reduce art to mere play is to reduce him to a mere parasite, even if he possesses enough fortune to live without laboring

for his food, all the more if he is not born rich. For every living man should produce either his own food or enough worthy wealth to pay for it. Artists are not exempt from this law. The world does not owe an artist a living—be he painter, poet, architect, dramatist, composer or sculptor, unless in return he creates enough exalting art for his neighbors to pay for his food and to win their profound appreciation. Nor is he exempt from defending the soil of his country.

In fact, to put it bluntly, there is but one justification for any artist at any time, and that is when he aims to be a Pilot in the world's affairs, when he strives to discover what is the eternal trend of the race and then labors to help on as far as in him lies the progress toward the social goal. That decision is the first step an artist can make towards real manhood and enduring Fame.

The next step is when he learns that the most potent help any man can render in this great travail of social evolution is to create in any field of human endeavor, but above all in art, works so beautiful that they will actually compel the public to love, not only those works, but the man who made them.

The final step is when he dedicates himself to such lofty, creative work, for the purpose of not merely enjoying his work, like a fat silk-worm, but enjoying it with the purpose of winning not only the admiration of his fellow-men but an enduring niche in their hearts. For, we repeat, that alone is real Fame, and is truly worth striving for. Anything else is a sham "fame" and unworthy the efforts of a real man. This means that an artist must think less and less of himself, less and less of his "personality," his "individuality," and think principally of the exalting of his fellow-men.

The artist who sacrifices everything in art that is most inspiring and lofty—in order to merely show his "originality" or "peculiarity," and merely to astonish mankind, is not an egoist—he is an ego-maniac. Even if he plays his joyful game discreetly and quietly. But, when, in addition, he plays it as a charlatan, who toots his own horn like a mountebank beside his circus-door, he is not merely a sterile drone but a dangerous sponger upon his neighbors.

Why do we again say these things? Because a certain triling class of artists are not "quoted very high"—in this epoch. Their stock today is below par. They owe this low estate to their own fatuous insouciance. For few of these think seriously; most of them sing their songs like Grasshoppers on a Kansas fence in summer; many of them aim mainly to shock the public. And if you tell them to seek instead of this to win love of mankind with their works will tell you, like poor Flaubert: "I write only for about twelve persons!"—while

hypocritically hoping these twelve would swell to all mankind. And therefore, novelty is what they seek to produce, not beauty, the clever and ephemeral, not the great and enduring.

One of the regrettable fruits of this psychology of these artists is the paucity of figure-pieces produced and the avalanche of mediocre landscapes and marines in painting; ragtime and tango-tinkle in music; mediocre tortured trifles in sculpture; and in the drama and novels, too many frothy, gay and risqué clap-trap creations, full of cleverness but empty of all intellectual substance and moral inspiration.

So the public is bored to death by this mediocrity and indifferent to our art exhibitions, listlessly turns the pages of the "best sellers" and goes to the opera more to show its clothes than to hear the music. And many artists wonder at their being neglected! Do they imagine mankind is going to implore them to captivate it and also take them by the hand and show them how to do it, as one would a child?

No! they must learn that the world is like a Nettle:

"Gently touch a nettle—

"Twill but sting you for your pains,
But grasp it like a lath of metal,
And like soft silk it remains."

It is only when the majority of our artists change their point of view and join the minority and resolve that, to gain the affection of their neighbors and, if possible, of all men is worth while, even for the greatest of men, and that it is not only their highest privilege but means the salvation of the race, not only in this world but in the next, not till then will they really come into their own, lift their art to the highest pinnacle and be welcomed to sit by the side of the high priest in the Temple of Fame.

Paraphrasing Emerson we can say, to the student at least:—

Then go, sad youth, and shine!

Go, sacrifice to Fame!

Put youth, health, wealth upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame.

Thy hapless self for praises barter
And die to Fame an honest martyr!

"TEA LEAVES"

By Paxton

(See Frontispiece)

FOR our frontispiece this month we offer Paxton's "Tea Leaves," in the Metropolitan Museum here.

This is one of the finest pieces of mere painting so far done by an American, and not unworthy of Velasquez or Ver Meer.

No American, and few foreigners, have during the last century painted a white dress with the skill with which Paxton has handled the dress of the young lady pouring out tea, and this, taken with the really marvelous rendering of the other parts of the work—to all of which the photograph does not do justice—make of it one of the consummate pieces of craftsmanship by American artists.

But it is far more than this. It is a masterly expression of a woman reading her fortune in the disposition by fate of the tea leaves in the bottom of a cup; the grave, wondering curiosity on the face of the young woman studying the leaves being rendered with rare skill and poetic charm.

The subject is conceived with unusual refinement, beautifully composed, and profoundly expressed;

the drawing is impeccable, the color scheme of enduring fascination and the surface technical execution of extraordinary skill.

It is an example of what is meant by a work of art that is impersonal yet personal. There is nothing peculiar or strange about it, yet in style and manner of painting it is unlike any other in the museum. Thus it is individual without being marred by extreme "individualism." It is real yet ideal. It is relatively true without being photographic, it is altogether good in spirit, and a thing of lasting beauty.

It does not lift us to the sublime, but it surprises and holds us by its quiet power; and, as we pass it again, we are always allured to stop a minute to read it, and each time the modest charm is intensified, until we learn to love the work, which is a guaranty of its qualities being enduring. And it is these enduring qualities which entitle it to be included in the category of great works of art that are an honor to America.





Windmills—By John H. Twachtman
Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.

JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

By CHARLES DE KAY

TO get a fair view of the paintings of the late John Twachtman and to appreciate his life work at its worth, one should visit the gallery of some collector of American pictures like Mr. John Glatly of New York, where to be seen in suitable surroundings is a group of six or seven, either flower masses or woodlands, marines or snowscapes. They are so delicate, so restrained, so distinguished, so free from pedantry or pose! Each is a musical strain, a poem. And they demand your attention, too, a prolonged, close attention, for they do not give themselves to the first comer; they do not call you with a gay smile; they do not flaunt themselves. Not at all. They are shy; they are reserved; they are Thoreauish, Emersonian. You must wait and let them come out of their coverts like the immobile, hushed, expectant creatures clad in furs or feathers, denizens of some wildwood into which a heavy-footed mortal has blundered, making it for a time a *bois dormant*. Gradually the inner things of a Twachtmannic picture begin to stir and are visualized; one penetrates into the picture and seizes on unsuspected beauties. All is not noonday crystal-clear. Rather does a golden or a pearly haze fill the air, through which peep the faces of flowers, or, if the season is winter, the autumnal spoils, the richly tinted beads and empty seed-cups defiant of storm and snows, "February" for example, a winter song from his own Greenwich bailiwick.

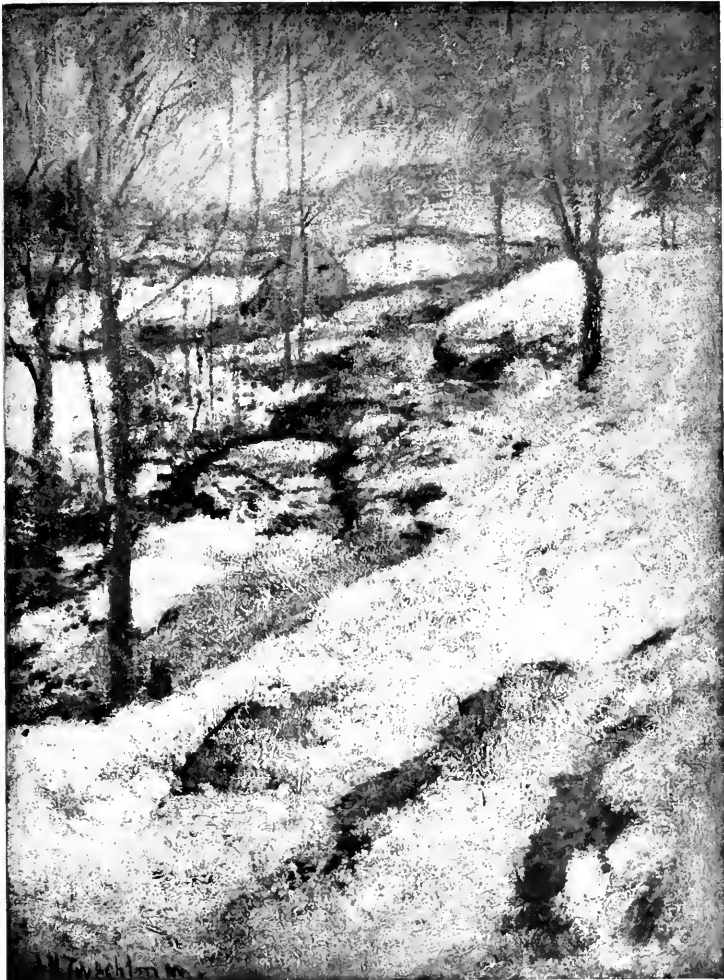
Many are the painters nowadays who celebrate

the charms of winter. And in truth the sharp tingling cold and clear skies of our winters contrast very favorably with the damp air, the mists and low-hung clouds of Northwestern Europe during winter-time. It is only of late, nevertheless, that the public in America has appreciated the beauty of winter. Our art impulse would be to polish up surfaces and contours and reflect this clear, keen atmosphere in our pictures and give our snowscapes a stamp somewhat hard and unbending in the style of Bradford's icebergs and Polar snows. Now of our many painters of winter few if any have touched the snow with such delicacy and sweetness as Twachtman. Notably the pictures alluded to above, like the "February" painted on the home acres at Greenwich, Connecticut, have this intimate and delightful touch. He preferred the soft winter day before a thaw when the snow does not crackle under foot but lies in thick almost moist masses on the land, clings to the branches of tree and bush, tops the old weeds that rise high above the white levels. "Frozen Brook" takes one straight to nature on some such quiet windless day. The same brook that ambles past the Twachtman cottage furnishes a "Hemlock Pool", another of the capital snow-scenes in the Glatly group. The sensitiveness of his brushwork, the delicacy of his color scheme, the reserve, the fastidiousness of his interpretation of nature are never better seen than in these little songs in celebration of the Atlantic coastal winter.



Courtesy of Macbeth Gallery

NIAGARA FALLS
By John H. Twachtman



Courtesy of Macheth Gallery

FROZEN BROOK
By John H. Twachtman

Greenwich, where Twachtman owned a country home, lies on Long Island Sound, it is true, but it is an inward-looking town, not much of a seaport. It was at Gloucester and about Cape Cod that he painted the marines and shorescapes, many of which have figured high in exhibitions and sales. To a good many people, indeed, these are the typical Twachtmannic canvases, when as a matter of fact and speaking comparatively they form only a small part of his output. Before he died, his worth as a very individual painter and a rarely attractive one had been so well established that prices for his canvases rose, and since his death, despite several comprehensive sales, these prices have continued to expand. At the present it is not easy to obtain a good example of Twachtman at all. Those who own decline to give up pictures that steal into the owner's heart and hold there. Such as reach the market from time to time are likely to fall to buyers for public art galleries, if not snapped up by amateurs.

If then we have seen Twachtman the painter at work depicting with infinite tenderness yet breadth of brushwork and a sort of lyrical exuberance of fancy the familiar slopes and trees, brooks and flowers about his home, so also we have found him turning to harbor and ocean scenes, to boats and ships, to smooth water and rough, and always we observe that he adapts himself to the change, almost to the extent of an altered style. An impressionist in the sense it was used from 1870 to 1900, his aim was to express an individual and therefore more or less fresh report of landscape and seascape, flowers and the human figure, giving what seemed to him the most noteworthy and therefore most essential side of the object, without overloading his picture and taxing our patience with items less important.

That was his way of art—certainly the right way for him!

A grander note, to be sure, was struck with his pictures about the falls of Niagara; but here again he was prudent; he did not try to embrace the panorama. Generally he takes a side view of part of the Falls from below, with the clouds of iridescent sun-shot spray rising before the darker downpour of the river, the whole fantastic dance swaying above the huddle of waves in the caldron that steams below. "Niagara in Winter" shown at the Macbeth Galleries is such a scene. All is fluid, all motion, all color. It takes a bold artist to so much as attempt to place the falls of Niagara on canvas, and it must be an unusual genius who can achieve a picture that even in a measure can reflect the grandeur of the scene. One can think of very able, clever and successful painters today and in the past who are and were unable to paint water in motion so as to give satisfaction to the exacting. Apparently one has to have a special gift to represent acceptably the rush of foam and the downward plunge

of solid water. Twachtman had that gift as his Niagara pieces attest.

In the painting of figures Twachtman carried the romantic touch, the sensitive quality one sees in his landscapes and flower pieces. A notable instance is the portrait of his wife with her children in the Gellatly collection. She is seated before the low-pitched home among her flower-beds; it is hard to say which is more charming, the group of mother and children or the masses of growing flowers. A solidarity seems established between the two. Nor is the house negligible in its picturesque value as a background. Without seeing this picture one can scarcely get a rounded idea of the artist. Certainly it is one of the most beautiful of Twachtman's paintings. But it is as a landscapist and seascapeist that he is best known. With the exception of John La Farge what modern has surpassed this artist in the painting of flowers? Unfortunately the wider circle of amateurs and picture buyers does not greatly care for flower pieces or indeed for still-life generally. And yet—many is the Salon, many is the Academy Show in which the highest talent presented and the finest, loveliest paintings shown were just the still-life and flower pieces—modest, sweet-voiced, unambitious. The very simplicity of the field makes the public neglectful.

There must have been something wrong in the moral—perhaps the ethical atmosphere of Munich after 1870 which caused almost all the Americans to leave Germany for France. At the present day the reasons are plain enough, ever since the world has been forced reluctantly to discover the rottenness, the deceitfulness, the devilish ambitions that lurk beneath the surface of modern Germany—the slavish surrender to leaders who dangle wealth and caste-superiority before their people—and by steady craftiness enchant them with the mirage of a super-folk. It was a healthy instinct that bade Twachtman, like so many others, avoid a country given up to dreams of loot and urged him rather to frequent the conquered who at last had thrown off the incubus of autocracy. The Munich atmosphere was always better than that of Berlin, but it was stifling to those who are not content with a superficial comfort but use their brains when living on foreign soil.

For Twachtman is one of our painters who, unlike Duveneck and Chase made a trial of Munich and soon shifted to Paris. Along with a notable band of comrades he returned to America in time to help found the Society of American Artists, merged later with the National Academy of Design. The organization was established in 1877, for the encouragement of men and women urged by ideas that the Academy in that day could not accept, and it comprised a band of painters and sculptors of a stronger and more varied talent than

(Continued on page 112)

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

The Standard

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

GREAT ART, AND WHAT MAKES IT GREAT

ONE of the most important remarks of Emerson, that wise Mentor of America, is this: "Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view, it is the soliloquy of a beholding and a jubilant soul."

Very few, at first view, grasp the profound significance of this remark. And yet to regard all things from the highest point of view is the duty and privilege of everyone who has at heart the happiness of the race—through the gradual increase of the Liberty, Health and Beauty in this world.

It would not be difficult to show how even extremely intellectual persons and entire peoples will lose themselves in a jungle of thoughts—because allured to adopt a glittering, attractive, but false point of view. But it would take too much space here. Their reasoning is not wrong—their *point of view* is wrong. But we must never forget that every point of view, both in life and art, is the result of our feelings, emotions and passions, and not of our reasonings.

The thing to establish now is—what is the highest point of view from which to look at, to create, and to criticise art? That will be pointed out in our definition of art.

Herbert Spencer, perhaps the greatest intellect of the 19th century, in his monumental "First Principles," admits that, back of all material phenomena, there is a power of which we know nothing, can predicate nothing and, probably, will never know anything, in this life.

Therefore it is safe to say: no one does, or ever will, know exactly what takes place in the human brain. Physiologists and psychologists may make discoveries, and brilliant deductions therefrom, in regard to what happens in the outer realm of the brain; but they do not, and never will, know—this

side of the infinite—whether we are made up of only one mass called a body, and having various functions, or whether we are three separate entities—a body, mind and soul, united in one—and dominated by a judging and deciding Ego.

But, pragmatically speaking, we can positively state that we pass, successively, through states of consciousness, which are either completely, or partly, or mixedly sensual, or ratiocinative, or emotional. So that, for thousands of years, the race has spoken of "the body," "the mind" and "the soul"—as if they were three entities, subject to the judging and deciding power of the Ego and called "I," "Me," or "Myself."

Therefore, it is possible to produce art that is mainly sensual, or mainly intellectual, or mainly spiritual and appealing principally to the body, or the mind or the soul.

The question now arises: What sort of art should a Governmental Department of Fine Arts support, and what sort of art should be encouraged by an Art Magazine which aims to obtain the support of a nation, of our people, which above all strives not only for self-preservation but for a progressive life, toward a higher state of civilization.

That question is easily answered. For, Civilization means—a progressive departure from the animal towards a spiritual state, as far as possible—consistent with the preservation and perfection of the race. Therefore, since the animal in us is entirely sensual, any force the tendency of which is to accentuate our sensuality, to push us backward toward the animal state, from which we have risen with so much labor and pain, is a force antagonistic to civilization, is a nullifying force, which must be fought at all hazards—if we do not wish to slip back into the tophet of mere animalism.

Per contra, any force the tendency of which is to

lift us toward the spiritual and toward a control of the animal, should by all means be encouraged, both by the Government and by the individual citizen.

All of this is so axiomatic that it seems foolish to state it so simply. Nor would we do it but for the fact that these principles have, for a generation, been ridiculed by some men with more animality than spirituality, and by others puffed up with vanity as to their "intellectuality" but full of fierce energy and of a selfish hunger for notoriety. These have made an onslaught on these fundamental axioms, not only by deeds but by casuistic arguments, all based on fallacies, and so cunningly interwoven that the unsuspicious, the inexperienced and slow-minded, even among very intelligent people, are led astray by slogans containing "jokers" they cannot quickly see. For example—Rodin's *ipsi dixit*: "All nature is beautiful, there is no ugly thing in nature!" How alluring! And yet it is not true. Were it true men would never have invented the word—Ugly, to designate the things which are to them disagreeable or hateful. Rodin used this camouflage slogan to justify the things mostly weird or ugly that he made late in life. Another alluring sham idea is this: "In art we must intellectualize our emotions," as someone has said. The stupidity of this slogan becomes apparent when we know that "emotion," and "ratiocination," like oil and water, are antagonistic and never mix, as every psychologist knows. So that the more you have to think, or ponder, over the complexity, obscurity, weirdness or incomprehensibility of a work of art the less emotioning power does it possess and the less of a work of art does it become.

The most servicable thing which Tolstoy, that fine artist, but twisted philosopher, said was, in substance: "Whenever an artist invents a new style of art, or a new manner, however foolish or degenerate, he will perforce try to palm off on mankind a new system of aesthetics—to defend his art novelty or creations." This accounts for the number of fallacious definitions of art we are bewildered with, such as: "Art is nature seen through a temperament," "Art is an expression of an impression," "Art is a way," etc., and which led the painter, Henry A. Abbey, to say: "Art deals with things forever undefinable."

But art can, and must be, defined. For, as Voltaire said: "If you wish to converse with me—define your terms!" No banker will talk finance with you unless you agree on a definition of: "What is a dollar?" In order to define what a thing is we must separate it from that which it is not, and find out what it actually is, and then it will be easily defined.

Before we define art we will say: Art may be looked at from the standpoint of a *Process*—the elements of which are Drawing, Coloring, and Surface

Technique—such as brush-work in painting; chisel, rasp and sandpaper-work in marble carving, etc.

The man who calls these Processes, Art, looks at art from the standpoint of a mere technician or mere craftsman. Such a man will define art in terms of "technique." This is fallacious; because all technical processes are but the handwriting in the language of any art; and there is no use of the devotees of technique to deny that all art is a language for the communion of men among each other. Therefore all technical excellence, in any art, should not be called art, but should be called—*Skill*.

The common-sense way to use the word art is—to designate and to characterize a *Product* that is—a finished *work* of art. It is not very important to define technique or craftsmanship. But it is highly important to define a *complete* work of art—expressing not only technique, that is, drawing, coloring, and surface brush-work or modeling, but also the conception of a given subject, high or low; the composition of the subject, in a beautiful or ugly manner; and the expression of the subject, superficially or profoundly.

Does this nation want its artists to produce works that will become mere "curios" in the next generation, or such as will enduringly glorify it, make it respected, even loved, by other nations, as we love the Greeks of old? To this our people will, no doubt, answer: "Yes, by all means let us have great, immortal works of art!"

That being settled, the next question is—how can our artists produce such works? Should they use their technical skill to arouse and stimulate the senses of our body, or to amuse and interest our mind, or to emotion and exalt our soul? These are vital questions. Manifestly the answer will be—they should do all three at once. True! But, if the *emphasis* is laid on the satisfaction of the body, we will have a sensual, degrading art; if it is laid on the mere titilating of the mind we will have a cold, intellectual and uninspiring art; we can have a vital, exalting, and forward moving art only by putting the emphasis on the stirring of the emotions of the soul.

Therefore, all philosophers, moralists and best aestheticians, from Plato down, have agreed: that the main aim of the artist should be first—to express his own emotions; and second—to stir the emotions of his fellow-men. This was crystallized by Delsarte when he said: "Art is an emotion passed through thought and fixed in form," the best definition of art—in the abstract—ever made. That is: the expression and the stirring of *emotion* are the *basis* of all effective art; the highest thinkers of the world are agreed on this. Those who deny and combat this view are intellectual freaks or frauds, whom we must ignore.

But there are works of art which stir only our

lowest, physical emotions, others which arouse our mediocre, intellectual emotions, and others which stir our highest spiritual emotions, and of which Delsarte did not speak or take cognisance. This fact must be recognized, however, in any comprehensive definition of art and one useful towards the creation of truly great art. Hence we arrive—and inevitably—at this impregnable definition of art as a product: Every human work, made in any language, with the purpose of expressing—or stirring—of human emotion is a work of art; and a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

This definition is of universal application to every work in every field of art. According to this a cocoanut carved by a savage, with a purpose of expressing some emotion of his, however rudimentary, is a work of art. The difference between such a work and Michaelangelo's "Moses" is simply a difference of degree—in its power of stirring the highest emotions of mankind.

This is what we regard as the highest point of view from which to consider art.

From this point of view we shall look at and measure every work of art, because it is the standpoint of every truly great artist of the past.

In order to help the American public to look at art from this same point of view, in order to assist it to easily estimate the value of any work of art—from the standpoint of social good; and, in order to help the student to produce enduring works of art, we have adopted as a measuring rod, the above standard, at the head of this article the true standard of the ages. We used to call it *our* standard. We will, in future, call it *the* standard. Because, we repeat, it is not ours, but only adopted by us because it is the universal standard.

To make our meaning more clear, by illustration, we will now analyze three different works of art.

For this we have chosen three pieces of Nude sculpture. The first is:

"AURORA"—By Delaplanche

In the Luxembourg Museum

A spiritual work of art

We repeat, when we use the word "spiritual," we mean whatever is poetic and exalts the soul above the crassly material, the carnal and the earth-eathy.

Many people condemn the Nude in art, confounding it with the naked. We also condemn all nakedness in art—when manifested with the patent purpose of exploiting it to appeal to the prurient. But nudeness in art need not be nakedness. This "Aurora" is nude without being naked. Even in spite of the fact that she is uncovering herself this "Aurora" is a spiritual work of art. Why?

Because though the *details* of the figure are very real the *Proportions* are ideal, or, if real, so rare

that the very rarity lifts the proportions into the realm of the ideally exceptional. One proof is that not one woman in ten thousand has a knee constructed so beautifully and placed so high as this figure. Moreover, the rare perfection of all the forms is so great that merely as a model of female grace, joined to female power, it may be taken as an ideal to reach.

This ideality was achieved, not by choosing the first naked professional model and copying her with all her imperfections, as some crass materialists do in the world of art, but in choosing and combining the perfect parts and proportions of many models. Not one woman in a million has all her forms so perfect as they are in this statue.

So rarely does a perfectly beautiful body go with a beautiful head that, when Phryne was about to be condemned by her Greek judges, she was saved by her defender uncovering her completely in court to let her Greek worshippers of beauty see her in all her perfection and, when they saw, they were so overcome with reverence for that beauty that they spared her.

When such a conjunction of perfect forms of face and body happens, the figure becomes so poetic and lifting in power that it gradually fills the lover of beauty with spiritual awe rather than with sensual lust.

It is only when a woman's body is only partly perfect and partly imperfect, and also when only partly—and designedly—exposed, that it arouses the lust of the male. For, then, as Burns truly said: "A peep is more dangerous than a full view." Let our good mothers—upon whose moral fibre rests, in the last analysis, the very foundations of our civilization—remember this.

Per contra, the more perfectly beautiful the body of a woman is—if the intention back of her attitude is innocent and not provocative—the more respect-inspiring it becomes; while the more imperfect and ugly the figure the more disrespect-arousing it will be.

A rare and notable case of the power of great beauty to inspire men with awe occurred in the school of the sculptor Mercié in Paris, in the '80's, when the disrobing, for the first time in that school, of a girl model from Toulouse had the effect of arresting instantly, and for a week, the usual ribaldry of song and of talk of the students—awed into reverence by the marvelous beauty of the lines and forms of her hellenic body. Every student seemed to say: "This girl must not be defiled by touch or thought!"

It is the rarity of such perfection—lifting it so far above the commonplace as to suggest its having newly left the hands of the creator—which arouses that respectful astonishment; and gradually creates in us a feeling of awe if we remain in the presence of such an extremely beautiful creation of God.



Aurora—By Delaplanche
A spiritual work of art

This also suggests to women the wisdom of conserving their beauty by every possible means.

It is for this reason that Solomon said: "He hath made all things beautiful in His time!" The more astonishingly beautiful any of God's creations the more are we compelled to worship them and through them, their Creator.

But what makes this "Aurora" a spiritual creation is not alone the marvelous beauty of the body, but the poetic beauty of the total composition of the lines of the figure combined with the lines of the drapery, composed with a skill rare indeed in

art. These lines lift the mind up to the exquisitely expressive face in the center of the circular shadow, imagined with an invention that amounts to genius, and which holds the eyes of the spectator upon that spiritualized face against any desire to wander too long over the other beauties of the composition.

And with what extraordinary skill Delaplanche has expressed on the face the departing somnolence of Aurora, her awakening at the approach of day, suiting perfectly her action of throwing backward the drapery of night in which she had wrapped herself at the approach of the previous evening—thus symbolizing beautifully her ushering in of morning, the aurora of another beautiful day!

The lines in the body and in the drapery lift the eyes, we repeat, ever upward, from the feet to the head, force them to spin about it—by the circular form given by the drapery and the arms; and when, momentarily, the eyes are satisfied, fling them along the left arm to the elbow point and then again upwards into the beyond.

It is this emotion-stirring movement, effected by Delaplanche with real genius, which lifts the figure from being a mere brutal representation of a naked woman to being a poem in marble, exalting the soul the more we contemplate it.

This statue smacks of no "school" or "movement" or "ism," neither of "Classicism" or "Italianism." It is universalism personified. It is individual, but free from the disease of "individualism." It is absolutely personal yet impersonal. It is a piece of idealistic realism. That is, it is ideal in proportions and poetic in composition and spirit, and yet so real and truthful in the details—of construction, drawing and modeling, as to be astonishing—simply as a piece of craftsmanship.

Note the extraordinary beauty of the modeling, even of the knees, feet and toes, and the deliciously carved morning glory on the base, each detail drawn and carved with loving care as if done by Vulcan or Olympus for the delectation of mankind.

In short it is an incarnation of: The True, the Good, and the Beautiful—the basis of all rational and truly great art.

The Greeks did nothing finer than this work which, alone and by itself, places Delaplanche among the immortals.

The longer we commune with this statue the more delight-giving it becomes and the more does it lift one to the realm of pure poetry. And it is this poetic power, lifting us above the commonplace and earthly that makes this statue a spiritual, immaterial work of art. It is a masterpiece that makes us love the author. And it is creations like this which make us honor his fatherland—France.

"EVE"—By Rodin

A so-called "intellectual" work of art
When Modern art went to seed, about 1860, and

gradually devolved into "Modernism" and then evolved "Impressionism"; and when that "ism" came to flowering, the adepts of the "movement" sponsored these ideas:

"There are no noble subjects, the artist has a right to choose any subject he pleases; the pursuit of Beauty is an antique fad; the artist should not seek Beauty; the artist should express only the *Character* of the subject he chooses; the artist should above all express his subject in a *personal Technique*." (See Mauguier's "L'Impressionisme," pages 36-40.)

This slogan contains the five fundamental fallacies of modernistic art. If enforced to its logical extremity, it would destroy our civilization and that is the reason why we have fought it so persistently.

Rodin became the leader of this movement and of its philosophy of art which, for reasons too long to state here, was a war upon the French Academy and what it stood for—The True, the Good and the Beautiful, which, we repeat, is the basis of all rational and enduring art—such as alone is really worth while for virile men and nations.

This statue of "Eve" is a fruit of the following by Rodin of the fallacies contained in the above aesthetic pronouncement.

We will say at once that, from the rational standpoint, this statue is pure waste. Because it is untrue, it is ugly and therefore not good, and so violates the fundamental laws of all great art.

There is, however, one negative reason for its existence—to serve as a warning to students who are at the parting of the ways and cogitating whether or not they should enter the narrow path which leads to ultra "individualism," where they will reap the "intellectual interest" of the few, or to take the highway that leads to common sense universalism—where, by charming the many, they will earn immortality.

The statue is untrue because not a single extremity is properly modeled, neither the feet, nor the hands, nor the face and head, which looks too large; then the ends of three fingers on one hand are missing, look as though they had been wrenched off and were never modeled out; then, by the side of the right ankle and foot is a strip of bronze, one-half inch wide and six inches long, that was deliberately left unmodeled for some mystic reason, and yet the statue was cast in bronze and exhibited in Paris in this unfinished form, with apparently the childish, insolent object of shocking the hated "Academicians!"

Nor do we know why this statue is called "Eve." It is a proof of Rodin's avowed practice—to model any sort of a figure, and then to find a name for it, instead of choosing a given subject and expressing it logically and profoundly, as all great artists have



Eve—By Rodin
A so-called intellectual work of art

always done. It might be called "A Woman in Rage" or any other name with equal propriety.

Assuming that there was an Eve at all, she must in that case have been a magnificent specimen of womanly strength and beauty. But could any one of nobility of mind imagine this stumpy, coarse, ugly representation of a woman as having been God's idea of the mother of the race? The idea is absurd. Then, what is there about the statue that leads the aberrated worshippers of Rodin's tricks to call it "intellectual art?"

Listen, reader: look closely at the *surface* of the figure and you will find a "mare's nest"; you will find that Rodin plastered over the form various

dabs and pellets of clay in peculiar ways, and dashed in between some "cabalistic" finger-and-tool-touches, all his own. These make up what is called "*surface technique*." Presumably it was done to suggest the facets of living flesh, which it is (mistakenly) assumed gives to living flesh its sparkle. To suggest this *sparkle*, this so-called surface technique was partly adopted from others and partly invented by Rodin and stamped with his peculiar method of "individuality."

It is this petty, childish, technical, surface-quality—to which no great sculptor paid any serious attention before Rodin made it his preempted field of artistic maneuvering and play—and for which he frequently sacrificed, as in this statue, every other element of great and enduring art—it is this which is considered by the coryphees of the Rodin Cult to be the "intellectual" element of this statue! There is nothing but this to distinguish it from the most commonplace of statues. To admire with awe this petty piece of thumb-and-finger trickery Rodin was able to lead his admirers by ways that are well known to the initiated and, because of political circumstances, too long to detail here.

Rodin was, no doubt, the greatest practical joker in the history of the world of art and, after he had done a few things which were really admirable, as examples at least of craftsmanship, and finally found himself on the road to success financially, he no doubt, in various ways, vented his spleen upon the world—which he secretly despised—because he thought it had treated him badly indeed between 1864 and 1880. And this "Eve" was no doubt one of his practical jokes. And, while his followers, whom he also inwardly pitied, would fall down in mystic surprise and worship this and similar unfinished effigies, and invent meaningless adjectives for it with ox-eyed awe, Rodin would stand by, put his tongue in his cheek, and smile at the deluded and hypnotized acolytes of the Art Chapel of which he was the High Priest! Truly "it is to laugh!" as the French say.

For a normal man this statue has not one redeeming quality. It is not spiritually exalting to the soul, being too crassly materialistic; it is not physically alluring, being too coarse and ugly; and, intellectually, it is not interesting, except as a freak, to any sane person—outside of the synagogue of modernistic artists who alone look upon any example of "clever" or sham "technique" or surface manipulation—if it is peculiar and personal or "original"—as having an intellectual quality, but which to a serious artist is the veriest trifling with trifles—mere technical fudge and clap-trap—and which Dalou, a greater artist than Rodin, and the real king of the anti-academic sculptors and a neighbor of Rodin, despised and would not practice.

How cynically Rodin must have chuckled in his long, white beard in his inner studio, when alone

and cozy at the twilight gloaming, when, after he had gotten rich under the protection of powerful political friends, he mused over the gullibility—by cunning slogans—of the semi-neurotic and aesthetically jaded followers and hangers-on who gather around every man of success in Paris and who felt that—for a while at least—he had the power of the whole government back of him—for reasons patent to those who know but mysterious to the un-initiated!

That this "Eve" was, when first exhibited, "intellectually" interesting, is true—for everything, from a hemisphere to a ham, is interesting, as is the painting of a "Carcass of Beef" by Rembrandt, in the Louvre. But sane men are allured to query: Why did Rodin exhibit it? Make it, yes! Regret it and destroy it, yes! But exhibit it? Even "put it over" on some gullible buyer?—therein lies the joke.

From the standpoint of insatiable human *curiosity* this "Eve" of Rodin, like Rembrandt's "Carcass," was interesting—because it aroused discussion. But, having been discussed for a time, it is more and more dwindling into a bore, and will finally become a mere curio and be buried in some corner of the art-morgue in some museum, where it will be an eternal warning to succeeding sculptors of the fate that awaits their works when they contain nothing truly poetic and spiritual and manifest only puerile, sham "intellectuality."

The only emotion this statue can arouse in a normal person is the curiosity: "Why was it ever cast in bronze and not destroyed?" It leaves the soul untouched, it repels the body, and, when once seen, gradually wearies even the mind. Hence, instead of finding a place in the hearts of mankind it irritates us as a futile waste of energy, and of good bronze. And there lurks about it, as about all waste, a touch of melancholy.

Rodin made a reproduction of this "Eve" in marble. But, as it lacks in the marble even that one Rodinesque element—of personal and "intellectual surface technique"—because an impossible stunt in marble; and, being in composition the essence of the commonplace, and in form and proportions just as coarse and vulgar as the bronze, it is even a more melancholy waste.

Curious indeed is the mental attitude which finds this "Eve" an "intellectual statue." Apart from the good construction of its framework—which is always difficult—and showing that Rodin could construct a figure—any tyro in modeling could do as well as this, evidently unfinished, statue. We smile at Rodin—cynic that he became—palming this off on the gullibles. But, that pretentious art critics should make the pontifical old fox chuckle in his white beard—by calling it an "intellectual performance" to the bewildering of the normal public—that is what makes the judicious pause, even grieve.

Intellectualism in art? By all means! But the proper place to manifest it is not in the "surface technique" by dexterous vaudevillian tricks of finger-play—but in a lofty intellectual conception, noble beauty of composition and profound expression of a given artistic problem.

It is those intellectual elements—when coupled with masterly craftsmanship—which, with power of will and patient labor, seek to captivate the world and work out with relative truth and exquisite refinement every detail, thus increasing the satisfaction of a more and more exacting hunger for perfection; it is this which, as one contemplates a work of art from year to year, makes it truly great and enduring across the ages.

From that standpoint Rodin's "Eve," compared with the "Aurora" of Delaplanche, is a piece of intellectual junk, utterly lacking in beauty of any kind to justify its occupying costly space in any public museum.

The truth is—the phrase "intellectual art" is a puerile piece of camouflage, invented by the "modernists" when they made artistic *processes*—surface techniques—their goal in art, instead of profoundly expressive and complete *works of art*. It was first used to mislead the unwary to believe that the more intellectual an art *process*, and also the less emotion-stirring a work of art is, the greater it is. This not working well, the foxy modernists, finding that the public wanted more than mere "intellectual technique," said: "Intellectualize your emotions!" which is about as senseless as saying: "Oil your water!"

Nature has decreed that great art can be produced not by merely *interesting* the intellect, or by intellectualizing our emotion, but only by using the intellectual faculties as tools—to produce works that will stir the emotions of the soul—and the higher the emotions aroused, and for the longest period of time, the greater the work of art.

THE VENUS CALLIPYGUS

A Sensuous Work of Art by an Unknown Greek Sculptor

In the Naples Museum

Keats's dictum: "A thing of Beauty is a Joy forever!" is proven to be a mere half-truth by the "Venus Callipygus"—unless he meant that a thing of beauty must be not only physically but also spiritually beautiful.

For this Callipygus Venus, though a thing of physical beauty, ceases to be a joy and finally becomes an irritant, as we study it and its significance. The head of the statue is certainly unusually beautiful, so is the total composition. And, at first sight, it gives us a pleasant surprise—because we are captivated by its beauty, before we are able to estimate its tendency. And this charm is so great that it is with regret that, after we have been charmed by it to a certain satiety, we then become conscious that the influence of the statue is not good.

This "Venus" is not crassly pornographic; otherwise it would not be publicly exposed by the Italian Government. But its influence is immoral. Its immorality is all the more dangerous, because of that insidious kind which, while not brutal enough to justify action by the police, is yet suggestive enough to degrade the mind and soul to an active consideration and leaning towards the purely carnal side of life and with more deadly fascination just because she is so beautiful.

Beaudelaire cynically said: "Everything is permitted to genius," which should not be. And we all, by instinct, lean towards pardoning everything to beauty—until we learn that there is no vampire so accursed as a beauty turned to the bad. Then we gradually grow to hate the statue as we be-

come profoundly awake, not only intellectually but sympathetically, to the truth that immorality is the beginning of the decadence of peoples; that every people, before it went to pieces, first became immoral and weakened, and thus an easy prey to the first aggressor who held that people in sufficient contempt to regard it as too worthless to occupy good, fertile land.

The statue seems to have been made by a Greek during the decadence of his people and of Greek art. And today it is still an evil—because its existence and public exhibition in the Naples Museum is used as a justification by many malefactors in the world of art for creations that are even more insidiously immoral than this statue, and produced either to gain an evil notoriety or to exploit human curiosity as to how far an artist or writer of Romances or Dramas will go, or the police will permit him to go, before he is checked up.

These female Pompadours, in the world of art, will, in response, trot out the old saws: "To the pure, all things are pure!" "Only the evil-minded will see anything wrong in this work of art," and other hypocritical maxims which they use to "camouflage" their evil, licentious, commerce, and—"After us the deluge!"

Delaplanche's "Aurora" flings away all her drapery it is true, but the gesture is patently poetic and symbolic of the awakening of day, while this "Venus" lifts only a part of her robe—for the purpose of showing her back—and the act is so flagrantly provocative in its intention that it is a poisoning, un-

(Continued on page 92)



FIFTEENTH CENTURY GLAZED
TERRA-COTTA BAS-RELIEF IN ITS
ORIGINAL TABERNACOLA FRAME
By Andrea Della Robbia



Venus and Cupid, Florentine marble bas-relief

THE GOLDEN ERA OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

Echoes of the Dispersal of The Bardini Art Treasures

By CHARLES HENRY DORR

SIGNOR Stefano Bardini's famous collection of art treasures and antiquities comprising many bas-reliefs in colored stucco of Madonnas and the Child Christ, by noted artists and sculptors of the golden era of the Italian Renaissance, wonderfully carved Florentine cassone, Tuscan carved and gilded frames, rare Venetian cabinets, marble statues and medallions, and decorative antique furniture, was transported across the Atlantic during the past season, and although subject to delays owing to the difficulties and dangers of navigation, eventually reached here and was dispersed at public sale under the auspices of the American Art Association.

The sale of the Bardini collection, despite delays and its postponement proved the fillip of the closing season, and through the disposition of these treasures, which formerly graced palaces in Florence and other cities of Italy, many of our American homes have been enriched, and several large museums have added notable acquisitions of Renaissance art to their galleries.

Ranking perhaps midway in importance between the first Volpi sale of 1916, which realized nearly \$1,000,000 for its owners, and the second Volpi sale of 1917, which netted under \$200,000, the Bardini collection attained from its dispersal a grand total of \$443,790.

The effect of the Bardini sale has already given a stimulus to interest in the Italian decorative arts, and while the success of the dispersal of a

great art collection cannot always be measured by the sum total realized, it may be stated that all factors considered, the disposal of the treasures assembled by the noted Florence antiquarian resulted satisfactorily, although no new records in prices were achieved. Those who attended the first Volpi sale, which was the forerunner of the Bardini sale, will recall the antique bronze incense burner by Il Riccio, which brought the sensational figure of \$66,000, passing from the Duveen Brothers, who secured the prize, into the collection of Mr. Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia. Possibly the fact that the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan commissioned Professor Volpi to secure this Fifteenth Century Paduan incense burner for him added to the interest in its sale, and caused an upset price of \$55,000 to be placed upon the object by the auctioneer.

While the Bardini sale was lacking in sensations, it was not without its surprises, and starting gradually on the opening day, which might be compared to the launching of a ship of state, more motion was acquired and continued until the climax was reached in the fourth session, which was devoted to the Della Robbia, the art of Donatello, and Antonio Rosellino, and other masters of the Renaissance.

Here were names for connoisseurs: the famous artists of the Della Robbia family, Luca, the senior, represented by several characteristic Madonnas in bas-relief; Andrea, his gifted nephew,



Glazed Terra-Cotta Medallion, attributed to Luca Della Robbia

who excelled in his portraiture of children, and Giovanni, third son of Andrea, who won recognition for his decorative art in later years; Antonio Rosellino, the gifted Donatello, Benedetto Da Maiano, Sperandio and other illustrious artists, who left their signatures in the niche of fame.

Luca Della Robbia was an acknowledged leader of his time, and some critic has called Donatello the Colossus of the Renaissance.

Both artists were ruling forces in the Fifteenth Century, and their names alone gave distinction to the Bardini collection.

In making a round of the galleries where these art objects were displayed before the dispersal of the collection one felt the genius of these artists, whose works today are preserved in the museums of the world. The impulse of their art is educational.

When Miss Maude Crutwell, a distinguished authority on the art of the Della Robbias, wrote her book, which was published in London, it was estimated that about eleven hundred examples of this noted family were known to exist, and of this number about ten were in America. Later Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton University, in writing on the Della Robbias placed the number in America at seventy.

With the arrival of the Bardini treasures in this country, it is within bounds to raise the total of the genuine Della Robbias in the United States up to one hundred. These examples of the art of the Della Robbia family are now in private collections and the art museums of our country.

Therefore the Bardini Della Robbias augmented the number in American collections, and the exhibit and dispersal of various examples of Della Robbian art proved an interesting feature.

Here one could compare the style of Luca, Andrea and Giovanni Della Robbia during the display of the collection, and the event afforded an unusual opportunity for students and connoisseurs of Italian art, and particularly the work of this celebrated family of artists.

The first day of the Bardini sale was devoted to the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century bronze medallions and decorative statuettes, including examples of Sansovino and Rustici, the latter credited a pupil of Verrochio by Vassari, and possibly of Leonardo da Vinci. It developed no surprising features, or high water mark prices.

Perhaps the interesting event was the Fifteenth Century Paduan bronze candlestick modelled in the shape of a kneeling satyr, with a goat's beard, by Il Riccio, (1470-1532), which was secured by P. W. French & Co., for \$3,100.

It was decidedly an artistic conceit this satyr of Il Riccio's fancy, holding in one hand a vase-shaped acanthus-leaf decorated candle socket, and measuring only ten inches in height.

The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Florentine carved and gilded altar pieces and bronze plaquettes occupied the attention of collectors at the second session of the sale, which lapsed slightly in interest, as it included no objects of great importance, although the first vase and bouquet in glazed terra-cotta, by one of the Della Robbias was introduced. According to Professor Marquand a similar vase and bouquet by Giovanni Della Robbia is in the frame work of an altar piece at Verona, and another one was acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

Among the Florentine works of art were two Sixteenth Century carved, painted and gilt angels, with wings outstretched and clad in loose robes, or tunic, and kneeling on one knee supporting turned candlesticks. Back in the days of the decorative era of the Florentines these carved angels undoubtedly formed a part of some altar piece in an Italian church or cathedral.

They were purchased for \$2,150, and now are included in the collection of Mr. Henry Goldman, who has acquired numerous paintings by early masters and various objects of art within the past few years. Third session of the sale, which proved the banner day, comprised the colored stucco bas-reliefs, by the Della Robbias and other Fifteenth Century artists, and the Madonnas of Donatello and Rosellino, in their original Tabernacula frames.

Other offerings included a marble portrait bust of Mino Rossi, by Il Francia, which was formerly in the Palazzo Bevilacqua, a famed storehouse of art treasures, and the beautiful Florentine bas-relief representing Venus and Cupid, by Benvenuto Cellini, from the collection of the Perruzzi family, Florence.

Representatives of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences, the Rhode Island School of Design, and well known collectors assembled to participate in the bidding for the possession of the gems of the Bardini collection.

It was the big day of the sale and it developed the fact that the objects of highest quality commanded the top prices. In a word the seekers for art treasures were discriminating, as revealed by the fluctuating of the bidding, which was determined largely by the merit of the bas-relief, the piece of sculpture, statue or portrait bust dispersed. Sometimes this rule was reversed, and an antique offered would bring a much higher figure than anticipated, and probably actually considerably more than its appraisement.

As I indicated in the earlier part of this article the Della Robbias, Donatello and Rosellino and contemporary artists of the Renaissance contributed in a high degree to the fame of the Bardini treasures. Perhaps the charm and grace of Andrea Della Robbia's art, his sympathy revealed in the portrayal of child life, is illustrated most expressively in the Fifteenth Century terra-cotta bas-relief of the Virgin, her right hand clasping the figure of the Child-Christ, in its original Tabernacola frame. Within the clouds of the background appear three cherubim, each with a halo. There are also seven cherubim with outstretched wings in the border of the tablet surrounding the Madonna and infant. The work is glazed in white with a blue background.

Professor Allan Marquand places this Bardini Madonna in the decade 1490-1500, and states that the similar Madonna in the Quincy A. Shaw collection, recently presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is evidently based on the relief by Andrea in the Church of St. Egidio. He also mentions that both of these examples are not far removed from Andrea's relief in the Church of St. Gaetano.

Referring to Andrea Della Robbia, Miss Crutwell says "He lacked the feeling for unity, Luca's great gift, and was not a good composer. Notwithstanding these defects his place in Fifteenth Century art is a high one, and especially as an interpreter of the more emotional side, and as a character he is as distinct and well defined as that of Botticelli or Filippino. In skill and craftsmanship he was not far below Luca, and the climax of his artistic career came approximately between his fortieth and fiftieth year. His most important work during this period is the altar piece of La Verna."

There was considerable rivalry among bidders for the possession of the Bardini Andrea Della Robbia, which was finally secured by an agent for \$11,600, the highest figure for a single art object

received at the sale. This beautiful Madonna and Child, which has already been described, is now in the collection of Mr. Henry Goldman, of New York. Connoisseurs who attended the sale agree that prices ruled low for the Della Robbias, and it is no secret that Signor Bardini himself placed a much higher valuation on this particular example of Andrea Della Robbia's art than the figure attained.

One of the notable masterpieces conceived by Andrea is the artist's "Madonna of the Architects" in the National Museum of Florence, which has been compared to the severe manner of Luca, and as some one has said, possesses the languor of Botticelli.

Among rivals in interest were the two Fifteenth Century Florentine colored stucco bas-reliefs, representing the Madonna and Child, by Antonio Rosellino, which were secured by P. W. French & Co., for \$10,700. No. 357, a rectangular tablet



Glazed Terra-Cotta Statue—By Giovanni Della Robbia (1469-1529)



Fifteenth Century Florentine Madonna and Child, in stucco
bas-relief

modeled in low relief, representing the life size figure of the Virgin, three-quarter length, with red robe, blue mantle and linen veil was highly prized by Signor Bardini, who considers it the most beautiful of all the Madonnas by Rosellino. The tablet is set in the original Tabernacola frame of carved, painted and gilded wood, and in the pediment appear three heads of cherubim.

In the Madonna and Child by Rosellino we find expressed grace, sympathy for the subject and a certain indefinable charm revealed in the art of this exponent of truth and beauty.

Both bas-reliefs by the master challenge admiration, and here again we have another surprise of the sale. The low figures realized for experts predicted that the Rosellinos would bring at least \$60,000, and possibly \$70,000 for the pair.

Another instance of price fluctuation was illustrated by the Fifteenth Century Florentine bust portrait of a saint, valued at 50,000 francs by Signor Bardini, but purchased by French & Co., for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This old Florentine portrait brought only \$775, a marked difference in value from the estimate placed upon it by the antiquarian.

The Metropolitan Museum also secured a Sixteenth Century glazed terra-cotta armorial medallion, by Giovanni Della Robbia, who ranks third in the annals of this illustrious family.

This decorative medallion by Giovanni is modelled with radiating flutings, and in the center is an escutcheon charged with a rampant lion, representing the arms of a Florentine family.

Giovanni, who achieved fame for his almost unrecognized genius at a bound, when the Lavabo in the Sacristy of S. Maria Novella, was acclaimed his work, and not that of Luca, through the discovery of a document, modelled a statue of Judith with the head of Holofernes, of glazed terracotta, which was added to the collection of Signor Bardini. It has now passed into the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences and was purchased at the sale by Mr. A. A. Healy for \$800. Among other examples of Renaissance art acquired by the institution were a marble tablet, by Benedetto di Grazino, known as da Rovezzano, an ornamental panel, for \$1,500, and a Sixteenth Century Lombardic marble tabernacle niche, with elaborate carvings for \$1,400.

A Sixteenth Century Lombardic marble bust portrait of a Duchess of the famous Medici family, by Leone Leoni, a noted sculptor of the period, was secured by the Brooklyn Museum for \$900, and a Sixteenth Century Florentine colored terracotta bust of St John the Baptist, by Antonio da San Gallo, is also now in the possession of the institution.

While the art of the Della Robbias is perhaps more universally associated with their bas-reliefs of Madonnas and children, a highly decorative note is revealed in the terra-cotta circular medallions, by Luca, Andrea and others of the celebrated family.

A notable example by Luca Della Robbia, is a glazed terra-cotta medallion, modelled with the youthful head of a Roman Emperor, which was purchased by French, for \$1,900, and has since been resold to a prominent collector. Most of the artistic frames of these old medallions are composed of wreaths of fruits, leaves and flowers, glazed in their natural colors.

Perhaps the Bardini marbles should not be overlooked in my résumé of the sale, for they vied in interest with the works of the glazed terra-cotta figures.

Foremost was the Parian marble statue of a youthful athlete, attributed to Polykleitos, a Greek sculptor of the Fifth Century, B. C., and from the Borghese Palace, Rome, which was purchased by W. W. Seaman, agent, for \$5,400, doubtless for an American collector.

Then there was the Sixteenth Century Florentine bas-relief in marble, representing "Venus and Cupid", ascribed to that distinguished sculptor, Benvenuto Cellini, and acquired by E. Segre, for \$2,100. This marble bas-relief, it is stated, was formerly in the collection of the Peruzzi family, and the figure of the Goddess has been compared



Florentine painted Cassone, sixteenth century

to that of Cellini's large figure of the Venus in the Louvre.

A Fifteenth Century marble portrait bust of Mino Rossi, attributed to Francia, and formerly in the Palazzo Bevilacqua, brought \$1,300, and then was resold for \$375, a surprising variance in figures.

I might add by way of comment that a Francia should command more than \$375 in the American auction mart. Connoisseurs may recall the artistic furore created here not many years ago when the late Benjamin Altman added a beautiful Francia to his gallery, a portrait with a history and highly treasured by the collector. It was an excellent example of the art of Francia.

In conclusion I will give a brief résumé of the closing session of the sale of the Bardini treasures, which was devoted to the wonderful cassone, richly gilded, carved and painted, with a tinge of romance here and there, for some of these antique cassone were used as marriage chests in the golden days of the famous era: decorative tapestries and Italian furniture comprising stately cabinets, coffers and Florentine tables and Sgabello chairs.

A sixteenth-century Italian tapestry panel, woven with scenes from the Siege of Troy, and including the figure of Paris in classical armor, brought \$5,100, and two Seventeenth century Flemish verdure tapestry panels, the center woven in a verdure

design, were acquired by P. W. French & Co., for \$8,200, and now embellish a distinguished collection.

Of note among the Florentine cassone was a decorative example of the Fifteenth century, with three painted panels introducing the figures of Apollo, Cupid and Daphne, and a bridegroom, which brought \$3,500, and another rare specimen, of Sienese workmanship, dating back to the Fourteenth century, the front surrounded, in pastiglia work, with a band of eight pointed star-shaped medallions, was purchased by P. W. French & Co., for \$3,900, top figure for the cassones.

Through this firm the Metropolitan Museum obtained a decorative Fourteenth century Florentine painted and iron-bound coffer, formerly in Santa Maria Nuova, Florence, and a Paduan painted cassone of the same century, and considered to be one of the earliest in existence.

A sixteenth-century Florentine walnut table, the molded supports carved with volutes and acanthus leaves, terminating in lion's legs and paws, capped the climax, the trophy going to the Duveens for \$11,400.

In summing up, I would venture the opinion that the dispersal of Bardini treasures proved a success, times and conditions considered, although it offered numerous bargains for American collectors.



Sixteenth century tapestry panel, woven with episodes of the Siege of Troy

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

By EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

THE DORIC ORDER—Continued from the May number

No record has come down to us of the exact method employed by the Greeks in cutting the flutes. Penrose has indicated a scheme which is perfectly practicable, and which was undoubtedly adopted, namely, that a full size template was set in position vertically opposite the edge of the flute which was to be cut, the template being fastened at a fixed distance from the arris of the flute on the top and the bottom drums. A drill stopped at exactly this distance could then be used to bore a series of holes on the line of the arris, and the rough marble cut away to the line thus formed; and having once obtained the correct outline of the arris, the depths of the flutes could be cut in the usual manner, guided by a series of small templates at frequent intervals. This method of cutting the flutes in position, while susceptible of the greatest accuracy, must have been attended by grave difficulties and serious effects if a mistake was made in the cutting. In the latter case it would have been necessary to take down not only the column but a large part of the adjacent entablature. The cap, as has been before stated, was finished before being placed in position, with the exception of certain projections left on the corners of the abacus. It has been stated that there is evidence to warrant the belief that the echinus and fillets were cut by a lathe, not arranged as our modern lathes, in which the stone itself is revolved, but probably by the revolution of some cutting instrument around the stationary stone. In connection with this cap, an idea has occurred to me which I have had no means of verifying, and which I state only as a possibility. The Doric cap, when looked at from below on the diagonal, usually presents an unfortunate optical illusion, in that, due to the triangular-shaped space at the corner, the edge of the echinus seems to dish at the centre. This defect is sometimes extremely noticeable, but is not apparent in photographs of the caps of the Parthenon nor in the casts of these caps. It therefore appears that there might be a very slight change in the curve where the echinus intersects the abacus on the diagonal. A very slight bowing out from the true circle at this point would be imperceptible and would tend to counteract the optical illusion above referred to.

In a former article reference has been made to the architrave as reminiscent of the wall of the original cella or megaron. In point of design its plainness and wall like character has been most important in giving dignity to the order and contrasting with the richly decorated frieze and the fluted columns below. The beauty of this great plain sur-

face was always appreciated by the Greeks, and was interrupted in only one instance, a debased example in which sculpture is introduced in the architrave. It is true that in the Parthenon there are found holes which supposedly were for the support of bronze shields over the centres of the columns, and probably for inscriptions between, and therefore on most of the restorations an attempt has been made to indicate these shields and the inscriptions. There is good reason to believe, however, that this applied work dated from the Alexandrian period and was not coeval with the building of the Parthenon itself. Architecturally, there is every reason to credit this latter assumption; the shields are extremely disturbing and unnecessary, and would not only interfere with the great plain surface which was so sought for by the Greek architect, but would also render more apparent the discrepancy between the centres of the triglyphs and the centres of the columns.

The frieze, as used in the exterior, was always ornamented with the alternate triglyph and metope treatment, the spacing of which gave so much trouble and has been hereinbefore referred to. The rhythmic effect of this alternation was apparently much sought after by the Greeks, and was increased by the polychrome decoration which was probably to some extent universal, and it was further emphasized by the introduction of sculpture in high relief in the metopes. In the Doric entablature the triglyphs, although channeled, present a relatively plain surface, as compared with the metopes; in other words, in a rendered monotone drawing, they would appear white as against the gray of the metope, and would tend to recall the white fluted column, although this white was, on account of the channeling, not quite as brilliant as the white of the architrave and of the corona; the abacus projecting forward, as it did, would be less white than the architrave, and would then tone in with the shaft of the column and become part of the column, rather than part of the architrave. Especial emphasis should be given to this point, because in the line drawings which we are accustomed to think indispensable to the representation of Classic architecture, the triglyphs are apt to be represented as gray and the metopes white, especially when no sculpture is employed in the metopes. In the modern use of the Doric order this question of color is usually overlooked, and when, as is sometimes the case, granite is the material used, the triglyphs are scarcely distinguishable from the metopes, as on account of the splayed channeling there is seldom a

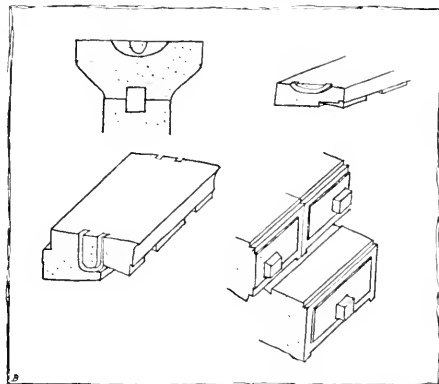
chance for any direct shadows on the triglyph itself. It would, therefore, seem not only rational but necessary from the standpoint of design either to introduce carving or sculpture into the metopes, or else use some slightly darker material. It might be that by a little care in selection certain blocks of granite or marble could be secured for the metopes which would be a little darker or more profusely veined than the triglyphs and architrave, and I feel sure that if this were done the effect would be extremely good. The need of some accent in the shadow of the triglyph is shown in its highest development in Athens by the undercutting of the channeling at the top of the triglyph. The finish here is very interesting and effective, but is almost impossible to show by a drawing, and therefore a model of the upper portion, at least of the triglyph, is absolutely essential to guide the modern stone-cutter.

The cornice is relatively the smallest member of the Doric entablature, and in this respect is in direct contrast to the cornices in other and later styles, the essential difference being that in the Doric entablature the frieze was the main feature, while in the Roman Corinthian the cornice was by far the most important member. It is a matter of conjecture whether the narrow shelf-like cornice, which is typical not only of the Greek Doric but also of the Ionic as found in Athens, is due to its derivation from a wooden prototype, or whether the Greeks regarded the cornice not so much as a crown moulding to the building but as a projecting member which would give the requisite shadow and also serve as a protection for the sculpture below. Whatever was the motive that led to its general use, it is evident that the Greeks considered that alone it was not of sufficient weight, therefore, in the pediment a large cymatium was added above the corona, which served not only as a gutter but also to give added weight to the cornice when viewed directly in front. That this cymatium was not carried around the flanks of the building is probably due to the fact that most Greek temples were so low that their roof was generally visible, and this roof being composed of marble tiles, was white, and moreover was furnished just above the corona with certain antefixes; and all of this tended to make the cornice appear heavier than it really was. It is my opinion that if the Greeks had found it necessary in the best period to use a roof covering that was relatively dark, they would have felt the need of increasing the weight of the cornice.

This thinness of the cornice doubtless has been noticed often, but is generally blindly copied, for in modern times we are so accustomed to the employment of Classic orders just as we find them in the books that our critical sense of design is stifled and we feel that although the result is not entirely satisfactory, the cornice must not be criticised because it is exactly of the modular dimensions shown in the

restoration. Another point should be always borne in mind, and that is that the use of the Greek Doric entablature as we know it was confined entirely to the exterior of the building. When the Greeks, as they often did, felt the necessity of using the order in the interior, or employing the entablature more or less as a string course, the proportions and general arrangement were entirely different.

Allusion has been made to the fact that Greek work was generally finished in situ, and that there are still to be seen on some of the unfinished columns projecting lugs, which were used to raise the drums into position. Other fragments that have been found give clear indication that the Greeks



XX. Various Methods Employed in Setting Greek Work.

were also familiar with the use of the lewis and that dogs were sometimes used. In other cases (Fig. XX), U-shaped grooves were cut in the sides of the stones, and rope slings were employed, the rope being pulled out through the grooves after the stones were set. To raise the stone, some kind of tackle was used, for the Greeks were familiar with the principles of the pulley as well as of the lever, and it is probable that there was also elaborate and heavy scaffolding, access to which may have been arranged by inclined planes.

Bronze dowels and anchors of various sizes and shapes are in constant evidence, although the metal has long since disappeared, and these ties formed the only bond between the stones, as no mortar was ever employed, the stones being set dry, a system, which, though unsuitable to this climate or to that of Northern Europe, was satisfactory enough in the mild climate of Greece.

It must be borne in mind that the Greeks were not great constructionists from an engineering point of view. In their use of stone they adhered entirely to a trabeated construction, although there is no doubt that they understood the principles of the arch, and this same trabeated construction was followed in their wooden forms, as they apparently had no conception of the principles of a truss. Their stone

forms were infinitely in excess of the size demanded by the stress, and, consequently, when a structure of the scale of the temple of Zeus at Agrigentum was contemplated it proved beyond their constructive powers, and expedients were resorted to which were entirely destructive of that beauty of proportion which is to be found in other temples. In some rare instances there is evidence to show that an attempt was made to reinforce the lintels with iron, but this evidently was considered an expedient, and never generally or successfully adopted. A curious evidence of their efforts to diminish the load of the ceiling beams is shown in some late examples in which the marble beams were hollowed out at immense expense of labor, thus making a box-like beam which must have been extremely difficult to handle, and which was entirely unnecessary.

There can be no doubt that practically all the temples of antiquity were painted, the use of color being universal from the earliest times in all ancient countries. This fondness for bright color is a primitive instinct, and was a form of decoration which was most easily obtainable. The savage painted or tattooed his body and applied what pigments he could obtain to the decoration of his rustic shrine. In the wooden prototypes of Classic architecture the use of color was general, not only from a decorative point of view, but as a preservative of the wood, and it was only natural that this same fondness for bright colors should continue after the wooden forms had given place to stone. This painting of stone work is to us Northern races almost inconceivable, and this difference of taste must be due to climatic conditions. To a Northern mind it seems that no Southern race, not the Greeks nor the Romans, nor the Italians even, used stone to the best advantage. Their demand for color apparently blinded their eyes to the beauty of the stone itself. The Greeks, with an abundance of the most beautiful marble that has ever been found, disguised the material by surface treatment so that its structural beauties were lost sight of, and their buildings might as well have been made of stucco, as indeed was the case in many of their temples, for whenever it was necessary to use a rough local stone the face of the stone was completely covered by a thin coating of hard stucco, which was then painted in the same manner as the smoother marble. This same feeling can be noticed at the present day. In modern Rome it is difficult to tell what buildings are made of stone and what are made of stucco, as on account of the paint and surface treatment, they look practically alike.

The evidence that color was used in ancient times is attested by numerous fragments which have been found, which still show plain traces of color, and from these fragments the general color treatment used in the more important temples has been carefully worked out, but although this traditional con-

vention was generally followed, it was by no means universal. Local conditions or the impossibility of securing a variety of colors limited their application in many places. In the Periclean age not only were red, blue and yellow used, but there is evidence that green was employed occasionally, and further that gilding was in quite general use, and although these colors were applied in their primary values, still on account of the relatively small field of each color and their combination, it by no means followed that the general effect was as harsh as is usually conceived. Undoubtedly the Doric temple with its brilliant coloring, enhanced by the gilding of the statues and votive offerings, surrounded by the rich green of the sacred trees, under the bright blue skies of Greece, would form a setting well adapted to the gorgeous religious rites for which the temple was conceived.

The next article in this series, "The Ionic Order," will appear in the July issue.

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

(Continued from page 83)

poetic piece of realism which no one should condone. The Italian Government should retire this statue into that "Secret Chamber" where it has gathered all other un-exhibitable antiques in the museum, and where it could be seen by serious students of the history of art, as now, by special permission. There its influence would not be dangerous,—because its sequestration would be that act of homage which vice pays to virtue at certain times, whereas, where it now is, in a sort of place of honor in the museum, its action of questionable morality receives the tacit endorsement of the Government and of the directing public, and which thus seems to say to every young girl: "You can go at least thus far, if not farther", and it now flaunts its immoral influence in the face of the adolescents of both sexes to weaken their wills, at a time of life when self-control is so difficult and its practise seems such a deplorable curtailment of the happiness of the moment.

Keats, you are right! "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—but, we repeat, when it is not spiritually as well as physically beautiful, when it harks back ever so little towards "the beast"—it is as destructive to a nation as opium, as was indicated with resistless logic by the great French critic, Brunnetiere.

So, we repeat, artists can produce works of art that excite the senses of the body, others that arouse the interest of the mind, or such as stir the highest emotions of the soul. The latter kind of works are the most difficult to produce, but they alone belong to that category of truly great works of art which are alone worthy of the loving attention of the nation.



Hillside Pasture—by Edward C. Volkert

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA

THE late Senator Newlands, in speaking of American art, shortly before his death, said: "I know of no time when the embers should be more carefully fanned, in order to keep them alive. Indeed I think that art has its place in war, as it has in everything else."

This remark indicates that Senator Newlands was a broad-minded statesman who knew that, from the highest point of view, there are only two truly respectable energies in this life—the creation of Liberty through justice, and the creation of the Beautiful through art.

Among these works there are a few very strong ones, fit to go into any exhibition. And, as a whole, the average is about equal to the average shown at the National Academy Exhibitions. As usual, the majority are landscapes and marines. There are a few portraits, interiors, and pictures of still life.

There is not much "originality," and there need not be; for it is more important for the artist to produce works of great beauty—with a modest amount of individuality—rather than such as have a striking, but foolish, originality coupled with ugliness, or even the lack of beauty. And there is much beauty in this exhibition.

The most powerful work in the whole show is "Morning," by Albert P. Lucas, of this city, showing a life-size nude woman, at the edge of a pool, in a wood. It is of a general pale green and charming tone. The figure is beautiful in proportions and lines and drawn with great skill. It is of a chaste character, poetic in feeling and worthy of the Metropolitan or of any museum.

Among the landscapes the finest is "Moonlight" by Robert H. Nisbet. This is also of a general pale green tone. It is the most poetic work we have seen from Mr. Nisbeth's brush, an exquisite composition and puts him in the front rank of our landscape painters.

Mr. Glenn Newell has a very striking cattle picture called "Monarch of All He Surveys," showing a powerful Bull, with a fine landscape in the background. It is a strong performance in painting; but the Bull is faulty in drawing—the body is too long and there is something the matter with the setting of the head. If Mr. Newell will correct these he will have a handsome work.

The best piece of sculpture is J. Massey Rhind's heroic sized Indian "The Scout," a fine decorative work, strongly constructed and well modeled.



MOONLIGHT
By Robert Nisbet

Charles Keck's charming marble bas-relief called "Martie" is also very good.

Julio Kilenyi sends two good reliefs and a clever Medallion "Baby."

"The Angel of the Soldier," by C. S. Paolo, is a fine conception. It could be made a most satisfactory work—if the evident imitation of Rodin were taken out of it. Mr. Paolo does not yet know that Rodin is on a decline and is the last man who should be imitated, and he seems not yet to have learned that "imitation is suicide."

Among the other fine things we noted the following:

"Maytime" by Ernest Albert, "Reflections" by Martin Borgord, "Evening" by Paul Cornoyer, "In New Mexico" by A. L. Groll, "Count de Kosenko in Boyar Costume" by Richard F. Maynard, "Three Nets" by George H. Macrum, "Hillside Pasture" by Edward C. Volkert, "The Oak Wood" by Frank A. Bicknell, "Winter" by Hobart Nichols, "Summer Clouds" by Paul King, "In the Berkshires" by Andrew T. Schwartz, "Spring Pasture" by Edward C. Volkert, "The Helper" by Murray P. Bewley, "Girl With a Muff" by Murray P. Bewley, "Midsummer" by Walter C. Hartson, "In Glacier National Park"

by Arthur Powell, "Homeward Bound" by Birge Harrison, "Raymond" by Murray P. Bewley, "Ruth in Costume" by F. Luis Mora.

The following are also worthy of consideration:

"Hopi Mother and Child" by William R. Leigh, "Gaspereaux Valley" by Eliot Clark, "Wading" by Edward H. Potthast, "Ann Ware and Margery" by Maurice Fromkes, "In Summer Time" by Edward Potthast, "Land of the Black Feet" by Frank Tenney Johnson, "The Brook" by George M. Bruestle, "Autumn" by Cullen Yates, "Portrait of 1st Lieut. O. McKaine" by Orlando Rouland, "Old Houses, Charleston" by Alson Skinner Clark, "The Eastern Sky" by Frank A. Bicknell, "A Charleston Street" by Alson Skinner Clark, "The Rugged Valley" by George M. Bruestle, "The White Bridge" by Richard M. Kimbel, "The Bathers" by Louis F. Berneker, "October" by Lester D. Boronda.

In the center room of the galleries are a number of collections of sketches by different individuals. These are extremely interesting and very well worth seeing and many of them worth purchasing. We especially noticed the collections by Andrew T. Schwartz, Edward C. Volkert, Orlando Rouland and Bertha Menzler-Peyton.



Monarch of All He Surveys—By Glen Newell



TEXTURES IN A SPACIOUS INTERIOR,
EFFECTED BY AN UNUSUAL
COMBINATION OF STONE WALLS
AND TILED FLOOR



H. T. Lindeberg, Arch.
A roof of graduated slates, with walls of brick. An interesting rendering for a large country house

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEXTURE AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN ARCHITECTURE

By C. MATLACK PRICE

ANY consideration of texture and craftsmanship in architecture must necessarily involve consideration of that artistic essential which is called "technique", a word familiar in the criticism of paintings as it should be familiar in the criticism of buildings. Technique might be tersely defined as "the manner in which a thing is done", for it exists irrespective of specific design, medium or material; it is individual, the property of the artist and of the true artisan, who is worthy of distinction by the name of craftsman.

Technique is that "secret presence" which may make or mar a creation, and which is so elusive that only a trained eye may sometimes detect it as the reason why a painting, a piece of furniture or a building has narrowly missed being a work of art. Although technique, its perception and its mastery, may lie essentially in the province of the technician, it is by no means impossible, or even difficult, for anyone to cultivate a keen and appreciative eye for it, and for the subtle yet significant part it plays in art and architecture.

Confining our immediate observation to technique in architecture, it must soon become apparent that *texture* and *craftsmanship* are of marked importance, and that a building of relatively little importance may be made pleasantly interesting if rendered in skilful technique, while

a building of seeming consequence may find its intention defeated by unskilful technique.

Building materials are the material media of architectural technique, just as pigments are the media of the painter's technique, and architectural craftsmanship may be regarded as the manner in which building materials are handled—the treatment, or the restraint which allows of the most direct expression of the material's physical characteristics, and the mark of the tool which wrought it into its usable shape as seen in the finished building. A combination of the artistic sense in selecting and combining colors and textures, with the gift of the craftsman in sympathetically manipulating them cannot fail to produce a work of architecture of conspicuous interest and merit.

By which statement I do not mean to imply that artistry or technique alone will affect the strictly architectural merit of a building, for any fundamental error in architectural design can, at best, be only mitigated, never remedied, by any superficial merits of style or technique. It is intended, here, to assume that architectural technique is to be applied to a building which possesses, in its essentials, architectural merit, and to point out in what manner technique may aid architectural expression or weaken it. To cite extremes: a great tower of massive and noble architectural



L. C. Albro, Arch.

Stucco, rough-dressed stone and graduated slates combined with rare skill

concept, even though stupidly built of the most inartistic cast concrete blocks, would possess irrefutable architectural merit, while a poorly proportioned, inexpressive structure, even though built of the most interesting and esthetic materials, sympathetically handled, would stand forever as a hopeless architectural failure.

To direct attention to the negative side of any case often results in a keener focus of attention on the positive side, for which reason we might profitably review a few once-esteemed practices which today are rightly regarded as obnoxious and outrageous in the eyes of art, architecture and ethics.

Within the lifetime of most of us, that is in the period usually called the "eighties", such a quality as "texture" in art building material was, apparently, unthought of, or, if insistent in its nature, was elaborately disguised as though unseemly and repellent.

Stonework, even of the rough, "rock-faced" variety, contradicted its own roughness by the monotonously even courses and joints in which it was laid up. It might have been so much stamped metal. Stonework was not even, beyond peradventure, stone-work. Very often it was cast iron or wood, "sanded" to resemble stone. Wood-

work (when it was not sanded for stone, or painted with marble veins) was artfully "grained" to resemble some kind of wood which it was not.

Brickwork was even more enthusiastically and diabolically *camouflaged*, as though the good, honest gritty burnt-clay texture of a real brick were a thing to shun. The actual brickwork of this mad period was of bricks which were absolutely smooth, devoid of texture, and unerringly uniform in color; and these were laid up with such irreproachable regularity, with such fine, even joints that a brick wall was almost as interesting as a piece of bath-room oilcloth. This "smooth" effect, indeed, was so highly esteemed that builders soon felt that the actual brick itself was quite unnecessary. Brick walls were painted, with imaginary but relentlessly regular joints—but why trouble with bricks?—it was even more easy (and quite as intelligent) to paint imaginary brick courses on a stucco-coated rubble wall. The popular colors were no less credible to this period when deception approached architectural hysteria. Desperately red bricks (painted),

with pure white joints (also painted) realized the possibilities so inadequately that a strange and perfectly inexpressive yellow became popular, with a pattern of black or red joints, and then a weird, unearthly green, with white or black joints—with the final triumph of a plaster wall, painted with imaginary bricks, through which ran consecutive veinings as of marble. Here was something which succeeded in being neither any of the things it actually was nor any of the things it pretended to be. It was an absolute negation of the whole theory of texture. And artifice took the place of craftsmanship.

From this abyss, the climb back into the light of ethical taste was slow and gradual, but its stages are apparent in a retrospect of the buildings of the three decades past.

Our consideration now will be a dual one, of texture and of craftsmanship—the appreciative understanding of this combination constituting one of the most important parts of architectural technique as practised today.

Certainly the renaissance of brickwork was one of the most important of all modern architectural developments. Following the discovery that much old brickwork, of the American Colonial period and in various parts of Europe, owed its charm

to diversity caused by a naturally random range of color, came the discovery that a brick is a unit of design, and that its consideration as such necessarily involved a recognition of the importance of its *texture*.

First the burnt ends of bricks, black, purple, blue, olive green, were sought out and used as "incidents" instead of being thrown out as unfit for use. They were introduced at random, and in patterns. Then special "face brick" came into existence, brick of dimensions differing from the standard, and of a rich range of natural colors.

Mortar joints were raked out, so that each brick cast a slight shadow, and stood forth as a unit, with the result that *texture* became apparent not only as a highly desirable quality for the individual brick, but for the whole wall. And this co-relation of intelligent manufacture and expressive handling constituted the most important part of brick-building—technique.

In stone-masonry, involving, as it does, a natural instead of a manufactured building material, the element of technique is to be seen almost entirely in the manner in which the best stone work of today is laid up.

The old idea of "rock-faced" cut stone, a self-contradictory idea at best, fell from esteem in favor of "rough dressed" stone. The difference is important. In the first, stone was hewn from the quarry, squared to lay up in even courses, and the exposed faces were conveniently "roughed" in order to produce what was intended to be a "natural" effect. This "roughing," however, was so obviously artificial that the finished result owned none of the merits of either formal or informal masonry.

In "rough dressed" stonework, the natural roughness, the *texture* of the stone is left to speak for itself, and the only cutting consists of squaring the ends and splitting the stones so that they will lay up in fair horizontal courses.

Chestnut Hill, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, is particularly fortunate in possessing a local "ledge stone," which readily splits into thin pieces, and which has a fine

natural range of low, harmonious colors. The Philadelphia architects have made the most of their geological good fortune, and a study of their straightforward, expressive handling of the material affords many edifying lessons in architectural technique, since both the texture and the physical character of the stone are perfectly realized in the craftsmanship with which it is handled.

The possibilities for technique in wood work have, until very recently, been appreciated more in the exterior. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the steady growth of interest in the *textures* of the various interior woods. Except for the interior with white wood-work (for which plain white pine is usually used) transparent stains have largely supplanted paints. Varnishes are confined mostly to floors, and in cases where wood-work is of oak, ash, chestnut, cypress, redwood or any other wood with interesting grain or figure, stain-and-wax finishes have become popular because they do not conceal, but reveal and even accentuate the natural beauties of the wood's *texture*.

With regard to the *craftsmanship* now noticeable in many interesting interiors, revelation has come,



Bellogs & Aldrich, Arch.
Architectural technique, the craftsmanlike employment of materials, is admirably demonstrated in this courtyard of a New England house



In a close study of the carved wooden heads, unusual qualities of strength are revealed

perhaps from the exterior, and largely from the recent successful essays in true half-timber work. In the technique of the half-timber house, it was perceived that much of the character of antique examples was lost when evenly surfaced mill lumber was used. The texture of the old timbers came from the *mark of the tool*, usually the adze, which hewed beams from logs. There was an unevenness, an undulation of surface, with frequent transverse cuts—contributing all to the instinctive feeling on the part of the beholder that here was the work of man, not of machine—the work of man, pitting his strength and his primitive tool against the tough fibre of a natural material.

And so there has come to be a fine measure of real technique in our half-timbered houses of recent years—technique not only in the heavy, rough-hewn wood framing, but in the accompanying masonry as well, where brick appears in its natural use as a material employed to fill in the spaces left by the timbers.

With the realization of the expressive value of rough-hewn exterior timbers came realization of similar values which might result from greater in-

formality and more craftsmanship in the fashioning of interior wood work.

Some of the illustrations show the recent tendency in this direction, and suggest a rich field for the architects who appreciate the possibilities of technique in wood working. Such appreciation is admirably apparent in the exterior wood work of the cloistered walk shown on one page, where the essentially *wooden* technique seen in the detail plays its part in the values of *expression* attained in the whole. No more lucid illustration could be required to show the importance of combined texture and craftsmanship in developing architectural technique.

The same enlargement of architectural vision has found long neglected opportunities to develop texture in stucco and rough-cast work (not to speak of color). Here the mark of the tool, in this case the trowel, has been found to relieve the monotony of large expanses.

In roofing, it was realized a few years ago that for the house of imperishable materials rough slates were an ideal material, their graduated sizes and interesting range of colors forming an excellent complement to informal stonework.

The slate roof, however, fails to solve every roofing problem, because its weight necessitates a fairly heavy roof frame. To meet the need for a lighter weight roofing material of agreeable texture and interesting range of colors, one of the large manufacturers of roofing materials developed the asbestos shingle so that it now offers remarkable opportunities which are both practical and aesthetic.

With the growing enlightenment in these more important building materials has naturally come enlightenment in all details of embellishment and equipment. Decorative tiles, exterior metalwork, hardware, lighting fixtures—in all these are now realized possibilities of texture and of craftsmanship—and, conspicuously in furniture. Gone is the yellow-varnished, mirror-surfaced golden oak, and with it the useless, "piano-finished" mahogany. Furniture, today, has followed the trend of interior woodwork, with stains, waxes and oils replacing the impractical varnishes of old, and allowing the honest, natural texture of the wood some chance to express itself.

Surely our feet are well set in a better path, and our tastes are growing more sane and wholesome, as well as more ethical. In the elements which went into the creation of beautiful old things we are finding ways to create beautiful new things. Materials have textures which are natural and expressive. Also materials have physical properties which dictate certain ways in which they may be employed. Let us develop a keen and exacting sense of a technique which recognizes texture and craftsmanship in architecture.

THE MAKING OF A LITHOGRAPH

By F. WEITENKAMPF

THE Prints Division of the New York Public Library has arranged another one in its series of "Making of" exhibitions. This time it is the "Making of a Lithograph," to remain on view through the months of May to October. As in previous exhibitions, the technique of the process is illustrated by good, by the best, examples of the art. That statement implies the display of pictures which are just as much original works of art as are etchings. For it is a noteworthy fact that the very flexibility of the lithographic process, which has caused its remarkably widespread application to commercial ends, also makes it *par excellence* a vehicle for the artist. It was so used in the early days of its history. Delacroix, the two Isabeyes, Raffet, Menzel, are names that occur readily to the mind. Even its application to caricature brought out such a genius as Daumier and the brilliance—both graceful and trenchant—of Gavarni. The ensuing preponderating use of the medium for business purposes may have served to blind the general public to other possibilities. And that again may have tended to keep artists away. However, within the last thirty years we have seen Whistler's active interest in the process, and some concerted effort in England, France and other countries. And more recently our own artists have been taking it up.

Lithography is preeminently a "painter art." It is a process fairly made for original expression, representing the artist's touch absolutely. It is an autographic art, that is, one which gives a straight reproduction of the artist's drawing with the full impress of his character and mood, displaying his individuality without the intervention of a human translator.

Technically, the lithographic process is a chemical one based on the want of affinity between grease and water. On a stone of a certain constituency a drawing is made with a crayon containing an admixture of grease. When a stone thus prepared is inked for printing, the ink (also of a greasy nature) will adhere only to the portions of the stone not drawn upon, these portions having been, furthermore, treated with water and acid to increase resistance to the ink. That, in the baldest possible statement, is the basic principle of lithography.

The process was born practically full-fledged.—Senefelder foresaw all applications of the art, excepting, of course, photo lithography. Crayon, pen-and-ink, ink washes or rubbing of powdered crayon, combined with the scraper, spatterwork,—these various tools and combinations—all can be used in this supple, flexible process. And they have been used with full realization of their wide range.

The history of artistic lithography records achievements of remarkable variety. The artists of the first half of the 19th century rang the changes on its fascinating possibilities, playing its full gamut of tones from the highest notes of silvery gray to the lowest ones of deep, velvety black. Horace Vernet, Eugene Isabey, H. P. Bonington, Delacroix, Decamps, Raffet, Gericault, Daumier, Gavarni, were among the masters of the art in those days. There were also Deveria, Hervier, Barye, Millet, who, beside the "Sower," did the figures for some Indian subjects by Bodmer. And with the later renaissance came Fantin-Latour, Whistler, Pennell and others to accentuate farther the remarkable flexibility of this process, its adaptiveness to artistic individuality and style. Interesting comparisons may be made between the evanescent, light crayon shades of Whistler and the deep-toned washed and scraped pictures of complete effect by Menzel, the delicate architectural scenes of Bonington, and the rich, resounding notes of certain cathedral pictures by Pennell, the vigorous, broad crayoning of Daumier and the gray delicacy of Vernet and other early men, the decided, lively line of Gavarni and the tremulous imagery of Fantin-Latour, the robust realism of Gericault and the rampant romanticism of Delacroix. And in color work there may be contrasted the slight suggestions of Whistler, the muctuous, palpitating colors of Lunois ("Absinthe Drinker"), the blare of Belis, the flat, quiet tones of Volkmann or Kallmorgen, the characteristic work of certain Bohemians.

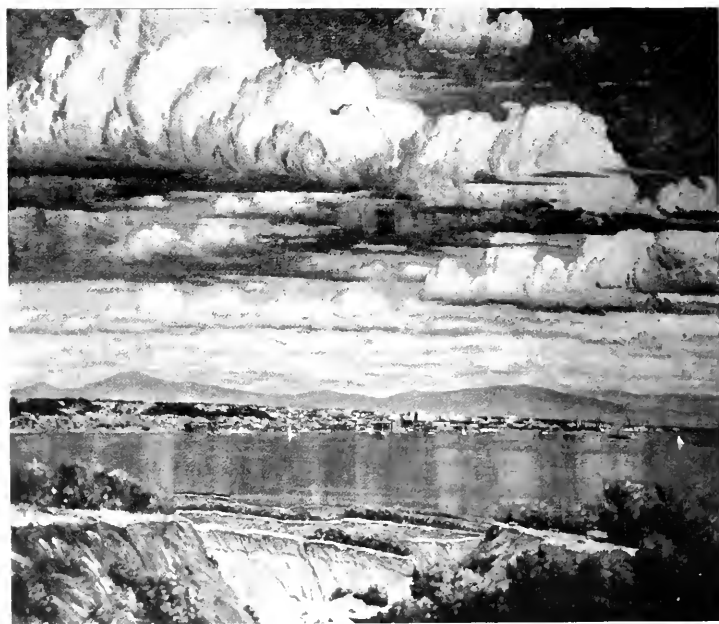
Legros, Shannon, Short, Rothenstein, Brangwyn in England, Dillon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Carrière, Besnard, Willette in France, Greiner, Biese in Germany and Austria, are among others abroad who within the last generation have availed themselves of the rich possibilities of lithography.

In our own country some interesting attempts were made in the second half of the past century by Thomas Moran, Wm. M. Hunt, H. W. Ranger, C. F. W. Mielatz, H. Bolton Jones, J. Alden Weir. And certain ones among our artists are beginning again to respond to the appeal of this process which offers them so much. Sterner, A. B. Davies, Bolton Brown, Bellows, Sloan and others have shown resourceful understanding of the art.

One might well wish to see this process more fully appreciated by public and artists. Among the latter appreciation seems to be growing slowly but surely. As for the public, each exhibition such as the present one should help to increase acquaintance with this art, so fascinating, so resourceful, so rich in its past results and its future possibilities.



Autumn, Southern California—By Maurice Braun



Courtesy of Babcock Gallery

San Diego from Point Loma—By Maurice Braun

NOTES *of the* STUDIOS and GALLERIES

At the Babcock Galleries, 19 East 49th Street, are shown 14 California landscapes and marines, by an unfamiliar man, Maurice Braun, Director of the San Diego Academy of Art. They are of unusual merit and well worth purchasing by our public.

Nearly every one is beautiful in composition of pattern and color scheme, and painted with a personal manner of technique and yet very true to nature, full of light and brilliancy and of lifting charm.

No. 7, "Autumn, Southern Canyon" is a masterpiece of beauty of form, color and of painting and worthy of a place in the Metropolitan Museum. No. 1, "Bay and City of San Diego" is a very fine work, full of atmosphere and beautiful color and of a charming panoramic effect. No one will ever tire of these two pictures. No. 14, "La Jolla Rocks," a marine, is worthy of our best American painters in beauty of color, of brush-work and truth of atmosphere, at the same time devoid of annoying egotistic, slap-dash sham "technique." And this is true of all of his work. We welcome Mr. Braun to the ranks of "the arrived."

In the same gallery are four other pictures well worth purchasing. One, a marine, "Off Portsmouth," by the late Arthur Quartley, is a masterpiece, rich and juicy and beautiful in color, profound depth of atmosphere and great charm of composition of rocks, coast, light houses, clouds and water. This picture should be bought for the Metropolitan Museum as it can teach even our best marine painters something that they should know.

"March Floods" by John F. Carlson, is a fine winter scene, showing a snow-fringed stream flowing peacefully through a forest in winter. One of his very good things.

"Venice," by George H. Bogert, showing a rising moon, the Campanila, Doges Palace, Santa Salute, etc., is fine and dreamy. One of his successes.

"The River," by Gardner Symonds, shows limp color, wet water, fine values and clever brush-work. But, when will Mr. Symonds begin being a little more refined in his brush-work and less "painty"? He has acquired power. Now let him take a hint from that great Frenchman, Harpignies—mix power with refinement, and he will step up a little higher.

The Montross exhibition of a few pleasantly familiar contemporary American painters was to have been changed on the 4th of May, but two weeks or more of extension allowed more people to see one of the gladdest pictures Henri ever

painted. This portrait of Fay Bainter as the "Image" in the recent play called "The Willow Tree" seems to be the brightest and most spontaneous thing on the Avenue.

In the same exhibition were hung five paintings of flag-decked city streets by Childe Hassam, suggesting that upon him, at least, the wartime guise of things has made an impression, and has furnished a subject which he has found a very real pleasure in playing with. Jerome Myers, George Bellows, Gifford Peal and Guy P. duBois are among the other familiar friends in this small but distinctly interesting Montross exhibition.



Portrait of Lieut. Santiago Campuzano
By Arthur R. Freeland, exhibited at the Reinhardt
Galleries



Courtesy of Ehrlich Galleries

PORTRAIT OF COLONEL TOWNSHEND

By Thomas Gainsborough
which has recently been added to the
collection of Mr. Martin V. Kelley of Toledo

Further up the Avenue, Mr. Birnbaum, who is directing the Scott & Fowles Galleries, promises some surprise for the Fall, in the form of the unique and usual special exhibitions which are his hobby. Meanwhile, the galleries are to be congratulated upon having secured seven Manship bronzes which are from obsolete limited editions. One of Eli Nadelman's mystic marble heads reminded Mr. Birnbaum that the Detroit Museum had recently bought a fine Nadelman head, called "Reverie." In one of the galleries at Scott & Fowles, Harrington Mann's vivid portrait of Premier Borden of Canada constituted a striking reminder of the present admirable British practice of officially commissioning artists to do portraits of the distinguished men of the Realm, perhaps as picture documents of the Great War.

The usual all-summer exhibition of American paintings at the Knoedler Galleries has not yet been hung, and a specific announcement will be made in a later issue.

At the Macbeth Galleries, the three summer months are apportioned to a special exhibition in June, and a general retrospective exhibition to carry through July and August. The June exhibition should prove peculiarly interesting, as it is to be made up of contemporary American paintings relating directly or indirectly to the war. Among the canvasses already assembled for this collection, such names as Beal, Hassam, Weir, Lever, Hawthorne and Cooper assure a distinct standard. And it will be something of a revelation to study the mental reaction of the war upon these familiar painters, and to see what phases and aspects of it have suggested subjects to them.

One of the exceptionally interesting exhibitions during May was that of "Asiatic Art" at the Kevorkian Galleries which now occupy the Carroll Mansion in West 58th Street. The exhibition in question, although occupying only two rooms of the large galleries, included sculpture and wood carvings of China, Japan, Egypt, India and Persia. There were also Persian Tiles and Ceramics; two Armenian paintings of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries; an Egyptian portrait painted on wood in about the third century. Among the exceptionally interesting pieces was "Mother of Buddha," Chinese sculpture of black stone of the late fifth or sixth century which, after this exhibition, will be placed in the far eastern room of the Metropolitan Museum. Another, a remarkable sculpture of a Rhinoceros, Chinese, late T'ang, found in Province of Shansi, which was probably the ornament of a sepulchre. An object of Indian art of about the eleventh century is an ultra relief of carboniferous black stone, a subject from Indian mythology showing the Destruction and Re-creation and element of water in the form of a mermaid.

"COINAGE, TEA-KETTLES AND HISTORY"

The remarkable photographs of old English Tea-Kettles which illustrated Miss Powell's article, "Coinage, Tea-Kettles and History," in the May issue, were loaned by courtesy of Crichton Brothers to whom proper credit should have been given.

The Tea-Kettles are an exceptionally interesting exposition of the transition of this article of utility and reflect also the evolution of the silversmith's art over a long period. As such a series of illustrations could not have been obtained from any other source in the world, it is particularly regretted that Crichton Brothers were not mentioned for their courtesy in lending them.

The ancient examples of Chinese paintings are well known but these which were the work of men who died but yesterday, were a decided novelty. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney who is ever a patron of modern art in the West extended her patronage to embrace the work of these "modernists" of the East and lent her Gallery in 8th Street for the exhibition of their paintings.

The pictures which are untouched by any European influence, yet breathe the spirit of the most modern work in the West, are impressionistic, fresh, free, and full of life. One may indeed call Jen Po-nien and Hsu Ku the Cezan and Manet of the Orient.

Several of the paintings are interesting examples
(Continued on page 114)



Courtesy of Kevorkian Galleries
India—Ultra relief of Carboniferous Black Stone
XI. Century



Two antiques which are strongly illustrative of the decorative properties of Italian Renaissance furniture, now realized in modern adaptations

A RENAISSANCE OF APPRECIATION

Modern Revivals of the Furniture Forms of Renaissance Italy.

By ALWYN T. COVELL

IN the future it must certainly be written that the period in which we now live was a period of broad and varied appreciation, especially in the realm of architecture and decorative arts. From the nature of our works we cannot make competent claims that we are living in a creative period, in the sense that the Middle Ages, or Renaissance Italy, or Georgian England were creative periods.

The designers of those periods evolved distinctive forms and distinctive manners of design, adapting certain elements, but originating styles. It is true that we adapt to-day, but it is also true that we originate far less than we borrow.

There are those who deplore this tendency of the present era, but no matter how vociferous their attacks upon our lack of originality, none of these critics, whether of architecture or of furniture, has submitted any serious suggestions toward the creation of a contemporaneously "expressive" style. They forget the short-lived vagaries of the "Art Nouveau" style, a style consciously evolved as a protest against adherence to historic precedents. They forget the more recent "Viennese Secession" style, evolved with like intent, and of life and influence more transient than the Art Nouveau. And they fail to see, in the brief popularities of these two modern styles, more than an unfortunate coincidence, fail to see that the failure was a result of inherent fallacies rather than of necessarily superior qualities of the antique per se. The Art Nouveau

and the Viennese Secession both failed to attain permanency because they were illogical and self-conscious. They were expressions not of a race or of a period, but of a clique. Designers of the Art Nouveau sought to make form subservient to decoration. The decoration, or ornament was determined first, and the object to which it was to be applied was contorted into a shape which would accommodate the ornament—a fallacy which, alone, would have been sufficient to doom it to a short life.

Designers of the Viennese Secession sought to avoid precedent at any cost, and considered a chair well designed if it failed to in any way suggest any chair ever seen by human eye—or, for that matter, if it failed to suggest that it was a chair at all.

The errors of both these schools of design were errors in judgment rather than errors in taste, for many things of remarkable promise were achieved, and many of the designers were men of evident ability and considerable vision. Many, no doubt, were sincere in their beliefs, but, unfortunately for the permanency of their efforts, the beliefs were fundamentally wrong.

And these reformers of style believed always that the conservatives attacked them for being "original" when, in reality, they were being attacked for being illogical. At the time when the Art Nouveau sprang into existence, and even at the time of the earliest beginnings of the Viennese Secession, it is true that the exploitation of earlier historic styles was being

pursued with little or no evidence of taste, and it is easily understandable that certain eager spirits felt that the time had come for the invention of a new style.

The thing which was needed, however, was not the invention of a new style merely as an escape from the old styles, but rather the development of an intelligent appreciation of the old styles, and a faithful adherence to them until some fresh evolution naturally took place.

And it is exactly such an appreciation which exists to-day—broad, generous, intelligent and practical. If a new style is destined to make its appearance, it will do so of itself, and, in response, conditions which will both create and mould it.

"Fashions" in art, in furniture, for example, are to be deplored, because no one style will be found to afford the decorative solution of every problem. We are not restricted by the wealth of historic forms from which we may draw; rather, we are fortunate in this wealth, and need only the necessary knowledge to select and adapt with that degree of *intelligence* which is one of the essentials of art. There are many elements in art, but no true art is ever stupid or unintelligent. Stupidity has prevented many a conscientious effort from ever reaching the plane of art, for even if an artist's work may not scintillate with the brilliance of inspiration, it must glow with the fine, clear light of intelligence.

To select some one historic style, and to force that style into unwilling duty as the one and only recognized expression of art would be stupid, and the result would be inartistic because unintelligent.

Our vision to-day, far from being as unintelligent as the "cult of the original" would have us believe, is, in fact, highly intelligent.

Life to-day can be said, with some degree of truth, to be too complex and varied to find direct

expression in any one style, either historic or modern. Some of our houses demand the simple furniture of the American colonists, others the urbane creations of Louis XVI., and others the richly dignified forms of Renaissance Italy. And it is upon our present appreciation and intelligent use of this last that the writer has intended to comment in particular.

It was not so remarkable that we adapted and assimilated—perhaps directly *inherited*—the various English types which make up so large a part of the whole history of furniture. These types, even so far back as early Jacobean and Elizabethan refectory tables and cupboards, are our legacy, the household belongings of our forefathers.

The acceptance of French furniture forms, especially those characteristic of the periods of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., is understandable if the furniture of those periods is regarded as *symbolic* of a certain kind of life and a certain manner. In no sense are these styles expressive of anything that could be called typically American—yet no other styles, with the exception of that of the Brothers Adam, so effectively create a background for the entertainments and receptions of ultra-formal society.

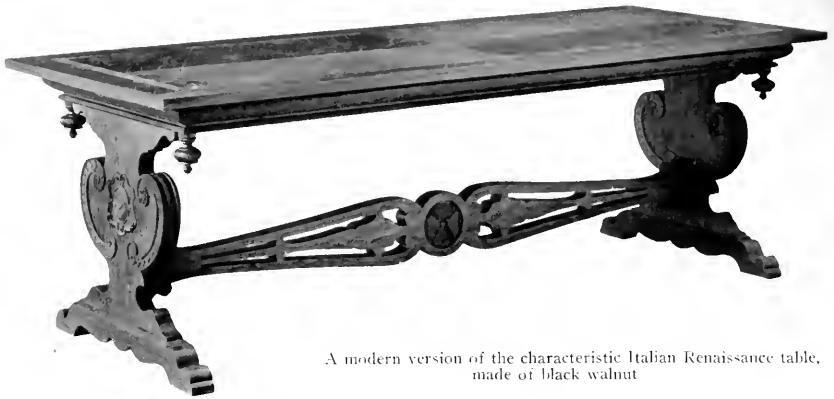
With the present extensive revival of Italian furniture forms, however, there must be admitted a remarkable development of artistic appreciation, remarkable not only in breadth but in detail.

Here are furniture forms of association remote in both race and period, yet forms which are now assimilated in modern American interiors with peculiarly pleasing effect.

The reason, undoubtedly, lies in certain inherent qualities existing in the furniture itself—qualities of proportion, of general suitability and of decorative value. These are properties, too, of Italian



The chest (*cassone*) is revived to-day in a number of fine reproductions



A modern version of the characteristic Italian Renaissance table,
made of black walnut

Renaissance architecture, giving to both architecture and furniture of the period something of the eternal fitness of the Classic. The spirit of Italian Renaissance furniture is pervasive, and finds expression from the most primitive times through to the beginning of the Baroque tendencies which finally obliterated the art of the Renaissance as a recognizable thing.

To say that Italian Renaissance furniture finds logical acceptance to-day because of its inherent qualities, may sound not unlike an avoidance of specific and definitive proof. The furniture itself, however, is its own best proof.

Its proportions are almost invariably pleasing in themselves and in relation to any architectural environment which is even reasonably well contrived. But most salient of all qualities which commend Italian Renaissance furniture are its decorative

qualities. Its ornament is in scale and logically applied, so that each piece is a decorative unit. Its color, in polychrome, or in part-gilded pieces, is rich and harmonious; assertive without causing discord; attractive without detracting from its surroundings.

The breadth of appreciation which exists to-day is responsible for the remarkable variety in recent reproductions and adaptations of historic furniture forms, embracing, now, those of the Italian Renaissance, and even certain pieces of Gothic.

Nor has the adaptation of Italian Renaissance furniture been less intelligent than its appreciation. It was recognized that there were certain limitations. Italian chairs were interesting and often decorative, but not comfortable according to modern standards. They are made, therefore, frankly as decorative pieces for the hall, or are radically modified to meet practical requirements. Italian cabinets are reproduced substantially in their original forms, or are taken as a basis for the design of desks. Tables of the period, whether large or small, could not be improved upon for modern uses, and have proved one of the most acceptable of all Italian forms.

It is in the matter of skilful adaptation that present-day appreciation is seen to be distinctly practical. We are not blindly following this or that fad or fashion in furniture—we are drawing from the great historic periods such pieces as are permanently beautiful, and these we are reproducing as nearly as different manufacturing methods will allow, or we are frankly adapting and modifying to meet modern requirements.

And if this procedure can be said to be more practical than it is esthetic, it is, perhaps, expressive of the age—and "expression" is the very thing for which our art-reformers and critics have been clamoring. They have wished for "expression" of things which do not exist, and, in our real, broad, intelligent and practical appreciation of historic art, they have failed to recognize an expression of certain very honest, wholesome and promising traits.



The decorative qualities of Italian Renaissance furniture
seen in a modern adaptation of a cabinet

The Artistic Aid of Hampton Shops

QUITE often nowadays we find in American homes a room which leaves us with an indefinable impression of its charm.

In all probability its appeal was due not alone to the historic significance of its Furniture, but to the consummate art with which each detail of porcelain, wrought metal, tapestry and painted or carven wood was harmonized within its delightful setting.

It is in the creating of such unforgettable rooms, with their inviting ease and hint of accustomed well-being, that the artistic aid of Hampton Shops proves so useful.

Hampton Shops

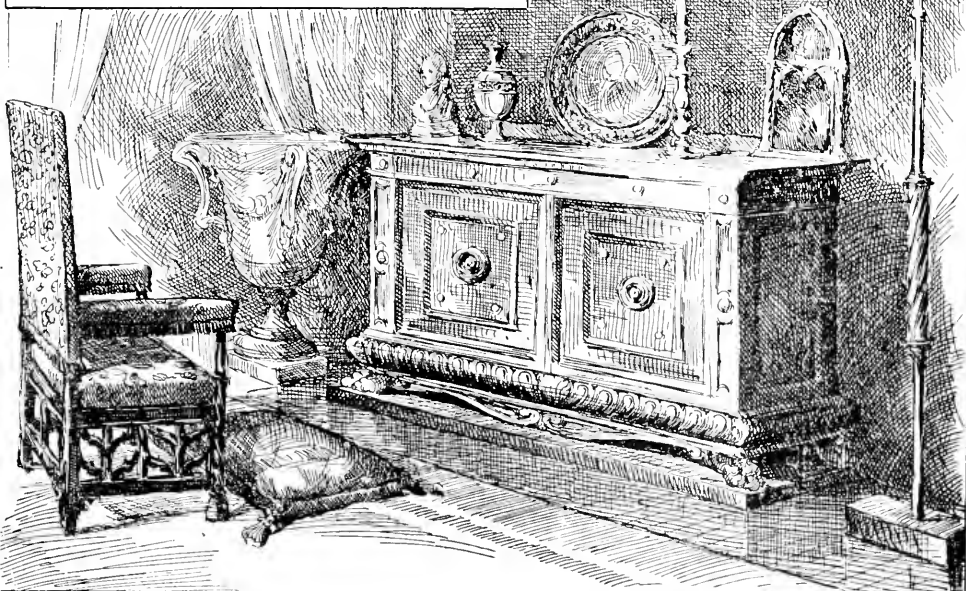
18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York



Decoration

Antiquities

Furniture



CURRENT NOTES

The Prints Division of the New York Public Library has now opened the annual show of "Recent additions" which will be on view throughout the months May and October.

In the nature of things, a display of the year's accessions cannot illustrate unity of purpose such as that of a show limited to the work of one man, or country, or medium (etching, lithography, wood-engraving). It will, perforce, be of a miscellaneous character, although the prints will naturally be arranged in groups (by artists, countries, periods, subject) of which each, however, again assumes, within its limits, the character of the special exhibition. But this varied result has, in itself, an attraction evident without making a virtue of necessity. And, in the end, such a yearly graphic report of progress well serves its special purpose of showing the large and growing number of those interested in prints, and in the Library's print room, how and in which directions the collection is growing.

Additions to the noted S. P. Avery Collection always form a group by themselves in this annual exhibition. This year they include etchings by Meryon (one of the rebus plates, the lines to his master Blery, and the *projet de billets d'action* designed as a preventive of counterfeiting), Lepère, E. Chahine; the Englishmen Frank Short, Malcolm Osborne (a flat landscape of the kind glorified in Rembrandt's "Goldweiger's Field"), F. S. Unwin, W. Lee Hankey (an aquatint), Nathaniel Sparks; and our own Mahonri Young and George Senseney (a Venetian subject in color). And there are wood cuts ("painter-wood-engravings") in color by Carl Moll and Gustave Baumann. Thus, on the wonderful foundation laid by the elder Avery, the son is quietly and effectively building into the present time.

Other modern work acquired represents G. T. Plowman, E. D. Roth, Arthur Covey, Thomas R. Manley, W. J. Beaulieu, Cadwallader Washburn, Leigh Hunt, Dwight C. Sturges, J. C. Vonderous, Louis Orr ("The Pont Neuf," a gift from the French Minister of Public Instruction), O. J. Schneider, Jacques Reich and William Strang in etching,—increasing especially the American section. In lithography there is Muirhead Bone's series of ship-yard drawings done for the British Pictorial Service. There are reproductive wood-engravings by J. W. Evans, W. J. Linton, and Charles M. Johnson, and "original" ones by A. Allen Lewis and Rudolph Ruzicka. And finally there is a group of bookplates by E. D. French (bringing the Library's large and important collection of his work still nearer to completeness), A. N. Macdonald, W. F. Hopson, Gardner C. Teall and E. B. Bird.

Important special gifts or unusual opportunities may provide a prominent feature in an exhibition such as the present one. The first was the case last year, when the legacy of Miss Lydia S. Hays brought an interesting and important addition to the Library's modern prints, Odilon Redon, D. S. MacLaughlan and A. Allen Lewis being particularly well represented. This year the dispersal of the F. R. Halsey collection results in the adding to the Cadwallader collection of a number of French 17th century portraits and 18th century figure pieces, increasing the portfolios of old prints, and illustrating an interesting period of national expression. There are eight portraits by Nanteuil, both the smaller delicate ones, and larger plates, more vigorously graven, and including that portrait of Mazarin in the border surmounted by the cardinal's hat. By Masson there are three, among them "the Brisacier" ("Gray-haired man") in first state, before letters. Edelinck is represented by three, and Morin, Pitau, Cossin, Van Schuppen by one each.

The charming little portrait of the Comtesse d'Artois, by Cathelin, takes us into the 18th century, when Moreau le jeune produced his delightful figure-subjects of which two are here: the famous "Le couchée de la Mariée" after Baudouin, and the "Bal Masqué" (illustrating the fête given by the City of Paris to the king and queen, January 23rd, 1782, on the occasion of the birth of the dauphin). And, by the way, "Monseigneur le Dauphin et Madame, Fille du Roi" are presented in a portrait by L. E. LeBrun, engraved by Maurice Blot. The debonair toying with rural delights and domestic virtues, so characteristic of the period are illustrated in such pictures as "Les Epoux Curieux" and "L'Horoscope accompli," both by Ponce after Freudeberg, and by DeLongueuil's "Correction Maternelle," after Aubry. The old and ever-new story appears daintily camouflaged (also characteristic of that time) in Baudouin's "Les Amours Champêtres," engraved by Choffard, while less art and more preaching appears in Bord's "L'Innocence en Danger," engraved by F. Huot, a pictorial document of 1792. One expression of engraving activity in France was the color-print, here exemplified in three pieces by Gautier Dagoty and one by Jazet ("La Promenade du Jardin Turc").

A group of prints from the Netherlands bears the names of Jacob de Ghien, F. van den Steen, W. J. Delft (Mierevelt's portrait of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1625), Danckerts (portrait of Cornelis de Wit, 1641), Mouzin (portrait of Admiral de Ruyter), Munnickhuysen ("Cornelis Tromp," before letters), J. Louys, T. Matham, Porrekenis ("Ignatius Loyola"), Jerome Wierix,

(Continued on page 116)



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JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

(Continued from page 76)

had ever existed here before. Among them Twachtman took his modest place and shared their hardships, struggles and rebuffs.

In those days, when he was an instructor at the Art Students League, he was sharp and short enough with students whose ideas outran their skill. He made them plot and chart and scrupulously measure their drawings, always insisting that they should follow what was before them blindly—never, never permit their whim or fancy or imagination (if they had any) to carry them beyond the strict and sober facts. It was not art they were there to learn, but drill in mechanical efficiency which later on might enable them to produce works of art—a harsh message for a pushing and a sprightly mind! So we see that whatever may have been his methods when attacking a picture of his own, he belonged to those who sanction in the main certain dull old processes of education for the artist, in opposition to such as believe that drudgery and drill without the saving spark will dampen the natural glow of talent and turn students into hopeless followers of routine. Impressionist though he certainly might be called, Twachtman never sanctioned the short-cut to the painter's craft.

In an organization like the Art Students League which is run as a democracy, with the least possible exercise of authority, it may be needful to discourage beginners in order to weed out the uncertain and the vacillating, those who cannot or will not give the whole of their energy to learn the elements of their profession. Certain it is that the old students under Twachtman speak of his violent tirades and the severity of his criticisms. When one regards Twachtman's pictures it is difficult to imagine him tape in hand gravely measuring a drawing and exhorting the student to emulate the impeccable workmanship of Bouguereau or Ingres, still more to conceive of a Twachtman so scathing and abusive that the luckless student dissolves in tears!

Speaking of the native painters who returned from France before the founding of the Society of American Artists, the late Samuel Isham wrote: "Twachtman was the most delicately sensitive of the group, unequal, varying in execution, sometimes leaving his canvas partially bare, but always with a feeling for grace, for variations and contrasts of tint. The work, although differing entirely in key and color scheme, yet resembles Whistler's in its analysis of the subtle nuances of tone, imperceptible save to the most delicately trained eye.

His work has often been compared to that of the chief leader of the Impressionists, and it is true that he absorbed the atmosphere of that impressionism of which Whistler was perhaps the most eminent expounder if not, as he claimed, its origin-

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ator. But we find no evidence that he was a pupil or disciple or continuator of Whistler. From the first he stood on his own feet. Slowly and steadily he made his own way by the study of nature, groping at times with unsatisfactory results, but always progressing. Only toward the end, when mastered by malady, did he cease to advance in his chosen art.

After looking over a roomful of pictures of the muscular knock-you-down type and after you have agreed that they are forceful in a way, though often harsh in line and color, and a bit irregular in mass and proportions; after you have enjoyed the modern primitive and the cultured savage and the imaginary cave man in art, it is certainly a consolation to meet less robustious and periwig-pated pictures of the sort that Twachtman wrought. They are peculiarly intimate and engaging in their unpretentiousness despite the fact that neither Cézanne nor Matisse could bring us the same message, not having been built that way. Twachtman gives us nature after his view, not much of it, but a delightful bit. Not comedy, not tragedy and above all not farcical things that emanate from and return inevitably to caricature. Just loveliness, rather timid, rather retiring. Luckily there are a myriad varieties in the likings for art; there must be a corresponding variety in works to meet the myriad taste. Much in modern art that seems rude finds its natural admirers who later on may develop a craving for food less crude. To them, at the point when they begin to notice a noisiness and uncouthness in their favorites, we counsel a dose of Twachtman. Really, he is not as insipid as they have fancied!

NOTES OF THE STUDIOS AND GALLERIES

(Continued from page 105)

of the close union between calligraphy, poetry, and painting as felt by the artist in the East, in the picture "Geese and Rushes" by Pien Shou-mien the three arts are closely allied, The poem, written in beautiful grass character which is placed so as to form a perfect balance to the painting runs as follows: The frontier steppes spread wide, The frontier moon shines on a scene of desolation, Cold congeals the Border river, The road stretches afar in solitude, They say that to the south of the river, the mists rise on scenes of beauty, The birds will follow the sun, they will guzzle the wild rice among the spreading reeds, They will drink and feed, they will fly and disport themselves, Against the blue sky they will fly in a phalanx as if writing the character T'ien (Heaven).

The exhibition was shown by Mrs. Francis Ayscough, Hon. Librarian Royal Asiatic Society, North China Branch, Shanghai, China, who has made a study of Chinese Art for a number of years. Mrs. Ayscough is a firm believer in the inherent genius of the Chinese.



IN THE REALM OF THE FINE ARTS

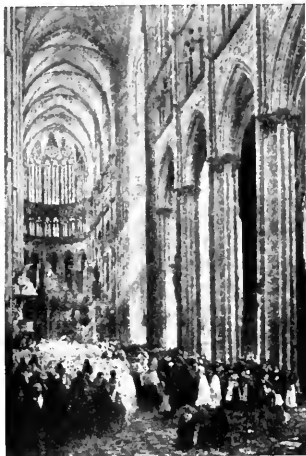
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(Continued from page 110)

F. de Leu, and H. Bary ("Simon Simonides"). Vico's large portrait of Charles V. is to be noted. And there is a group of English prints: anonymous portraits of Charles II. and James II., the latter changed to one of George II. by the simple process of re-engraving the name but not the portrait. Portraits by Delaram (Charles I. as Prince of Wales), Loggan (Archbishop Laud) and George Vertue, together with the last one's portrait of himself and his wife, engraved by W. Humphrey.

Of mezzotints, there are Edward Fisher's "William, Earl of Chatham," after Richard Brompton, and Houston's plates of the Five Senses, after F. Hauman. Cipriani's portrait of Jonathan Mayhew recalls the wide field of "Americana," of interest to so many. Here there are Tiebout's large stipple portrait of Rev. William White, after Stuart (1805), D. Edwin's "George Washington," after R. Peale, "printed in colors by H. Charles," and W. J. Bennett's large colored aquatint view of "City of Washington, from beyond the Navy Yard."

Of local interest is the "Latting Observatory, near 6th Avenue, between 42nd and 43rd St.," a picture of a 350-foot tower which stood there in the fifties of the past century and is said to have had room for 1,000 persons on its landings. From various sources have come line engravings and etchings by Morghen, Schelte à Bolswert, Bartolozzi, Weirotter and Hutin, and chiaroscuro prints by Goltzius and "M." And there are some original drawings by newspaper artists,—two views of the New York Public Library by Louis Ruyl and one of the "When a feller needs a friend" series by Briggs, the one making a plea for books for our soldiers.

Finally, there is shown a small selection from a collection of prints relating to the case of the hair and beard in England in the 18th and early 19th centuries. Barbers, hairdressers, wigs, the difficulties of ladies with head-dress in coach or sedan-chair, stays, the "macaroni," and an "engine to shave 60 men in a minute,"—those and other topics are dealt with, sometimes in a spirit of boisterous humor, in these prints, which are almost entirely of subject interest only.

AN EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S WORK IN DESIGN

FROM the press of the Jewish Publication Society of America has recently come a book of stories, translated from the modern Hebrew writer, Judah Steinberg, and entitled *The Breakfast of the Birds*, which is illustrated with astonishing success by a child. This delightful innovation in the illustrating of children's books is a telling example of the unusually good work in design done by children from three to sixteen years of age under the instruction of Miss Deborah Kal-

(Continued on page 124)



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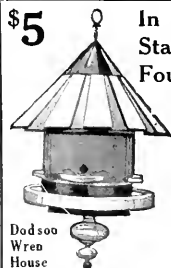
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JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS SERVICE TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees held on Monday, April 22, the following resolution, prepared by a committee consisting of Elihu Root, Lewis Cass Ledyard, and Henry S. Pritchett, was adopted:

"The Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art wish to make a formal and—so far as possible—permanent record of the great service rendered to the Metropolitan Museum and to the American people through the Museum by the late John Pierpont Morgan, and they direct that the following minute be entered in the records of the Corporation.

John Pierpont Morgan, born April 17, 1837, died March 31, 1913, was the most powerful and dominant personality in the field of finance during the period between the American Civil War and the Universal War of 1914—a period distinguished by the most amazing development of industrial organization and productiveness ever known in the history of the world. The conduct and control of great affairs brought to him a great fortune, continuous labor, and heavy responsibility; yet neither wealth nor pressure of labor and exercise prevented the growth and development of very noble qualities of patriotic citizenship and human sympathy. He loved his Country and his kind. Expressing himself seldom in words but constantly in deeds, he was a part of all good causes. Generous almost to a fault, modest and unassuming, he did good in secret all his life without thought of praise or recognition. He loved all forms of beauty, and with his largeness of nature and of means he became the greatest art collector of his time, and in the history of art his name must always rank with those great princes of the Old World who in former centuries protected and encouraged genius. He was as unselfish with his treasures of art as he was with his fortune. He believed that the happiness of a whole people can be increased through the cultivation of taste, and he strongly desired to contribute to that end among his own countrymen. His last will carried on to his descendants the influence of that feeling in the wishes which he expressed regarding the disposition of his great collections.

The most marked expression of this impulse during Mr. Morgan's lifetime was in his service to this Museum. He was one of the original subscribers to the preliminary fund raised in 1870 as the basis for the organization of the Museum, and from that time for all the remaining forty-three years of his life he never failed in his constant support of the institution. He was one of the first fifty patrons whose names appear upon the list of 1871 as members of the Corporation. He became a Trustee in 1888, and discharged the duties of that office for twenty-five years until his

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death. He was a member of the Executive Committee and of the Finance Committee of the Board from 1892 to 1894, a member of the Executive Committee again from 1901 until his election as First Vice-President in 1904, when he became as he ever after remained an ex-officio member of the Committee. He was elected President in 1904, and remained President until the time of his death. His first recorded gift to the Museum was in 1897, and for the sixteen years which followed there was a rapid succession of valuable and princely gifts. In the summer of 1913 his son, who bears the name and inherits the spirit of his father, placed substantially the whole of his father's vast collections upon loan exhibition in the new northern wing of the Museum building. Further gifts by the son of almost priceless objects have followed, and now the present John Pierpont Morgan upon the settlement of his father's estate has found himself able to honor the memory and execute the purposes of his father by presenting to the Museum a large part of the collection, including more than three thousand objects.

The gifts of the father, and of the son in memory of the father—with the exception of some articles which proper classification requires to be arranged elsewhere—are to be exhibited henceforth by themselves in a wing of the Museum to be called in memoriam The Pierpont Morgan Wing.

Incalculable in value as are these gifts, they should not obscure the memory of Mr. Morgan's service to American art and American education in art as President of the Museum. When he came to the presidency the Museum had passed through the period of early struggles and local significance, and the point had been reached when the question was to be determined whether the original impulse was to spend itself, satisfied with a local and provincial success, or whether, on the other hand, the institution was to be developed into one of the great museums and educational influences of the world. Mr. Morgan's presidency decided that question. His sure knowledge of the field, the largeness of his instinctive methods, his dauntless courage, his vision, and his faith, breathed into the institution a new life, communicated to it a new and tremendous impulse, and inaugurated a new period of development, which, so far as we can judge, makes certain a future of power and usefulness for which our country and all the people in the New World who love art and the influences of art will owe honor to his name."

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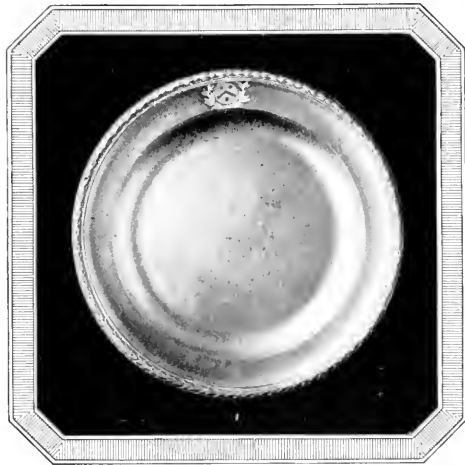
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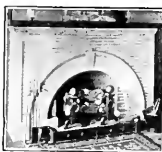
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felt a pang of disappointment at the finished work, and a renewed pleasure in looking back to the study in ink or sanguine. We have felt in the sketch a sense of intimacy, a suggestion in the very omissions, of a mutual understanding between ourselves and the artist; a scarcely confessed appreciation of his playfulness with the crumbling materials in his hand; and we have recognized a challenge and sometimes almost a wink of invitation to our dulled imaginative faculties, which has led us onward like the scent of "green things growing."

In a similar way, the evidences of a people's regard for its little children win from us a sympathy which has its own intimate ramifications. In the articles addressed to children's use there too are playful imaginative touches, homely simplifications which the miniature scale of children's costume and children's toys compel, delicate hints of a recognition of that secret realm of childhood which we all know as we know ourselves. Here too, are playful omissions in a world of "let's pretend" where things are mutually understood and where the ignited imagination leaps to fill the shadowed corners with its fire.

It was in a true sense an inspiration which led M. Barthelemy, the Consul of the Republic of France, to arrange for Chicago the exhibition of toys which he filled the first gallery of Gunsaulus Hall. At a stroke he has laid before us the most delicate, brave, and lovely revelation which could be made of France in this hour. M. Barthelemy says, "I wish you to know the smile of France." The "smile of France"! It is like the tender flush of new-sprung green, coming over a burnt landscape after warm rains have fallen.

And so it comes to pass that there is a deep and earnest lesson for us in this exhibition of the toys of France. Here is a nation, wounded almost to the heart, which still can turn and think in its pain, playfully, happily, laughingly for its children! Not many of the toys are war toys. The brave and healthy spirit which has produced them seems to recognize that the war is for an end which is beyond the war. But there are the Poilu "before," the Poilu "after," the Tommy, and Sandy, which are masterpieces. Then there are Boche prisoners in their great gray coats—multitudes of them. There are sentry-boxes with blue-clad soldiers huddled in them, and above all there are numbers of lovely ladies and gentlemen in silks and satins and homespun and fine linen. Everywhere one observes the child nature tenderly guarded against bitterness. It is childlike. There is no "hymn of hate." A nation with the spirit to turn so far from its sorrow while its sorrow is still a fact, a nation with this upward-welling sense of life may, when the steel strikes home, bleed, and bleed abundantly. It cannot die.—(*Bulletin of Art Inst. of Chicago.*)

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To how many, even of those who think they know a bit about the work of American artists, does the name "National Gallery" convey more than an abstract idea of a collection of more or less good pictures housed somewhere in the city of Washington?

In the short data on individual artists often published in exhibition catalogues we are likely to come across the statement, "Represented in National Gallery," but how many realize that this can be written in the accounts of practically every man of note in the later history of American painting?

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(From Art Notes of the Macbeth Gallery.)

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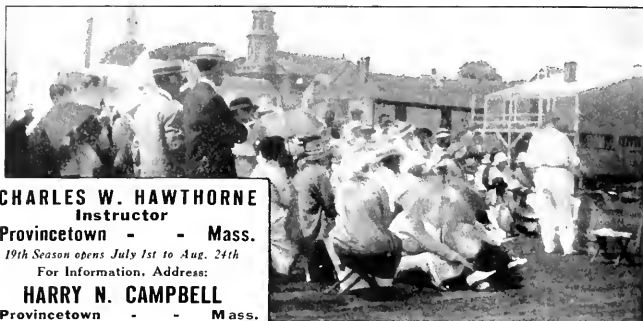
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Instead of installing the work at the school building, it was shown at the Galleries of the Art Alliance of America, 10 East 47th Street, for a period of eight days. The first day was "Red Cross Day" and an admission of fifty cents was charged. \$500 was realized.

The exhibition consisted first of some eighty interiors showing architectural and decorative arrangements for all sorts of rooms adapting the Italian, French and English periods to modern usage.

Because of the interest shown by architects and decorators in this section the work was transferred for another week's showing at the studios of Elsie Cobb Wilson, 569 Fifth Avenue.

Very commendable was the work in Historic Pageant and Historic Costume Design which is intended to lay the foundation for readapting the beautiful historic motifs to modern clothes problems. Great originality was shown in the types of pageants developed.

In the department of Poster Advertising there have been made some one hundred and fifty posters used by the various war boards of the government and about \$1,200 has been won in prizes by students in the third year class. Several of these prize drawings were shown, including the new 1918 model for the Willys-Overland car. Prize won by Miss Mary Cornwall.

Some good life drawings and illustrations showed in a practical way the application of the "Jay Hambridge Discovery" to students' work.

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State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Teets, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the ART WORLD, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:



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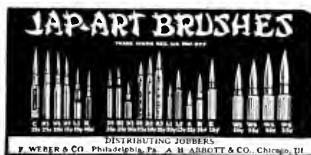
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"A WEDDING FESTIVAL IN BRETTANY"

By HENRY MOSLER

One of the most charming works by an American artist in that field of pictures called by the French *genre*

(See note on page 137)

EDITORIAL

WHY SOME ARTISTS ARE NOT GOOD JUDGES OF ART

WHEN Ruskin said, in 1878, in the July number of *Flors Clavigera*:

"I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but I never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," this after seeing Whistler's small canvas showing exploding fireworks and falling rocket-stars, at Cremorne Gardens, he was grossly in error. For the canvas is one of Whistler's cleverest trifles. Because he did extremely well what he set out to do—to suggest the effect of fireworks at night. The subject was trivial; but, given the subject, it was expressively handled and will always have a certain charm, even though now fading.

Ruskin's diatribe simply proved his inability to appreciate clever small things which, while they do not deserve the veneration which we give to what is truly great, yet merit our respect. For, while the creation of great things requires genius, the production of clever things requires uncommon talent. Therefore Ruskin was both narrow and wrong.

But when Whistler dragged the old man to court and sued him for libel he was both revengeful and charlatanistic. For he did it simply to advertise himself, which was worse than Ruskin's condemnation of his work.

But the trial was important historically, because it brought into the limelight the pretention of the "modernists" that mere Painting is—Art, which before that had never been proclaimed in so violent a manner.

At the trial Whistler said:

"I hold that none but an artist can be a competent critic."

In this he is correct. But that does not mean that every artist is a competent critic. And when in his: "Whistler vs. Ruskin" he said:

"Shall the Painter then—I foresee the question—decide upon Painting? Shall He be the sole critic and authority?"—he was still correct. But when he said:

"Aggressive as is this supposition, I fear that, in the length of time, his assertion alone has established what even gentlemen of the quill accept as the Canons of Art, and recognize as the masterpiece of work," he was guilty of the most cunning piece of casuistry, or made the most far-reaching mistake, in the history of art. For, either deliberately or through self-deception, he confounded Painting and Art—two entirely separate things—and which has done great harm.

Ruskin did not question the quality of Whistler's picture as mere painting. He considered it too trivial as a work of art to justify Whistler's charging for it 200 guineas. In this he was wrong seeing that the price of art works is more subject to the law of demand and supply than any earthly production; yet he was right as to the triviality of the picture as a work of art, no matter how cleverly painted.

This trial brings into sharp relief two burning questions:—Are painting, modelling, and rhyming—Art? or—are painting, modelling and rhyming mere parts of Works of Art?

These two questions did not exist before Delacroix began to be indifferent about drawing in his work, this so as to enable him to get over his canvas more quickly—in his rage for "personal" and "original" color effects, as a mere painter. Whistler, confounding painting with art, brought the question to the fore at this trial as never before, and artists at once took sides, some agreeing with Whistler and some saying painting is just painting-skill, but art is painting and something much more—combined with painting. And these two sides have been quarrelling over this matter ever since.

Those who criticized and fought Delacroix, in his day, were correct. They saw clearly that, unless his indifference to fine drawing was counteracted it meant the trivialization of art. Hence the fierceness of the battle of that day. It is true Delacroix himself was not a trivial artist, chose few trivial subjects and some truly great ones. But his activities started a stream of tendency towards trivialization, and the consequent degeneracy of much of modern art, proves his critics were correct in their fears. But the victories of the narrow, modernistic followers of Delacroix no more make painting art than the victories of the Hum makes his might right.

The most shining proof of both the error of the modernists—in regarding painting as art, and also of their inconsistency, is given in the placing—by the intelligent directors of the Prado Museum at Madrid—of the works of Velasquez, who is the idol of the mere painter-man. His picture "The Maids of Honor" is a wonderful piece of mere painting but a commonplace work of art—and is side-tracked in a room, while the place of honor is given to his "Surrender of Breda" which, though not so skillfully painted as "The Maids of Honor," is a greater work of art. Why? Because, while nearly as masterly as "The Maids of Honor"—as mere painting—

it is more noble as to subject, more beautifully composed and the main group is profoundly dramatic in expression.

In other words Velasquez, when he painted the "Surrender" was either not able to paint as dexterously as he did in "The Maids of Honor," or he deliberately made sacrifices of his painting skill to attain the higher intellectual and dramatically emotional qualities which his "Surrender of Breda" manifests in a higher degree, in spite of a minor fault in the composition. Thousands buy photographs of the "Surrender"; none but artists and critics buy photos of the "Maids of Honor"—because the cultured public is not yet sufficiently deluded to accept the doctrine that mere skill in painting is art, but insists on dignity of conception, beauty of composition and profundity of expression of a worthy subject—in addition to masterly painting, while many artists—having since Delacroix's time been painting more and more to astonish each other, with one eye open, like a sleeping rabbit, in the hope of seeing the public also pleased—have more and more drifted toward indifference to *subject*, or beauty of composition or depth of expression, being satisfied merely to paint any old thing in any old way—as long as the painting and brush work is original, personal, clever—and captivates certain painters. So that Art has largely become a game—of artists pleasing and astonishing artists; if the public is pleased also, so much the better, if not—"the public be damned!"

The drift toward this point of view has been so strong among painters during the last forty years, since the Velasquez gallery was installed in the Prado, that it is safe to say that, if a committee of mere painters were appointed to supersede the wise men who so far have conducted the Prado, were given control of the museum, they would topsy-turvy things instantaneously and put Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda," his greatest work, in the side room, where now is the "Maids of Honor," and put that work at once in the place of honor—because it is his most brilliant piece of mere painting. They would instantly vote to give second place to the great intellectual and emotional qualities in the work of Velasquez—and proceed to glorify his painting skill, and forthwith pronounce the "Maids of Honor" the greatest work of art in the world though it shows nothing but a portrait of Velasquez himself in the act of painting the King and Queen surrounded by a lot of ugly dwarfs, a dog, etc., and is incapable of stirring a single emotion except astonishment at his great skill—as a painter of atmosphere.

Every face in this wonderful piece of painting is absolutely expressionless, because the figures are only portraits and no one is doing anything. Whereas, in the "Surrender of Breda" we see depicted the poignant drama of Spinola receiving

the keys of the city of Breda from the conquered Justin of Nassau, expressed with an extraordinary power and therefore, in the final estimate, making it his greatest work of art—in the minds of the philosophic, painting-artists, but not so in the minds of the "artistic painters," to whom expression of ideas in art is, today, a negligible quantity.

So far has this point of view triumphed since Delacroix's day that agents of the French government paid \$80,000, at public auction, a few weeks ago, during this great war crisis, for a portrait of a family—four figures—by Degas—a most commonplace, dull composition, utterly inexpressive of anything but the painter's "temperament" as a manipulator of paints, absolutely devoid of any kind of beauty except beauty of painting, which once seen, leaves one as indifferent as last year's snow—except those who are inoculated with the point of view that mere dead, inexpressive painting is—art!

Will this drive of the "modernistic" painters go on—to the utter extinction of expression of ideas in art? We doubt it. For individuals change, so do governments, in their points of view. To illustrate:

"In 1885 the writer met X—, an American Beaux-Arts student, at the Place St. Germain. After a mazagan we said to him:—"Well, let's go to the Louvre." Oh, rats!" replied X—, "nobody goes to the Louvre now-a-days. I wouldn't give ten cents for the whole outfit. Let's go to the Luxemburg, (a gallery of modern art), there you will see real painting!"

Six years later we met the same X—, now become a fixture of Paris. After a lunch at Laperouse's, he said: "Let's go to the Louvre." "What," we replied, "to the Louvre? You remember your saying six years ago that you wouldn't give ten cents for the whole outfit?" He laughed heartily and said: "Ah, that was six years ago! Then I couldn't appreciate the Louvre, simply because I was trying to learn how to handle paint. Since then I have won the "Prix d'Atelier" in the Beaux-Arts for painting, and I have won a third-class Gold Medal in the Salon and, now, I can draw and paint to the satisfaction of my masters.

"But I have learned—that painting is not art. That unless you marry, as the French say, craftsmanship and poetic expression, you may have clever journeyman's work but not works of art with a big "A". For many years I had been painting entirely to please my masters, or to arouse the envy of my fellow-artists, and I am tired of the game. Now I want to learn the *laws of expression*, in the hope of painting at least one picture that will live after I die. So, the more I see the Louvre the more I love it."

He was at that time perfectly competent to judge *painting*, but utterly incompetent to judge art,

above all, of the highest kind. He was in reality less competent to judge the real value of works of art than a cultured layman. Why? Because he could judge it only from the standpoint of painting; not only that, but of a certain kind of painting. Hence craftsmanship was to him of such supreme import that the intellectual and spiritual contents of a work of art were—at that epoch in his life—almost negligible. He was then forty years old and still utterly incompetent to judge of the real value, to society, of any work of art. He was utterly uncultured; knew nothing of the meaning of life, nor of the relative importance of one activity compared with another; nothing of the trend of social life, upwards or downwards and did not care about it. As for helping along the social trend, he would have laughed at the idea of any artist doing that.

But now, having learned all the schools of France had to teach him of craftsmanship, he saw new vistas and things which the schools are not organized to teach, could not teach—Expression of Thought and Emotion, in poetic form. That secret he had to learn from the great masters in the Louvre and other museums, and by stern self-discipline and personal absorption. For no man could teach him those things *viva voce*. He was forced to dig the gold out for himself, and for that the mine was not the Beaux-Arts or Luxemburg Museum, but the Louvre—one of the great museums of the world.

Now, suppose at forty this man should have been called upon to sit upon a jury, with four others like himself, all looking at art through the same spectacles, and seeing all art only in terms of technical painting, sitting for the purpose of judging a competition for the decorations of a great State Capitol? Would these five painters be as competent as five profoundly cultured laymen to judge of the intellectual and spiritual content or value of such a competition? Never! The world is full of works of art that are mere waste from every point of view except craftsmanship, of which alone craftsmen are the best judges.

Longfellow said: "Knowledge comes but wisdom—lingers," and so there are only a few artists today who, joined to their knowledge of craftsmanship, have also acquired a profound culture and wisdom as to the meaning of life and the influence a work of art will exert when placed on a public wall or pedestal, and who deeply appreciate their own relation to the public as leaders of thought and who are therefore competent to act as judges of the value of both painting and art. But the average artists are competent to judge only their craftsmanship—when they are experts. In fact too many of them deride the superior importance

of one subject over another. Did not our own Chase say: "There are no poetic subjects. Velasquez could have painted a sublime masterpiece of a yellow dog with a tin can tied to his tail!"

Some months ago a Western Art Guild held an exhibition and offered several money prizes for the three best *works of art*—they did not specify the three best *paintings*. Then they called from New York three ultra-devotees of modernistic, slap-bang, decorative painting and ridiculors of expressive art, to award the prizes. These naturally awarded the prizes, not to the finest works of art—as to subject and its conception, composition, expression, drawing and color-scheme—but to the three best pieces of thoughtless slap-bang painting. The artists of the Guild set up a howl and talked about revising the verdict. They had not yet learned the difference between mere painting and art and that the three judges, while no doubt most competent slap-bang painting critics, were but trivial artists and poor judges of serious art.

There is an *Expressive* and a *Decorative* side to every work of art. Some expressive artists neglect the decorative side and, so, their works lack beauty. Giotto often sinned in this way. The faces in some of his works are very true in their expression, but the works as a whole lack decorative beauty. And, so, later on, when the public learned to demand beauty as well as expression of face and movement, they painted out a number of his works. On the other hand many artists, with decorative talent, do not pay enough attention to the expression of the faces and gestures of their works.

There is in this city a statue which is charming—as a decoration. But the face is totally out of harmony with what the man is supposed to be doing and saying. Within a thousand miles of New York there is a statue of Washington, very decorative. But it wears a face like a Quaker pacifist. Elsewhere there is another which looks like an enraged butcher. Compared with Brown's "Washington," in Union square, and that by Ward, in Wall street, they are both demi-failures, by talented craftsmen but not deep thinkers. There is also a monument not far away from New York, showing a group in which there is a woman. The group is well composed and quite decorative, and, at first, met with great favor with the artists and the town-people. But, since then, the people have learned that the face of the woman, instead of symbolizing and expressing what they wanted to have expressed, and for which a face of strength and noble beauty was required, is nothing but the face of an ugly old hag, and now they are increasingly lamenting the presence of this work in their city. Why do we not mention names and statues? Because we would be considered a mere "knocker" unless we illustrated and proved our case by photo's and long analyses.

Let this be a warning to our students—that the public is finding out that clever modelling in clay—uncombined with fine conception and profundity of character expression—is not art at all but merely skill, and so is losing faith in many of our sculptors.

The puerility of the claim of Painters that "technique"—surface paint-manipulation—is art, is proven by the fact that many of the greatest works in the world are painted in *fresco*, that is—in water color, applied to a wet plaster wall, and which must be done so quickly—in order not to have the plaster dry too soon—that an artist has to work so rapidly, to cover the portion of the work possible to be done in one day, that he has no time or wish to bother about "peculiarity," "individuality" of painting-play, on the surface of the forms, because he would be happy if he succeeded in obtaining the right forms—by correct drawing, modelling in color, and the correct light and shade.

Had anyone annoyed Michelangelo while he was painting his wonderful "Creation" or his "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel, in Rome, by saying: "Don't forget your 'surface technique'!"—he would have kicked him off the scaffolding. Had anyone dared to make the same remark to Leonardo while frescoing his marvelous "Last Supper," on the wet walls of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in Milan, he would have looked at him with withering scorn. Ghirlandajo did not worry about "brush-stunts" when he was wrestling with his splendid frescoes on the walls of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. And we can imagine the sweet smile of derision of Raphael if anyone had chattered to him about "individual technique" being art—while he was painting his wonderful frescoes of the Stanza, in the Vatican.

And what about the marvellous etchings, in black and white, by Rembrandt, in which there is no color at all? Those are not painted at all—they are done with a needle on copper; and then the Glass Windows of La Farge—they are mostly put together, with pieces of glass, and only partly painted; and what about the burnt-wood pictures of Fosdick and others, are they not art because they are burnt in with a hot iron and color laid on afterwards? In all these cases the object of the artist is to realize in certain materials a certain *design* of certain lines and forms and, where color is used, notably in fresco, they are really nothing but drawings—filled in with color. Moreover Raphael's "Transfiguration" has been copied in mosaic and placed in St. Peters. In copying, the paint has disappeared entirely and it is as impressive as the original painting in the Vatican. Finally, Rembrandt's "Cloth Syndicate" is so nearly black and white that, in a fine photograph, we scarcely miss the color.

In short, painting means nothing more than the surface-modelling of form in color—instead of in wax, clay, on copper, or on lithographic stone. But those forms must first be drawn properly. So that Boulanger, that great painter, was right when, in a rage, he chided a pupil in the Académie Julien—who had sacrificed a good drawing for smart painting—and said to him: "Make a masterly drawing and fill it with dirt and you will have a masterpiece!"

No sort of mere skill, however dexterous, should ever be called—Art. To play billiards victoriously requires a rare combination of control of ones nerves and muscles, delicacy of touch and keen sight—in order to automatically give to the cue the compound twist, push and thrust in the right place on the ivory ball to force it forward, backward or sideward, as needed to do brilliant "stunts" such as arouse the admiration of the billiardists. There are millions of billiard players but still, extraordinary billiard-playing-skill is as rare as rare painting-skill. Yet no one thinks of calling billiard-playing—Art, except in emulation of a negro barber, who will speak of his skillful shaving as—"ton-sorial art!"

In the face of this discontent of the public—growing wiser—what is to be done in the premises? As regards private art, nothing should be done. The public must learn, from experience, that in art, like in life, knowledge of the best things comes only by diligent study, and that the appreciation of the highest or lowest elements of art depends entirely upon the constitution, high or low, of our own soul. If the public buys poor private art it suffers mostly alone.

But—as for public works of art, on our public walls and pedestals, that is another matter. To prevent the desecration of public places with works of art that will bore the intelligent public to death, six months after they have been in place, something must be done.

The only remedy is in larger art committees—made up of at least ten serious laymen of culture, who have sense enough to know that, from the highest point of view, art is the most important thing in life—and who will therefore devote themselves to seriously act as protectors of the public—and, joined to these, five artists of various kinds—the older and more cultured the better. We say the older the better—because, in youth, the artist gives way to his worship of mere craftsmanship while, later in life, his mind and heart open up to higher ideals.

The artists would instruct the laymen as to the quality of the craftsmanship displayed, when a work is to be judged; and the laymen would instruct the artists as to the intellectual and spiritual qualities needed in work designed for a given

public place—and this in conference before even the competition programmes are drawn up. That is the fundamental requirement in a new departure for our procuring public works of art—that will endure in the affections of the public. The machinery and details of this would take too much space to describe here.

But it is certain, that such men as Whistler—who was first and last a craftsman in painting, etching, lithographing, etc.—while they make the best judges of mere painting, or carving, make but poor judges of Art—simply because of their bias to regard painting and craftsmanship as all there is to art, and because of their frequent indifference to every other higher element of a work.

However, there is something laudable in this blind worship of mere craftsmanship. Because, without this devotion to fine handicraft work, in all the arts, there might be a lessening of our power as great *workmen*. And the creation of great works of art is impossible without great workmanship. But to raise painting and carving-skill to a fetish—superior to fine drawing, composition, and the expression of poetic thought and exalting emotion—is childish.

We quarrel not at all with Whistler and his

followers—because they idolize artistic processes and fine workmanship, but we do so because they have deliberately advocated—and often with charlatan methods—the divorcing of the intellectual and spiritual from the mechanical elements of art—by ridiculing the expression of ideas; pool-poohing the painting of historical, religious, or social-service subjects; and calling them pests, to be avoided at all hazards, as “literally lumber”; whereas such subjects were the basis of all the great art works of all great art epochs of the past. And thus they have disastrously trivialized half of the World of Art.

So we repeat, many artists, being deficient in general culture, and given to over-worship of mere craftsmanship, at the expense of the spiritual side of art, are no doubt the best judges of *painting*, *carving* and *rhyiming*, but they are not the best judges of what constitutes a great work of art—of which finger-workmanship is but a part. We believe that if our artists will dispassionately think this over, they will see that, by maintaining their shallow point of view—that craftsmanship alone is art—they are progressively injuring their own highest interests and those of the nation, which is eager to see them produce, not only merely clever trifles, of which we have many and to spare, but truly great works, of which there are too few produced in this country.

“A WEDDING FESTIVAL IN BRITTANY”

By HENRY MOSLER

In the Metropolitan Museum, New York

M. R. MOSLER is best known by his very fine picture “The Return,”—the return home of a prodigal son in time to see his dead, saintly mother still lying in state and the vigil-keeping priest standing by her side—a picture bought by the French government and now in the Luxembourg Museum. It is one of the gems of that museum, that is—to those who are not stupidly averse to pathos profoundly expressed in works of art.

The frontispiece this month reproduces Mosler’s “A Wedding Festival in Brittany,” now in the Metropolitan Museum, a gift of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff.

Painted in the days when pictures of *genre*, or familiar-life, as the French say, were still respected—before the absurd “modernists” had succeeded in ridiculing weak artists to avoid this charming field, before they were duped to regard it as “literary” and allured them to abandon it for empty, clap-trap ping-ponging in paint—when complete sanity was, still supreme—it was greatly admired, and it richly deserved to be.

This work is not only altogether charming as to

conception, composition and color-scheme—to normal persons—but nearly all the figures are drawn with an expressive skill far above the ordinary, while the group of three figures, on the right—the village priest talking to the two children—forms a masterpiece by itself, being drawn and painted with the sincerity and charm worthy of all praise. Notice the exquisitely rendered expression of shrinking confidence in the two children as they cling together listening to the compliments of the good village priest—and notice the fine drawing and the movement in the mother washing dishes in the foreground and smiling at the priest’s kind words to her children. We know she is the mother by the expression of her face and the movement of her body.

It is this consummate command of the means of expression of human emotion and of communicating it to us which, as a work of art, lifts this far above the ordinary and makes it one of the gems of our museum. Has any living American done anything better—in this line?

(Continued on page 188)



End of the Village Gréville—Painting



The Buckwheat Harvest—Painting



The Sower

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

The Quincy Adams Shaw Collection

(By courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

DURING the past year, the paintings, pastels and etchings by the artist, Jean François Millet (1814-1875), bequeathed by the late Quincy Adams Shaw have been installed in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

The gift places the Museum in possession of a more complete representation of the work of this notable ornament of French landscape art than exists in any other single ownership. The collection includes works dating from the earliest to the latest years of the artist's characteristic productivity, contains examples of various media employed by him, and embraces landscapes and flower pieces as well as the scenes of peasant life, outdoors and in, upon which his fame chiefly rests.

Born at the hamlet of Gruchy, near Gréville, on the Cape de la Hague, where France juts farthest into the Channel, Millet passed his early maturity in Paris as a painter of historical subjects and portraits, and after the Revolution of 1848, with his friend, Charles Jacque, followed Théodore Rousseau to the village of Barbizon, on the edge of the

Forest of Fontainebleau, for a short visit which proved to extend through the rest of his life. He had already in 1848 sent to the Salon "The Sower," the first canvas in the manner of his choice. The artistic creed made plain in this and all Millet's later pictures can be found also in words of his. In an early letter to his friend, Alfred Sensier, afterward his biographer, he wrote: "I will confess to you, under peril of passing for a socialist, that it is the human side that touches me most in art. . . . It is never the joyous side that appeals to me; I do not know where it is; I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm and the silence which we enjoy so deliciously whether in woods or in cultivated spots, cultivatable or not. You will agree that it is always dreamy and sadly dreamy, although very delightful. You are sitting under trees, experiencing all the comfort and peace possible to enjoy. You see come out of a by-path a poor figure laden with a bundle of brush. The unexpected and always striking way in which the figure appears carries you back instantly to that sad



Potato Planters—Painting



The New-born Lamb—Pastel

human fact—fatigue. . . . In farm lands, although sometimes in certain regions little apt for farming, you see figures with the spade and pick. You see from time to time one straighten up, as they say, and wipe the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand—'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' In this the joyous and enthusiastic work in which certain people would have us believe? It is nevertheless here that for my part I find true humanity, grand poetry."

"The Sower," illustrated at the head of this article, was among the fruits of Millet's first year at Barbizon and was exhibited in the Salon of 1851. He afterward painted the replica now contained in the Vanderbilt Collection in New York, and repeated the subject also in pastels and drawings. The words of Millet just quoted were written at the time he was engaged on this canvas, and are an illustrating commentary upon it. The impression he sought to convey, although new to French art and unnoticed or rejected by some of the sharpest eyes in Paris, was not lost on Théophile Gautier, who thus describes the picture: "Night draws on, spreading its gray veil over the brown earth. The sower walks with a rhythmic step, throwing the grain into the furrow, and is followed by a flock of eager birds. Sombre rags clothe him; his head is covered by a kind of queer cap. He is bony, wan and lean beneath this livery of need, and nevertheless life issues from his large hand, and with a superb movement he who has nothing scatters upon the earth the bread of the future. Just over the ridge a yoke of oxen at the end of their furrow—strong and gentle companions of man, whose recompense one day will be slaughter. This gleam is the only light in a picture bathed in gloomy shade and presenting to the eye, under a cloudy sky, only a black field newly turned up by the ploughshare." By a noteworthy coincidence almost the identical motive met the same creative mood in a contemporary French poet, and was the subject of a poem that has since become as famous as the canvas. "The Sower" of Victor Hugo is a *vieillard* instead of a companion of Millet's boyhood, and the field is a plain instead of one of the downs with its oxen about Millet's birthplace; but otherwise the poem might have been written for the picture.

SAISON DES SEMAILLES—LE SOIR*

C'est le moment crépusculaire,
J'admire, assis sous un portail,
Ce reste de jour dont s'éclaire
La dernière heure du travail.

Dans les terres, de nuit baignées,
Je contemple, ému, les haillons

D'un vieillard qui jette à poignées
La moisson future aux sillons.

Sa haute silhouette noire
Domine les profonds labours;
On sent à quel point il doit croire
À la fuite utile des jours.

Il marche dans la plaine immense,
Va, vient, lance la graine au loin,
Rouvre sa main, et recommence,
Et je médite, obscur témoin.

Pendant que, déployant ses voiles
L'ombre, ou se mêle une rumeur
Semble élargir jusqu'aux étoiles
Le geste auguste du semeur.

The picture entitled "The Potato Planters," illustrated on page 140 was painted in 1862 and was shown in the Exposition Universelle of 1867. The "consummate knowledge, the air and the depth" that Corot found in Millet's paintings, disconcerted as Corot was by their daring, are conspicuous in this canvas. The ground beyond the peasant is made to recede by the strong lines of his clothing, and the atmospheric silhouetting of the donkey on the left contributes to a marvelous effect of distance in the plain stretching further.

To the Salon of 1863 Millet contributed three canvases, among them "The Man with the Hoe," since familiarized to Americans through Edwin Markham's poem and at the time defended against violent attacks by a French poet in a sonnet hailing Millet as the "peasant's Dante, the rustic's Michelangelo"—names echoed by more than one critic in speaking of Millet. Four years before, in 1859, he had painted "The Angelus," which was to become in the end equally renowned, but for which at the moment Millet had no small difficulty in finding a purchaser. By a sharp irony of fate this picture, painted in grinding poverty, finally changed hands before its reception at the Louvre for eight hundred thousand francs—a sum that would have sufficed for Millet's needs during his lifetime. It is in part to Millet's disappointment over the reception at first given his pictures that the world owes the superb wealth of drawings from his hand, of which a few examples from the collection are illustrated. "I never can paint everything I have in my head," he said; "my life would not suffice. I must therefore have speedier means for producing subjects that have remained with me from the place where I was born or the place where I live. Drawings are, beside, my only resource. Since amateurs reject my paintings, I must find by these summary compositions people who understand me and will buy them." The technical perfection of Millet's pastels and the freedom of their execution within a predetermined

* Victor Hugo: *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*; Part II, *Sagesse*.

choice of color gives them an intimate charm hardly less compelling than the grander force of his work in oil.

The oil painting of a scene from his early home, "End of the Village, Gréville," illustrated on page 138 was Millet's contribution to the Salon of 1866. He had already in 1853 and 1854 made two visits to Gréville, bringing back beside oil paintings a host of drawings and sketches. In January, 1866, he writes from Barbizon: "I am working on my 'End of the Village' opening on the Sea. My old elm begins, I believe, to look gnawed by the wind. I should like to be able to free it in space as I see it in memory. O spaces, that made me dream so when I was a child, will it ever be permitted me to make people even suspect you?" A month later, called to Gréville itself by the mortal illness of a sister, he writes of a great storm: "Fallen trees lie everywhere, among the number my poor old elm that I hoped to see again." He returned once more to Gréville with his family in 1870 under the threat of the German invasion of eastern France, and remained there through the *Année Terrible*. In October, 1871, he made a pen-and-ink sketch of the "Priory of Vauville".

The *Anse*, or Bay of Vauville, is the bight on the western shore of the Cape de la Hague fronting the Channel Islands and the Atlantic. Millet was engaged with this picture and others at intervals during 1872 and 1873, working upon a number at once. Several remained unfinished. In the midsummer of 1874 he was busy again with the "Priory of Vauville," and in November of that

year, but two months before his death, the picture was finished and sent away to America.

Before leaving Cape de la Hague for the last time Millet had painted a picture of the sea from the rocks near his birthplace, Gruchy. The critic, Théophile Sylvestre, had seen him at work on this canvas, and in a letter thus describes it:

"It is a souvenir, vivid and encompassing, of the cliff at Gruchy near Castel. It is the sea, the high sea, looked at from aloft, and grandly seen above overhanging rocks—seen in its quiet undulation and infinite extent, under a sky saturated with light and mist as far as the eye can reach. . . . These three solitudes—earth, sky, and sea—are made more appreciable by a few living things hardly to be described,—far-away sails lost in nebulous vapor, gulls screaming or wheeling in the wind, vagrant sheep whose rumps and heads alone appear in the unevenness of the thorny and deserted pasture. This picture, felt and expressed like a psalm, . . . is all space, all light, all spirit, a painted canticle of an originality powerful and calm, perfected and not deformed by study, responsible only to itself, although profoundly submissive to nature and bound by spiritual heredity to all that is beautiful—to Homer, to Dante, to Michelangelo, to Ostade, Ruysdael, and Claude. It is the passionate triple portrait of the three elements. . . . Millet has arrived at the summit of his career. . . . From this rock at Gruchy, what a flight he begins! *Qui dat pennas?*"

But it was the angel of death who gave him wings; and the flight bore him to his rest.



Training Grapevines—Pastel



One of the triumphs of American sculpture: "Death and the Sculptor"
By Daniel Chester French

CURRENT AMERICAN SCULPTURE

Some Impressions of the Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum

By W. FRANK PURDY

THERE is no better place for the war-weary soul to drop for the moment his burdens than among the silent symphonies of the current exhibition of modern American sculpture at the Metropolitan Museum, and too much can hardly be said in favor and appreciation of this present departure of the museum authorities in permitting so splendidly comprehensive a collection of the works of contemporary artists to be assembled within their walls. One has only to walk through this exhibition to gain not only renewed inspiration for the hour, but to feel—although in some vague way, perhaps—what such a collection portends for our future.

While this exhibition, irrespective of the merits of the individual pieces, has created comment and keen interest because it is so unusual, the day will come, we dare to think and must hope, when a permanent exhibition of current American art in our great museums will be a definite feature of the museum work and programme. And when this day comes, as come it must, let us hope further that it will be fittingly provided for—to the extent at least of a section, or corner, or gallery planned, and built, and decorated, and lighted for and devoted to our modern work alone.

The ideal gallery for American sculpture has

yet to be created and instituted, however, and there must of necessity be some experimenting at first. Top-lighted it must be, of course, with an atmosphere at least, of spaciousness, and a construction that will as far as possible eliminate the repeating and obstructive columns. Where supporting columns may be necessary, why not let them be arranged so as to form a framework or setting for large pieces. One is tempted almost to think, too, that in the case of decorative sculpture, and particularly garden pieces, out-of-doors is the only proper setting, or lacking that, a beautiful enclosed courtyard with grass walks and shrubbery, open to the skies, might be almost as good. If, in addition to these bare suggestions, some arrangement providing inlets and outlets for water might be possible so that in the case of fountains—for which American sculptors show a conspicuous degree of aptitude—running, spraying, or trickling water might complete the poetry of the conception, another forward step in gallery arrangement will have been made.

In the case of the present exhibition, while the best that offered itself has been used, lack of our ideal setting is apparent, and this in spite of the industry and discrimination on the part of the committees of selection and arrangement. While



The Golden Hour—By Rudolph Evans

there is plenty of light, it is a strong side light that, although flattering in some instances, is trying to a majority of the pieces shown, and there is at the same time little opportunity to give each piece the particular color, background, freedom, or other specific complement it may require—all of which only goes to strengthen our resolution that someday we shall have the intimated ideal gallery for our modern sculpture, that if possible it will be the out-of-doors gallery, and that when this day comes we are all going to have a very good time.

Again, in the present exhibition, in many cases the choice of pieces for the center of the gallery seems to be curious. Indeed, a strange reluctance about placing pieces in the center of the room seems to have existed in the minds of the "hanging-committee." Sculpture in the round should be arranged in some way so that it may be viewed in the round, or the understanding of the total composition of the piece or group can be seriously interfered with. This is notably true, in the instance of the present exhibition, of about four of the best examples in the gallery. These have, most unfortunately, been so placed as to make them look unsound in composition, whereas if they might have been placed free the soundness of the composition would immediately be obvious. For example, the *Golden Hour*, by Rudolph Evans, one of the most complete triumphs of American poetic sculpture to date—so sound and gratifying and altogether lovable that it was immediately purchased for one of the great museums in Paris, is so placed in the present gallery that the result—emphasized by the improper lighting is, to say the least, most trying upon the composition.

It is interesting, too, in the present exhibition to again trace the development of American art in this country. In no exhibition heretofore held is this opportunity so apparent. From Ward and Warner to French and Adams the most notable examples of our progress are all there, and the old question whether or no our pioneers in this art did not start along a rugged path of their own which, if more directly followed, would not have brought us sooner to our final individuality is again insistently raised.

But let us drop the issue—for the time, at any rate. Today, we have a bigger work before us than the settling of scores. The world needs beauty as it has never needed it before, and America's hour has come. "To make the world a place fit for beauty to dwell in," to restore beauty to



"A Creature of God 'til Now Unknown"
By Capt. Robert Ingersoll Aitken

that cleansed world, and to give to American made beauty—rising up out of the best that the past has known, yet strengthened and colored by our own democracy—a place equal to and hopefully higher than any beauty has ever held before, surely this is a very definite part of our war task. Now is the time to fight, fight hard, fight harder than we have ever fought before for an American art that shall truly tell the stories, picture the beauties, and immortalize the ideals of our own country. This art is on its way, and nothing but our own indifference or lassitude in the matter can stop it.

Strive and succeed as our artists may, the people must first as a class learn to know what real art is, and appreciate it when they see it, and want it with their whole soul before it can become a permanent reality. No artistic achievement is complete or perfect or lasting until it has an appreciator in addition to it's creator—someone, as it were, to love it into joy and permanence. It is by such exhibitions as the one now at the museum, however, by the many smaller exhibitions in the field of our awakening industrial art, now so frequently held, and, last but very far from least, the institution of museums arranged particularly for our children that this education of the public can be most effectively brought about. In this connection, directors of our art museums and art organizations, as well as individual patrons of art have a bigger opportunity and a greater piece of work before them—both for the period of the war and



Woman—By George Grey Barnard



A superb example of Poetic Portraiture
By Herbert Adams

the years of rebuilding that must follow—than is perhaps realized.

There is more, far more, in the present exhibition than the mere observer will find, or the mere technical artist carry away with him. Viewed intensively this present exhibition is epoch-making in the history of American art, and as such it must be gratefully recognized both by our artists and by our public. One is apt to think—always does think, in fact—of the modern museum of art as playing intimately and exclusively to the past—a record, as it were, of tales that have already been told, seldom a record of any effort or struggles in the making. The student of our country's art progress has only to visit this present exhibition, however, at our great New York museum to sense that a change is creeping into our museum life, and to feel that in a future that is not so very far away, our museums will accord the present equal recognition with the past, and, in so doing, more definitely than heretofore, point the way toward, and help us all to make the highest heights in the world of art—if not always as creators of art, surely as lovers of art. For this first attempt on the part of New York City, we should all be most encouraged and most truly thankful.

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

The Standard

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

THE progress of the race is held up, for weal or woe, by its intellectual lethargy. This is quite natural. Nature is never in a hurry, having all the infinite time there is in which to reach her goal. In the life of the individual, as of the race, concentration on self is needful for self-preservation. Most people never get past this self-preoccupation. Hence the public does not care to be bothered, or stimulated, to step out of the routine habits of acting and thinking it has fallen into, no matter how bad. It is intellectually lazy toward everything outside of its present habits of thought and sensation. "Shoo-fly, don't bother me!" is the natural attitude of the majority, even of very intellectual people, when a new idea comes along to trouble them. This is why that master-mind Buckle said: "Every new truth creates pain." This mental indolence enrages the impatient revolutionary reformer and he wants to smash things. It also stimulates even the class of evolutionary reformers—to which we claim to belong—to use, not a "big stick" like Teddy, but a rattan switch—to arouse the public to think.

That is why we made use of italics and capital letters and unusual punctuations when we began the campaign we are engaged in—a "yellow-journal" device, we know, which was effective, however *infra dig* it was to our numerous critics, those intellectually lazy stand-patters who hate even such innovations as work for their own salvation.

We are led to these reflections because a very intelligent person lately asked us: "What is the ART WORLD driving at anyway?" that after reading it for two years! Proving that, in reading, many intelligent people absorb only such things as tend to serve their immediate intellectual hungers, unless they are shocked to pay profound attention—by a pin-prick or an alarm-bell. That is why Herbert Spencer laid so much stress on the importance of paying instant attention to what is new.

We will, therefore, show that we are patient evolutionary reformers by restating our main purpose:—

All art is divisible into two great categories—Expressive art and Decorative art.

An Expressive work of art is one in which a specific subject—involving an idea, either simple or complex—is profoundly expressed. A simple idea can be expressed in a landscape, but a complex idea can only be expressed in a work involving living figures.

A Decorative work of art is one in which no special subject, involving any particular idea, is used as a basis and in which mere abstract forms are used; and, if the human figure is used at all, it is handled in an abstract way. All Moorish art is purely decorative, made up of abstract elements, never involving human figures and never expressing any idea or story or thought.

Decorative art leans toward expressive art as soon as a living figure is introduced, either human or animal. And the more the human figure is introduced, and the more each figure becomes expressive of thought and emotion, the less decorative and more expressive does it become, until the expressive elements dominate the merely decorative.

The decorative element in art is the *beautifying* element. Its effect depends upon the linear beauty of its forms more than upon its color. This is proven by that dream-palace, the Alhambra. Its Moorish decorations are in abstract forms and so beautiful that we asked ourselves, while contemplating them: "Why ever use the human figure again as a decorative element?" On our visit we allowed three days in our schedule, but we were fascinated to loiter six days by the beauty of those halls and galleries in which not one human figure was used. And those parts which have no color at all are just as beautiful as those which are loaded with color—light and shade and an old cream color lending to the dream-forms even a more alluring



Spring, by Millet—a great work of art

and spiritual quality. Showing again that colors—red, yellow and blue—are not necessary in a work of art to highly emotion us.

Some artists who use the figure neglect the beautifying decorative elements—like Giotto, Fra Angelico, and others, in their frescoes. This makes their works austere. Hence the young, who do not care for austerity, find them cold. Later in life, when they care more for being exalted to the sublime, they find them truly great works of art, proving again that young artists are rarely good critics of art.

Per contra, some artists neglect the expressive austere elements so much that the faces of the figures they use express nothing of what they are supposed to express, the artists either not being able to express what they would like to, or leaning so much towards the decorative elements, that they think it is sufficient if their work is decoratively beautiful in line, color and form, and so refuse to go through the struggle nearly always needful, for a merely decorative artist, when he wants to express a thought or an emotion upon a human face.

The highest results are achieved when the expressive and decorative elements are combined to a high degree in a work of art, as in the "Last Supper" of Leonardo; the "Creation" and "Moses" of Michelangelo; in the "Transfiguration" and "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael; in the "Surrender of Breda" and "Innocent X" of Velasquez; the

"Descent from the Cross" by Rubens; the "Assumption" by Titian; the "Martyrdom of St. Justina", by Veronese, and others we could mention. These works are not only great—but super-great. They represent the Ideal towards which every young nation in its art evolution should strive—not to imitate, but follow. While America has produced quite a number of truly great works of art, we have created but few super-great works.

This brings us to the point: This Magazine has for its main aim—the stimulation of our public to demand, not merely clever or even great works, but super-great works of art.

We can have these if the public demands them, because we feel sure that the more the public demands sublime works of art of our artists the more will they respond and be able to furnish them. For, we repeat, we have a number of truly powerful artists in this country. But so long as our men of genius, who burn up energy in attempts to produce truly great works of art are neglected, by the public—misled through the echoes in this country of a lot of chatter, of third rate press-hacks of Europe, to prefer the ephemerally clever and the cleverly trivial, we cannot hope to see produced many super-great works. Because most artists are born poor and must have their works bought by the public to enable them to live and produce still greater works. And if the public will not buy sublimely expressive works when they are

produced, our artists cannot keep up producing them. To urge the public, therefore, to support and buy truly great art, by American artists, is our principal aim, our other aims are side aims.

We have said this time and again, and to be asked, after two years of campaigning: "What are you driving at anyway?" would be irritating, instead of amusing, did we not know the ever-present intellectual lethargy which forces the reformer again and again to the charge.

We do not mean that we have too many merely decorative artists and landscape and seascape painters, as one prominent artist has said, but we insist that we have not enough expressive artists—above all, that most of our artists are too much content with the decorative side of art merely, and are not encouraged, by the public, to work hard enough to make their work truly expressive. Of course,

there are a few exceptional artists of whom this is not true. But it is true of most of our figure painters and sculptors. It is even true of our landscape and marine painters. That the total public is, of course, responsible for this is true. That is the reason why this magazine is primarily addressed to the public—to arouse it to demand more than the merely decorative. Of course, if all our artists followed our greatest artists, and all frankly assumed the role of leaders of thought and morals, our campaign would be unnecessary, and our artists would then dominate life, as did the artists of the Renaissance.

To drive home what we mean we illustrate one modern and one "modernistic" work. Let us first look at a truly modern work, that is—one that is different from every "school" of art previous to 1830:

"SPRING"—By MILLET

In the Louvre

A Great Work of Art

This is one of the greatest landscapes ever painted: Because it is profoundly expressive of the subject chosen. It illustrates the immortal vitality of the slogan—"The True, the Good and the Beautiful."

Millet was one of the greatest artists of all time. Had he lived at the apogee of the Renaissance, when sublime compositions were in demand by the Church, which really dominated life and art then, he would have measured up well with Michelangelo, Raphael, and Veronese; but, living in a transition period of skepticism, when the Government was shaky, its artists quarrelled, and the public had not obtained control of art, he, like others of his time, was forced to paint what he thought might sell, and he chose such objects as are familiar and commonplace; but he determined to make them as sublime as possible—by a truth, a simplicity and dignity, such as no man before him had ever thought of in connection with the same subjects.

This "Spring" represents a passing storm in spring, with the rainbow in the sky and the torn clouds scudding before the wind over a bank of trees, while the fruit trees in the foreground are in blossom and the puddles of rain in the road helping to indicate that a storm has just passed.

Compared with Claude's great "Landscape", in London, it is simplicity itself and, at first sight, as modestly attractive as a violet, although it instantly arrests attention. But the more one studies it the more powerful it becomes, because of the profound truth with which Millet expressed not only the rainbow, clouds and trees, but Spring itself—the aroma of trees, the smell of the earth, the very feel

of Spring, and the dampness left by rain in the air after a shower.

He did not aim to make a decorative "Spring" such as Diaz or Corot painted—he aimed to paint the very essence of Spring—as he painted the essence of sound waves issuing from the bell-tower of the church in his "Angelus." Hence we must not compare this with the landscapes in which linear beauty is the main thing sought, although it has a linear beauty all its own and its color-scheme is delicious. It must be looked at from Millet's point of view and purpose, and which the picture shows—to express nature in one of her sublime moods, when in Spring she uses all her opera-house paraphernalia to treat us to a veritable oratorio of effects: of thunder, wind, lightning, rain, gathering clouds, then, at last, sunshine and the rainbow of promise! Not only has no one expressed all this more completely than did Millet, but he did express it, and profoundly, and it is this deep expressive truth with which he did all this which makes it a great work of art.

And he did it with a mysterious "technique" all his own, one suited to the subject and his aims.

There is nothing absurdly "personal" about it, no foolish scrambling for "individuality"—at the expense of expression. Here we have no flub-dubbing about with paint and tango-ing with a brush, no sham surface "technique," but real under-the-skin technique, which expresses more than mere paint. It realizes Whistler's own dictum: "A picture is finished when the means used to bring about the end have disappeared," that is—when a picture is more than a mere piece of clever vaudeville, pig-

ment slabber-dashing. In short it is a great subject greatly conceived, simply, profoundly, and greatly expressed. That is why it is great as a process—or

technique, and at the same time as a product—a complete work of art.

As a contrast let us consider :

"THE HERMIT"—By JOHN S. SARGENT

In the Metropolitan Museum

A Trivial Work of Art

Philosophically speaking, there is nothing trivial in the universe. Every molecule is a part of the whole and, as that great artist, Millet, said: "We must use the trivial to express the sublime!" Pasteur searching into the infinitely small, among microbes, is as great as Humboldt searching for the infinitely large, among the Cordilleras. Therefore, broadly regarded, nothing is devoid of significance or of interest.

It is true that the victories of science arouse our emotions—of surprise, astonishment and wonder. But these are negative emotions, unlike the emotions aroused by the victories of art which, in addition to surprising us, also give us positive joy: mirth, delight or rapture—laughter or tears. The achievements of Science appeal to the intellect, and tend to interest us mainly in things of this earth, while those of Art arouse the soul, and tend to lift us above the commonplace and, we repeat, to exalt us above the realities of this earth into the domain of poetry, which is the highest justification an artist can invoke for his activities.

Therefore the solving, or demonstrating, of scientific problems is not the province of the artist. So that, when Chevreul and Rood say: "Shadows are blue!" is no excuse for an artist wasting a lifetime on painting blue-shadowed pictures to prove, by pictures, facts which have been proven by mechanical experiments. We are not anxious about what pigments an artist should use to paint light, or in the scientific question involved in color. Let him worry about that in his studio. We are concerned only about the truth and beauty of his work. Perhaps the most wonderful piece of sunlight-painting ever done was by Picknell, in his "Road to Concarneau," in the Corcoran gallery in Washington. Yet in that we see no "blue shadows." Showing the absurdity of the whole scientific "blue shadow school" of painting, now dead. Science has no place in art. Its aims are purely intellectual. The aims of art are emotional.

Hence, we repeat, it is the privilege of the artist through beauty to arouse the emotions of the soul of his fellow, not merely to interest his mind. If he does nothing but the latter his works are destined for that Sea of Sargossa called "Triviality", in which they finally become hopelessly lost—as far as the world public is concerned.

Of course, they may continue to interest fellow-artists who are in pursuit of special technical secrets, like a small picture in the Primitives gallery in the Louvre, showing a lot of cardinals in red robes, seated in a red room, in which the artist painted all kinds of reds and with such consummate skill that the picture is a Mecca for painters. But it is passed by the public, to whom it makes no appeal. And of course not—it has no message for the public, it was made by an artist to arouse the envy of other artists—a practise which is more current to-day than ever before. Such things are properly placed in our modern museums—to show the possibilities of artistic skill and the evolution of art, but they are dead all the same—as far as the great public is concerned. Of such is "*The Hermit*" by Sargent.

Mr. Kenyon Cox, in his admirable "Artist and Public" (Scribners) says, about this picture:

"The picture is exactly square. The choice of this form is, of itself—typically modern in its unexpectedness—and represents a bit of rough wood interior under intense sunlight. The light is studied for its brilliancy rather than its warmth, and if the picture has a fault, granted the point of view of the painter, it is in a certain coldness of color; but such conditions of glaring and almost colorless light do exist in nature. One sees a few straight trunks of some kind of pine or larch, a network of branches and needles; a jumble of moss—spotted and lichened rocks, a confusion of floating lights and shadows, that is all. The conviction of truth is instantaneous—it is an actual bit of nature—just as a painter found it. One is there, on that ragged hillside, half dazzled by the moving spots of light, as if set down there suddenly, with no time to adjust ones vision. Gradually ones eyes clear and one is aware, first of a haggard human head with tangled beard and unkempt hair, and of an emaciated body. There is a man in the wood! And then—did they betray themselves by some slight movement?—there are a couple of slender antelopes, who were before now invisible, and who melt into their surroundings again at the slightest inattention. It is like a pictorial demonstration of protective coloring in man and animals.

"Now, almost anyone can see how superbly all this is rendered. Anyone can marvel at and *admire*



The Hermit—By John S. Sargent

the free and instantaneous handling, the web of slashing and apparently meaningless brush-strokes, which, at a given distance, take their places by a kind of magic and are the things they represent."

This is all very true, and shows that the picture is a crass piece of realistic "scientific-problem-art." So far Mr. Cox has spoken as a describer of the picture. But he speaks as a *painter* when he says:

"But it takes a painter to know how justly it is observed." In these days no painter, whatever may be his deepest convictions, can escape the occasional desire to be modern; and most of us have attempted, at one time or another, the actual study of the human figure in the open air. We have taken our model into a walled garden or a deep wood or the rocky ravine of a brook and have set ourselves seriously to find out what a naked man or woman really looks like in the setting of outdoor nature. And we have found just what Sargent has painted. The human figure, as a figure, has ceased to exist. Line and all that we have most cared for have

disappeared. Even the color of the flesh has ceased to count, and the most radiant blonde skin of the fairest woman has become an insignificant pinkish spot no more important than a stone and not half so important as a flower. Humanity is absorbed in the Landscape." (*Italics are ours.*)

This is again correct. Humanity is certainly absorbed by the landscape in this "Hermit," by Sargent. But Mr. Cox continues:

"Obviously there are two courses open to a painter. If he is a modern by feeling and by training, full of curiosity of the scientific temper, caring more for the investigation of the *** aspects of nature than the telling of a story or the construction of a decoration *** he will abandon all attempt at rendering the material and physical significance of the human form and will still less concern himself with its spiritual significance.

"If on the other hand, the painter is one to whom the figure, as a figure, means much *** above all if he has the human point of view and thinks of

his figures as people engaged in certain actions, having certain characters, experiencing states of mind and body * * * he will so compose his landscape as to subordinate it to his figure and will make its lines echo and accentuate that figure's action or repose. When he has accomplished his task he will have painted not man insignificant before nature but man dominating nature."

Since man is of infinitely more importance to man than nature, and since in this "Hermit" man is reduced to utter insignificance, the question is a fair one: "Why do it at all? Above all, why should Sargent do it—after having given so many proofs of his unique skill as a "premier coup" painter? For as a picture or as a pattern there is not a single element of decorative beauty in this problem solving work.

As a conception of the subject—The Hermit—it is most disappointing, compared with other representations of the same subject. The first question nearly everyone asks is: "What is it? and when told it is "The Hermit", they say: "Oh, pshaw!" and either pass on as if bored, or try to puzzle out its significance, which need of puzzling destroys its emotioning power, which power alone makes art enduring. But, as we penetrate into the picture, we find a half-nude man lost among the rocks and foliage, who appears as though he had fallen from an aeroplane down among those rocks and was dying there. The last thing it suggests is a hermit. In short, as a conception of the subject it is trivial. As a composition it is devoid of all charm, except for certain painters, because, we repeat, there is not one beautiful line in the picture. Expressively, it is nil. For it expresses neither an idea, or a thought, or a sentiment, or a suggestion of poetry—in fact, tells nothing. Is the man praying, suffering, dreaming, or dying? We cannot tell. He is truly "a brother to the insensible rock" as Bryant said—merging with the rocks and of no more significance or meaning.

In fact the picture could be taken out of the trivial category—if the man were painted out, or changed into a rock or stump, and if it were called: "Wood Interior." Then it would be a simple, unpretentious and respectable production, even though "it is not in the running" with the wood interiors of Diaz, and others, as far as beauty goes. For the remarkable skill displayed in drawing the antelopes with a brush—extremely difficult to do, and the putting on of the exact tone of color, so as to obtain the "values" he sought—make it a rare piece of "premier coup" painting always interesting to artists, even to that part of the public curious about technical skill in painting. But to call it "The Hermit"! is to trivialize a subject full of great possibilities—as the works of others who handled the same subject show, and make of it a mere curio—as far as the great public is concerned. In reality

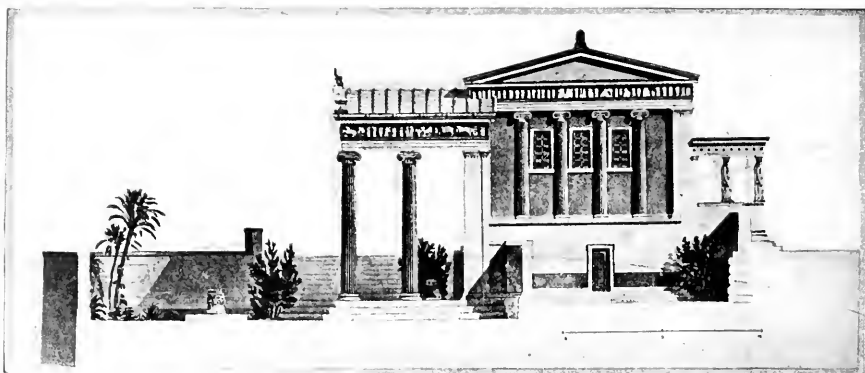
it is a fine lesson in "protective coloration" and should be studied by all our camouflage artists, since it proves the scientific theories of Abbott Thayer.

No doubt it is one of Sargent's quickly done "stunts" in painting, one of his "artistic whims," to show what he could do as a mere painter. As such it will always arouse the envy of his fellow craftsmen and followers of the "premier coup" school of painting—of Velasquez, Delacroix, Manet, and Monet, in whose works we can study the effect produced by each brush-stroke; but it is more or less distasteful to the followers of the "careful-modelling" school—of Van Eyck, Holbein, Terborg and Van Meer, in which brush strokes are no longer visible.

As a specimen of painting dexterity, it is worthy of being in any museum—seeing that museums have become more and more adjuncts of art schools, and jungles of curios, archaeology, and all grades of art—good and bad, gold and trash. And, if admitted to the Metropolitan on that basis, well and good. But the bewilderment which the public feels in the presence of this work will be dispelled if it knows that it is nothing more than a rare piece of "premier coup" painting and brush-drawing, but otherwise a trivial work, because devoid of every other excellence needful to make a work of art great, and that it was painted for painters, by a "painter's painter," and not at all to captivate the affections of the public, and by a man who has either gone over into the camp of the "modernistic" artists or amused himself by proving to them that he could easily beat them at their trivial game.

Sargent is, no doubt, one of the most able men of the 19th Century—as a "premier coup" painter. As a poetic artist he is—a disappointment. For, in nearly every one of his works there is something lacking—profound expression of poetry—sacrificed, one is inclined to say, for a display of "painting virtuosity." He is, no doubt, one of the greatest portrait *painters* that have appeared in two generations. But as an expressive or decorative *artist*, he still falls far short—when we compare his achievements with those of the kings of the Renaissance. He had his great chance in the Boston Public Library. But, while his works there are admirable, they lack those supreme ideal qualities necessary to compel our love, for which we fancy Raphael strove and which Sargent, it seems, ignored. In those decorations clever fancy and painting are all-abounding, but they remind one forcibly of the remark of Amiel: "Cleverness is useful in everything—sufficient for nothing!" Sargent is a prince among clever men, but the wise agree with Goethe: *Clever men are good, but not the best.*"

You have climbed high, John. But—come up, come up higher—there is still some distance to the top!



The Erechtheion

THE CLASSIC FORMS OF ARCHITECTURE

By EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

THE IONIC ORDER

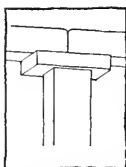
IT has been hereinbefore shown that although precedent has divided the Orders of Architecture into three divisions, still in reality, viewed from the standpoint of structural development, there are only two; the first, a logical and structural development of the principles of support, which is expressed simply in the various forms of Doric, and more elaborately in the Corinthian, and the second an unstructural, purely decorative form, the Ionic. As the name implies, the origin of the Ionic order is to be found in the Asiatic colonies of Greece, and like the Doric it is essentially a Greek order. While it is found in Rome, it never attained there the general popularity that was accorded the Corinthian, the national order of Rome, nor does it owe any of its development to Roman sources. The type which is shown at its height in the columns of the Propylea was not improved by Roman hands, nor was there in Rome greater development of the decorated form, of which the Erechtheion is the best known example, although a cap of the same general idea but of greater strength and virility, if less delicacy, is to be found in Rome. The four-cornered cap is also of Grecian origin, being foreshadowed in the interior columns at Bassæ, and further developed in some examples found in Pompeii, which from their character were undoubtedly the work of a Greek architect.

Just as the Doric column and entablature is found to have a wooden origin, so it is possible to trace the

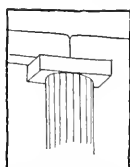
Ionic to the same source—the post and the superimposed plate to receive the weight of the beam—the radical differences between the two orders being the development of this plate or cap. In Greece proper this oblong cap was early reduced to a square (Fig. I), for the purpose of symmetry, and became a logical form in stone, as well as in wood, and was developed into the Doric capital. In the colonies, however, it retained its bracket shape, and its ornament and development became so fascinating to the Ionian architect that its structural defects were forgotten and the bracket capital with all its inconsistencies was reproduced in stone because of its beauty. In its early form the corners of the projecting bracket were usually rounded, as is attested by some stone remains (Fig. II), and upon this wooden bracket were painted some simple ornaments, of which the spiral was the most appropriate, this form being reminiscent of the curving leaf of a plant, possibly the lotus, or possibly it may be a development of the well-known wave motive which is found in most primitive forms of decoration.

In the translation of the bracket capital into stone the painted ornament was incised, for it is characteristic of the Ionic style that its ornament is

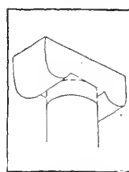
carved, whereas the ornament in Doric architecture is painted. These spirals on the early caps were separate for each volute, the ends either turning down, as in the cap of the temple of Apollo at Lesbos or in



1. Original Post and Cap.

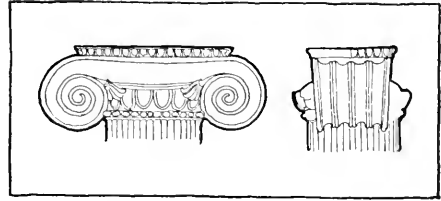


Doric Development.

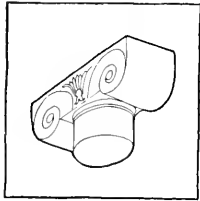


Ionic Development.

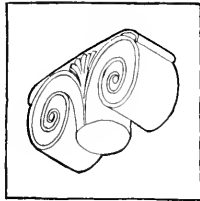
the Neandrian cap (Figs. III and IV), or finishing horizontally in a half-round, the intervening space being covered with a palmette. The Neandrian cap is interesting as the beam in this case did not rest on the bracket but on an abacus, or block, not wider than the column, showing that the bracket form was kept merely for its beauty, the point of support doubtless being reduced because the greater projection was found unnecessary and at times even dangerous, unless the beam was very accurately bedded. This abacus was always afterwards used, although in the early caps, as in the primitive capital of the first temple of Diana at Ephesus (Fig. V) the abacus retained its great sideways projection over the wide spreading volute; indeed in this cap the bracket form is very apparent, the cap being narrower than the diameter of the column. The development and ornamentation of the face of these brackets was accompanied



V. Cap, Original Temple of Diana at Ephesus.



II. Early Cap from Delos



III. Cap from Temple of Apollo at Lesbos

by a decorative treatment of the sides; the excessive thickness was relieved by channels and grooves cut in the curving surface, and carved palmettes were applied. The echinus, which on the primitive caps was part of the column, became part of the cap, and was gradually concealed by the side cushions. The shaft of the column was fluted with very small flutes, sometimes as many as forty-four being found, and there was always a base, either moulded and probably influenced by Persian architecture or sculptured as in the case of the temple of Diana at Ephesus (Fig. VI).

The entablature of the primitive temple was of wood, and consisted of a beam, or rather three beams laid flat, instead of vertically as in Doric work, these horizontal beams being echoed by the breaks in the stone architecture; and directly above this beam was the cornice, which consisted of the projecting ends of the rafters, on top of which was



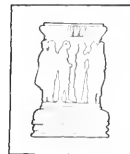
IV. Cap from Neandria

the usual cymatium or gutter. There was no frieze, and indeed it has been held by some archaeologists that even in the later temples in Asia Minor, at Ephesus, Halycarnassus, and elsewhere, no frieze was used, this hypothesis being attested by the

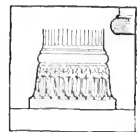
rock-cut tombs; and further, that the frieze was an innovation of the Attic Greeks, who, when they adopted the order, introduced the frieze and eliminated the beam ends or dentils. This adoption of the order in Greece itself is most remarkable. With no preliminary gradual development it suddenly sprang into full bloom, the earliest known examples being the little temple on the Ilissus and the Nike Apteros temple on the Acropolis (Figs. VII. and VIII.), both a few years in advance of the Parthenon; and while in these temples the proportions are a little clumsy and the volutes too large for the column shaft, still there is shown an immense advance from the Ionian prototype. Why this sudden adoption of a new form, no one knows. Some whim or fancy on the part of a traveled architect, perhaps. An idea has occurred to me, which I cannot advance seriously, nor would I mention it at all, did I not know that a great many points in design really do happen in this way and not by gradual development or from climatic or structural reasons. It is well known that on occasions the shields of victors or heroes were displayed in the temples, and it is conceivable that these shields might at some time have been suspended from the corners of the abacus of a Doric column (Fig. IX). If, as was customary, a garland of leaves or a festoon of flowers was hung between the shields, the resemblance to an Ionic cap would be very appreciable, and the decorative value of this form may have appealed to the Greek architect and led to the use and development of the already existing Ionic capital. Whatever was the reason for its adoption, the success of the new order in the Temple of the Wingless Victory and its novel and decorative quality appealed immensely to the Greeks, and Mnesicles, eagerly seizing the idea for the Erechtheion, developed and embellished the order to an extent that has never since been equalled. Also from its slenderness of proportion as well as its beauty the order was used in its simpler form



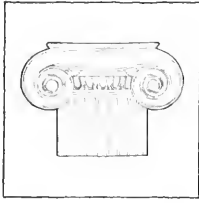
VI. Ionic Base.



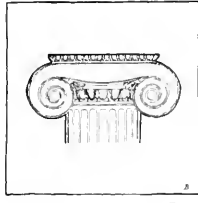
Base Diana at Ephesus.



Persian Bases.



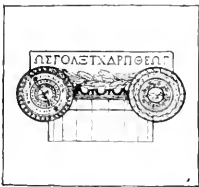
VII. Ilissus Cap



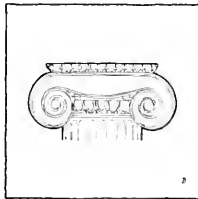
VIII. Nike Apteros Cap

in the Propylaea, and probably in the inner cella of the Parthenon, this comparative slenderness allowing the attainment of greater height than would be otherwise possible without too great encroachment on the already narrow floor space. The same reason undoubtedly influenced Ictinos to adopt it for the interior order at Bassae, which has already been referred to as the only really monumental Greek interior.

As has been before suggested, there were three distinct types of the Ionic capital as used in Greece—the simple, the decorated, and the four-cornered or symmetrical. The first or simple type is not only the most usual but is the most natural form, that is to say natural in its development from the wooden prototype. In its first use in Greece proper, in the little temple on the Ilissus and the temple of Nike Apteros, it was marked by excessive size and projection of the volutes and a certain clumsiness in proportion not only in the shaft but in the en-



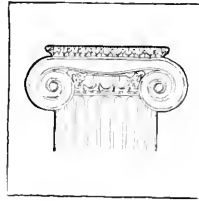
IX. Suggested reason for the adoption of the Ionic Order in Greece proper



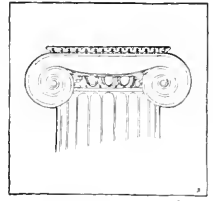
X. Propylaea Cap

tabature. In the Propylaea at Athens (Fig. X), probably built some thirty years later than the temple of Nike Apteros, there is a distinct advance in refinement of detail and delicacy of proportions. Unfortunately, this example being in the interior, there was, according to the general Greek rule, no complete entablature, the ceiling beams resting directly upon the top of the cap. We have, therefore, nothing to show what this entablature would have been if the column had been used on the exterior, although it is fair to assume that it would have been generally similar to the entablature of the Nike Apteros temple, undoubtedly with a sculptured frieze and without dentils in the cornice. From the completion of the Propylaea there is found no further trace of the simple Ionic order in Greece for almost one hundred years, and then it attained

its rather full-blown development in the colonies, in the second temple of Diana at Ephesus, Athene Polias at Priene, the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and the temple of Apollo Didymeus at Miletus (Figs. XI, XII, XIII), and again in Greece proper in the Philoipeion at Olympia. Although these orders all vary considerably in proportion and in detail, the idea is essentially the same. The volutes are simply moulded on the face and are connected by a downward sweep of the fillet which is characteristic of the Greek Ionic, as distinguished from the Roman, this dip in the fillet being undoubtedly for the purpose of counteracting a possible tendency to



XI. Athene Polias at Priene Cap

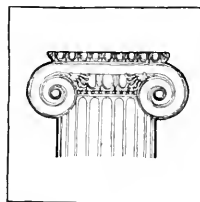


XII. Mausoleum of Halicarnassus Cap

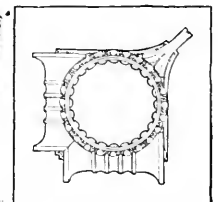
appear pinched in the centre, if the fillet was continued horizontally. It also gives a better starting for the volute itself. The rather awkward intersection between the echinus and the volute is usually concealed by a palmette, and a portion at least of this echinus always shows beneath the cushion on the side. The effect of this line is very important and the cap has more of an appearance of homogeneity when not only the fillet and bead and reel are visible but also part of the egg and dart course.

There has been much discussion as to how the spiral of the volutes was laid out in classic work. Various methods are given for obtaining this volute by slightly shifting the centres of the compass, which, although difficult of operation, are generally satisfactory enough, while on the other hand some have imagined that it was obtained by unwinding a string from an inverted cone. Mention is made that on some of the volutes certain marks have been found from which it is conceived that the volutes were struck directly upon the stone from the centres. Personally, from a structural point of view, this method is absolutely inconceivable. Any-

(Continued on page 181)



XIII. Apollo Didymeus at Miletus Cap



XIV. Plan of Corner Volute, Erechtheion



One of the finest posters the war has produced

THE ARTISTS' CALL TO COLORS

The Opportunity of the Poster

By MATLACK PRICE

"Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."—*Habakkuk, ii 2*

IN April, 1917, when the call to arms was sounded from coast to coast, in place of Paul Revere to awaken the sleeping countryside there was chosen the poster—the *only* messenger which can go everywhere among us, and still remain everywhere with us.

Never before has the poster, as a medium of expression, held such extraordinary opportunity or been given so great an opportunity. At best it used to offer a means of expressing some of the more informal impulses of the few artists who were attracted to it; neither artist nor public took the poster seriously until the year of the Great War.

Europe instantly seized upon the poster as one of the most direct and valuable of recruiting aids; instantly made use of the graphic appeal which is but one of the poster's peculiar attributes.

The opportunity of the poster is knocking at the door of every studio in the land. The call is out for artists to rally to their colors and enlist their talents in the fight for their country.

Inspiration? When has there been a greater?

Because posters have largely been used in the past for strictly commercial purposes, many artists have failed to find sufficient interest in poster design to even inquire into its nature and possibilities.

To-day there can be no hesitancy on the part of the artist to throw himself into the creation of posters with all the energy and enthusiasm he may once have reserved for great exhibition pictures. But to this present great opportunity of the poster I will return presently, after commenting as briefly as possible upon a second great opportunity, and one which must be strongly apparent to all who are identified with the art of this country, especially in the fields of commercial art and art in the schools.

The hour is at hand when the art of this country can and must be emancipated from the influence of German technique.

The issue is a clean-cut one, and of vital importance.

German methods in commercial art have gained an alarming foothold in the schools, both public and private, throughout the country. And it requires no



This Italian war poster is alive with action

stretch of the imagination to see, in the promotion of German art by German agents, a part of the far-reaching and insidious propaganda which was intended to popularize all things German until the time was ripe for material conquests.

The following announcement appeared on the cover of a circular describing an exhibition of German commercial art, sent on tour to libraries and schools throughout the country by a German company with offices in New York:

"Exhibition of German Commercial Art and its influence upon American Advertising."

The exhibition was opened in New York, February 4th, 1915, with an address by Dr. Heinrich Albert, Privy Councillor of the German Department of the Interior. Dr. Albert will be remembered as one of the first of Germany's most notorious spies to be deported from this country.

Art has been said to be universal—a possession of no one nation. This is true of real art, of the works of great ancient and modern masters. To exclude such art, or to jealously claim national possession of it would be deplorably petty.

But the type of "German art" to which I refer will be found, upon critical examination, not to be art at all. It is merely a way of doing things—in other words, a technique. And as a technique it is neither desirable in and of itself, nor in light of the fact that its imitation must inevitably be regarded



An Australian recruiting poster, strong in dramatic value

by its promoters as the successful culmination of their extensive and systematic propaganda.

Before the war this country was being flooded with specimens of German commercial art. Students took to it, readily and unthinkingly, because masses of heavy opaque color cover up bad drawing, and crude, violent color schemes distract the eye from poor line, faulty composition, and even from absence of idea.

It is the duty of every art teacher, art director and art editor, as well as of the judges in every poster competition, to deny consideration to any submitted work which is clearly based on the German commercial art idea. Only in this way can we hope to undo the harm which has already been done in the spread of the German commercial art idea in our schools and art departments.

And only in this way can we open a path for the development of anything which can come to be called American art. Our artists must design American posters instead of copying German posters.

I do not speak theoretically in this matter, but from actual observation of tendencies. I can say specifically that a number of drawings sent in for the recent War Savings Stamp poster competition might, from their technique and lettering, have been executed in Munich, everything except the wording being essentially German.

That much of this distinctly German technique appears unconsciously and, no doubt unintentionally, in the work of American artists and students is but a stronger proof of the insidiousness with which it has invaded our schools, and proof, too, of the real necessity of a strong stand being taken *now* by all teachers, editors and judges of commercial and poster art.

Reverting again to the opportunity of the poster, in its present dedication to the highest purposes which can actuate a nation or an individual—let our artists be heard from. The unknown artist may rise to fame overnight through a really splendid poster; the artist of conspicuous reputation has before him the chance of a lifetime to justify that reputation.

But a great poster is not achieved easily. The greatest part of the work involved must come before pencil is taken in hand—must come through the artist's quick intuition and imagination of the mind of his great audience, the public.

We have a legion of artists who can *draw* and *paint* posters—but how few we have who can *think* posters. And the poster which has been painted without thought will inevitably fail to convey or stimulate thought.

No amount of technical excellence in drawing or rendering will take the place of strong underlying thought. The conveying of a thought is the first and greatest essential of a poster.

Former requirements said only that the poster must convey its message in such a way that it *could* be read. But when the artist is painting a poster dedicated to any of the supreme activities of this country at war, he cannot be content to make a poster whose message *can* or *may* be read.

The artist's imperative duty is to produce a poster so compelling that its message **MUST** be read.

"A striking picture will stir more persons than a thousand words of print," is a saying which is daily gaining ground in the thoughts of those carrying on our campaigns of patriotic publicity. The morale—the state of mind—of the individuals in this country must be strengthened and upheld by the impression of certain ideas on the consciousness of all of us. The printed word, the spoken word, the pictured word, must each be used in its proper place, but on the minds of the greatest number, the pictured word will always, as it has for ages past, produce the quickest, the surest and the most lasting results.

This Government, following the example of France and Great Britain—has recently given commissions in the army to a number of artists who have been sent to the front to depict scenes and events which can be authoritatively presented to our people as a means of rousing them to the realities of this war.

The spirit of the soldier himself is being strengthened by the French Government through the distribution to the men in the trenches of two million sets of drawings by Raemaekers, which show Germany's forty years of preparation for the war.

Here in this country, our artists have contributed immeasurably to the success of Recruiting, Red Cross, Food Saving, W.S.S. and Liberty Loan campaigns. Over 2000 separate designs in posters have already been put out as the most direct means of carrying conviction to the minds of the people on the real issues of the war.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The above was taken from the *Monograph* issued by the National Committee of Patriotic Societies.



A graphic rendering of the war loan idea



A direct appeal to the civilian



The story is told at a glance



G. Bovard MacBride, Decorator

The spirit of the American country house is seen in its expression of order and in its intelligent utilization of historic decorative manners



The American country house has been developed along lines essentially livable and practical, without sacrifice of the beautiful



Guy Lowell, Architect

G. Royard MacBride, Decorator

A typically New England country home

THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSE

By CHARLES TROWBRIDGE

THE instinct to visualize is common to most of us. We ask for a picture to fill the mind's eye, and to typify the thing we are thinking of. Perhaps this mental picture is largely symbolic, and is, in reality, strangely unlike the actual thing we have wished to symbolize—but we search ever for the "typical or the "characteristic," and with this coinage we find mental and written intercourse more facile.

For many years there has been an effort to establish a mental picture which might consistently be called "the typical American country house"—but the task has been a peculiarly difficult one. The reason for this, as one of our foremost architects once pointed out, lies in the fact that this country, unlike most European countries, possesses no typical climate, no typical locality, no typical social order, no typical national heritage. Is America mountain or plain? seashore or woodland? tilled land or wilderness? Is it all bathed in the sunny climate of Lower California, or all swept by the gales of the Maine coast? It is all of these, in certain localities, and none of these in others, so that even the primitive architecture of the first pioneers and colonists was not "typical" in any general sense.

Spanish missionaries built in the southwest and on the Pacific Coast, French colonists in Louisiana, Dutch in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

and English, Scotch, Welsh, Swedes, in other parts. Small wonder, then, that there is no "typical" American domestic architecture, and the more so because of the recent importation of such varied European types as the Italian villa, the French château and the English country-house, in all its own variety.

National temperament, however, is a powerful force, and the very principles upon which the United States of America were founded have tended to unify the tastes and ideals of many races from many lands and to develop, out of the confusion, a distinct race.

It is because of this great unifying force that certain architectural traits have become so distinctive as to evolve themselves into a "spirit," not a "style" which can consistently be regarded as American.

The reason for this, in architecture, is because we are not so overshadowed by ancient traditions as our European contemporaries: we can borrow a style and modify it, or use it as a motif rather than as a literal model. Because of the many exigencies of early pioneer life, the Americans developed remarkable qualities of resourcefulness and practical ingenuity—qualities recognized in Europe to-day as essentially American.

And with this resourcefulness and ingenuity the American country house came to be what it is to-

day. An Italian loggia, for example, was found to be available during the cold months by fitting glass to its openings. Screens made it more comfortable in the warm months. American ingenuity, and the national instinct toward practicality led to the perfection of such building equipment as plumbing fixtures, heating systems, hardware. The American tendency of recent years has been consistently toward making the externally pleasing dwelling a fine mechanism of practical efficiency within. In this respect, the European architects have much to learn from the American country house.

The practical has been combined with the historic in modern American furniture and interior decoration as in architecture, and with equal success.

It may seem a considerable demand upon credulity to assert that these American traits make themselves felt even in the general impression of the exterior of the house—and yet this is none other than the fact. There is a peculiar spirit in the American country house, it might be called "practicality," but it is more than that, for practicality alone would possess little or no æsthetic value. But the blend of the æsthetic and the practical is hard to define. Perhaps an imaginary comparison may bring out the distinction and the difference.

You see, from the road, a picturesque modern European country house, and in admiring it you reflect, perhaps, that it would be a troublesome

affair to keep up. Probably only one bathroom, "queer" plumbing, many unnecessary passageways and odd corners which would multiply the cares of housekeeping, open fires instead of a heating system, oil lamps for light. Perhaps you like just this sort of thing, and on the grounds of romance there would be no argument—but such a preference is aside from the purpose of the immediate comparison.

You see, from the road, a modern American country house, and here we find it natural to call it "typical." It may be in any one of many adopted European styles, or in a style developed from the homes of our Colonial forefathers, and skillful artifice may have given to it all the semblance of having stood for many generations. But you know that inside there is a practical, labor-saving plan, hardwood floors, faultless plumbing in profusion, a systematic heating plant, electric light, and the numberless convenient housekeeping devices which so simplify the business of living that we would not even realize their meaning until we came to do without them.

And the interior would be simply and pleasingly furnished with things of familiar form and ample European lineage, yet with that sense of harmony and order and close relationship to daily life that go to make up the elusive entity which we unconsciously recognize as the spirit of the American country house.



A quality of straightforwardness, expressed in practical planning, is a characteristic of the American country house



Louis XV. sofa, covered with old needle-point

AMAZING ANTIQUES IN YOUNG NEW YORK

By LUCY CLEVELAND

THE "Periods," so-called, in the history of furnishing and of interior decorating cover the entire history, up to this moment to-day, of mankind and of manners. The origin and growth of the different styles in the decoration and furnishing of palace, or of mansion, or of cottage—varied man's varied homes—have been influenced by all that has made the development of the peoples of this earth, their social life and their customs, their battles, conquests and decline—in a word, their rise and fall. The grandeur of the Arts of Ancient Egypt,—

"... When Athens was not;

Rome? astir with the savage:

Proud Britain, mud-spot

Above waters foam-ploughed by a Pharaoh
brain-hot!"—

the Arts of Assyria, of Bagdad, of Byzantium and of the Mongol Emperors, have passed into permanence, and influence to-day the temple, the palace, the home. From out the dark period of the Middle Ages when the Gothic types prevailed, interior decorating expressing itself in heavy architectural forms—the subjects of the carving in wood-work, in furniture, being from the lives of saints, or from metrical romances—there bloomed in Italy of the Fifteenth Century the glorious Period to which the splendid development in interior decorating and furnishing belongs, called the *Renaissance*. Leonardo da Vinci was its creator and sponsor. It was the great Art Movement between the Me-

diæval and the Modern world, in letters, in architecture, and in the history of furnishing and decoration. The Renaissance was the recovery of the classic Greek and Roman types which for centuries had been submerged. The glorious antique became the classic standard. The movement swept through Europe, known as the French Renaissance, the German, the Dutch, the English, the Spanish Renaissance. The Renaissance artists brought back the classic mythology into their carvings, upholstery, satins; and representations of the seasons, of the elements, grafting this great movement into the national life according to its temperament, its climate, its tendency.

I have been wandering for many days, through many hours, among the treasures, antiques,—recently acquired from Europe a-crumbling, by a prominent firm.* With reminiscent love and pang, one may renew in these salons the years of delight and development amidst the grandeur that was Rome, the old dim glories of Venice, the art of the French Kings, the perfumed folly—enchantment—of the ladies who were rulers of kings, the sturdy and magnificent timbered interiors of the Elizabethan, the Stuart, the Jacobean Periods, these latter overflowing into the Art of the Days of the Dandies, when you had your portrait taken by the scissors, when to weep was extremely fashionable. Nothing so valuable has as yet been presented to New York as these halls to which I refer, of an-

* John Wanamaker.



Mlle. de Lisle's boudoir



The early Victorian room

tiques cut right out from the afflicted heart of Europe slashed and gashed—and the end is not yet! Let us look a little closer at these rooms of the amazing antiques, and exchange Mars for Venus and Apollo—and a dash of the Dandies' punch.* I shall enter directly into the room that probably saw a return from the revels of the Regent of Carlton House. It is a Georgian room. You stare. You are almost fearful lest the shade of Mr. Brummell within one second will seat itself in yonder chair near the open hearth, and, with matchless impudence, take a pinch from the Regent's snuff-box. Or, did I hear the grunt of "Old Q."† as his valet de chambre released the many-folded white neckerchief of the killing bow (to the ladies). Note, slowly, the room. The walls of unpainted oak‡ were taken from a Georgian house in Argyll Street, W., London, a house near that beloved Almack's of the balls and the perfumed promises.

The Queen Anne bed is entirely covered with crimson satin damask. The marble chimney-piece is an Adam§ piece. Note the carving! The immense portrait above the fireplace might be one of the Miss Gunnings, beauties of the year, when a London populace stood on chairs in Hyde Park to see their *ca-lèche* drive slowly past. The portrait is of a Miss Saunders, and is by Joseph Highmore (1692-1710). Its price is \$850. Note the fine old walnut cabinet of interesting secret drawers—O love-letters, or dark documents! This cabinet is marked \$500. The cosy, roomy chair drawn up near what was once a blazing hearth, interested me almost painfully. Who sat in it last! The chair is upholstered in needlepoint on yellow satin, and is a Queen Anne bit. It is marked \$950. It deserves it! But look yonder, at an old *Johannes* spinet of the 17th Century (1680). The spinet is of lacquered wood highly glazed. The designs upon its cover are the Chinese *motif*. It is more than probable that, as was the fashion of the time, the parts of the spinet cases to be decorated with a coating of lacquer were sent to China, and returned when coated. The secret of lacquer was known only to the Chinese—afterwards imitated in Europe. This marvellous old spinet has arabesques and landscapes on a golden ground. Its keys still give out a ghostly whiff of melody. The old spinet is \$5,000. We add, it is beyond price. The popular adoption of the Chinese extravagant nature forms, influenced by Persian charm and the mathematics of decoration, can be attributed to Sir William Chambers, and earlier than William and Mary (1689), under Marzarin (Louis XIV.). We shall see how, later on,

in 1720, Louis XV. sent an embassy to China to stimulate trade, and this step was followed by a furore in decoration, for Chinese stuffs. The pictures on the walls of this old Georgian room are very valuable. There is a set of four Venetian caricatures, (1) the singer, (2) the toper, (3) the gourmand, (4) the fool. Note yonder rare portrait (\$880) of the Marquis of Cornwallis. The gentleman, in pink coat and pride, reclines in an easy, insular way, under an English oak, with never a hint on the horizon of Yorktown and your Uncle Sam's Pine-Tree Flag,—the *Liberty Tree*.* The portrait is by Zoffany. Will you look into that large mirror on the wall—from Hampton Court. The central panel was broken in transit, but the border is old, old glass. And yonder is another mirror of a fascinating, deep border of Venetian glass richly worked, so quaint that as you gaze into it you seem to see the faces of the "First gentlemen in Europe collar—and cravat," and the ringlets of ready maidens.

"France, since the days of the Renaissance, has been the centre of the artistic world," says Louis Hourtiq; and we *Amen* that amid our tears to-day. Going on through these halls, we are walking right into the epoch of the passing of the *château fort* into the *château de plaisance* when the châteaux of France came into imperishable being, when the glories of the Louvre and the Tuileries became forever names to conjure with, and when, under the effulgence of the Grand Monarque, decoration crowned itself with pomp—and Versailles arose! splendor culminating in the elaborate extravagance,—garlanded display,—of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the latter plummy epoch toned down by the taste of Marie Antoinette at her *cher Trianon*. The *Régence* was the uneasy, modernizing period between Louis XIV. and Louis XV. We stop before a magnificent, pompous gilded wood mirror-frame (Louis XIV.), \$1,000. The mirror-frame is from ceiling to floor. We sit down for a solid second on a Louis XIII. bench, very valuable, upholstered in needlepoint on old velvet, a dimming delight of an antique at a hair-raising price, \$450. Here is a Louis XV. sofa, at \$1,500, upholstered in Beauvais tapestry, low warp, foliage motif. We pass Mlle. de Lisle's Boudoir. No, we did not pass by; we surrendered, we stopped. I am not ashamed to say that my eyes were wet.

"Where be all those dear, dead women of the gold hair

Used to hang and brush their bosoms,

I feel chilly, and grown old."

* The writer counts as her two most valuable bits of portable furniture: (1) The Prince Regent's recipe for punch (1811); (2) The desert Arab Chieftan's recipe for the making of his Kess-Kesson.

† The Marquis of Queensberry, the most noted rake of the Regency.

‡ Wood-panelling was first used for doors in the reign of Henry III. (1216-1272).

§ The influence of the brothers Adam (1762-1785) upon furniture and interior decorating was very marked. Robert Adam, architect to George III., was buried in Westminster Abbey.

* The Pine Tree Flag, the heraldic flag of the Cleavelands, the first flag of the American Revolution, a Pine Tree on a White Field, with the motto "*In blood to Heaven*," on the reverse side "*Qui Transtulit Sustinet*," was carried through Bunker Hill by the forces under Major-General Putnam, the writer's ancestor. It was the ensign of the first floating batteries launched in the Charles River (1775). The first six schooners commissioned by Washington sailed under the Pine Tree Flag. Thus, it was the first flag of the young American Navy.



Wall panels, Chinese motif with Louis XVI. tables

This boudoir (Louis XV.) in its entirety was taken from an apartment in Paris. One does not wonder that the boiserie is \$8,000. It is a gem, of the ornate but chastened taste that was to prevail under Marie Antoinette at the Petit Trianon. The panelled walls recalled vividly just that tiny jewel rimmed around with the gorgeous strut (*démarche superbe*) of the Park of Versailles. The gentle coloring appeals! The clock on the mantel-shelf, of Spanish bronze, a Jouard, à Paris, still warns of "Time like an ever-rolling stream." The secretaire is just large enough at which to pen a tormenting billet-doux. A pair of love-birds, natural colors, caress in cold china. Their ardors reproach the pitiless river.—Lethe. The quaint window at the farther end of the boudoir should give upon the Milking-Tower of the Hamlet of the Petit Trianon. In a glass of milk the Bourbon Dynasty was drowned! The Trianon was the last straw in monstrous expenditures which a famished Faubourg St. Antoine could bear. In the window's ingoings, in Mlle. de Lisle's boudoir, we looked for the grooves which, as in the case of the windows in the boudoir of Marie Antoinette (formerly Mme. du Barry's boudoir) at Trianon, were grooves for mirrors that were lowered in the evening (!) by mechanical means, thus concealing the windows. On account of this mechanism, Marie Antoinette's boudoir received the name of the "*Cabinet des glaces mouvantes*." It is well to record that this mysterious apparatus was destroyed at the time of

the Revolution. Under the window of Mlle. de Lisle's boudoir there is a cosy alcove where there is a startlingly broad sofa,—couch,—luxuriously upholstered in satin, fitted into the alcove. Instantly, we recalled the divans in the Alhambra, solaces of Sultans. . . .

This pathetically pretty, and most valuable boudoir, a harmony in a flamboyant era, is of that epoch when the boudoir was more important than the salon. Instead of the majestic grandeur of the Era of Le Roi Soleil, its stateliness of galleries, and the true splendor of decoration, ease, luxury and licentiousness wreathed themselves in the temple of sensuality, and interior decorating became the apotheosis of artificiality.

In going on into the Hall of Tapestries, we pass an old oak chimneypiece, an antique if ever there was one! It might have come straight out of Cardiff Castle, Wales, the Welsh seat of the Marquis of Bute, where the writer's childhood was spent, a walled demesne, one of the most perfect examples left in Europe of the Age of Chivalry, restored by his lordship at the cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling—all except the old donjon or keep, and the dungeons. This precious old chimneypiece is marked \$1,400. Worth it—and more!

See yonder a set of Chinese panels, hunting-scenes (\$2,000). A marvellous room could be built around these panels. They are of the years in the Early Eighteenth Century when the East India

Company, together with the travels of Chambers, influenced all Art, influencing, moreover, the work of the brothers Adam, and Hepplewhite and Sheraton, though these men of brilliant parts did no lacquer work.

Ah, the Tapestries! Needless to say, they are of expansive interest. The large hall glows with them. They are of noble Flemish, Gobelin and Arbusson weaves. But I looked in vain for pure Arras panels. Again one feels the pomp of the Grande Monarque, the royal conquests and the contribution to deathless Art. For it was Louis XIV. who established, under Colbert, the *Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne*, and made the Gobelin and Beauvais works part of the royal enterprise. In this hall, see that glowing Flemish tapestry (one of a series of five) which represents a fête champêtre, doubtless Diana at the Chase. In this brilliant room I was immediately attracted to three magnificent Dutch panels, very large, painted on canvas, landscapes that radiate sunlight. The artist dipped his brush in high noon, and imprisoned in permanence one perfect hour.

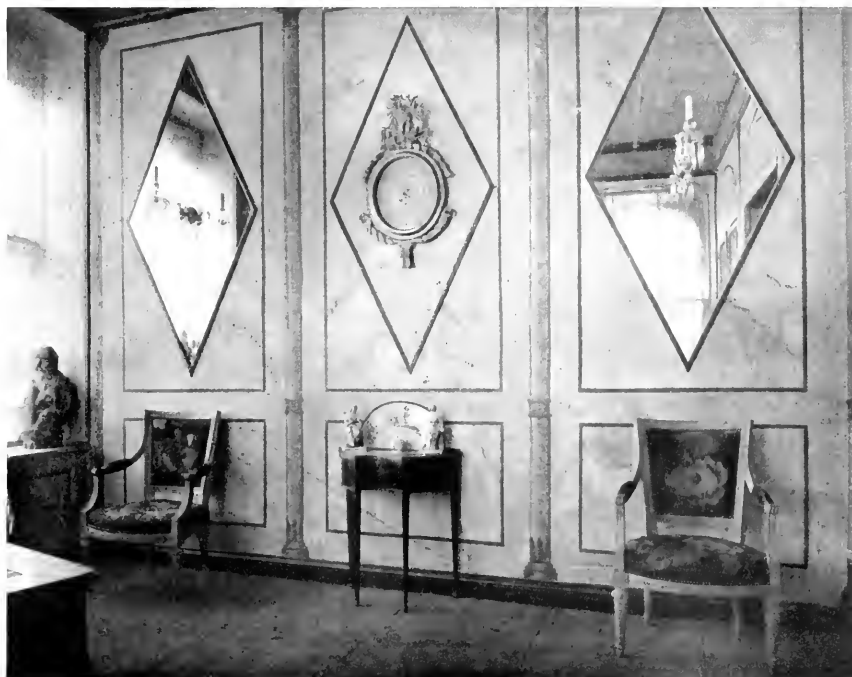
Come into this bright "Little House" (Louis XVI.). Four rooms,—salon, bedroom with adjoining boudoir, living-room and dining-room. Here we have a reversion to the early classic taste in Marie Antoinette's régime. No longer do we see the exaggerated curves in the acanthus from

Louis XV. See that fascinating little table, of the many secret drawers, that stands beside the dainty bed of the violet silk coverlet. You may count up its value as an example of the straight legs that came in again when Louis XV. went out—for its price is \$385.

Two Louis XV. sofas interested me very much. Not the price—\$2,500—but again the whole flaunting epoch passes before one; we see the Rococo which presented flowers as large as your head, and unwitting pheasants the size of timid canary-birds. But, it was the Era when manly man was led by perfumed crinolines, with an actual rose-colored ribbon around his actual neck. And then—the Red plunge of the Revolution. The thinker pauses before these giddy Louis XV. sofas, and broods on the Philosophy of Evil as aid to the Emancipation of Man.

There are two Directoire doors on this floor which many an artist has pronounced the finest thing in the generous exhibit. These doors (\$2,000) can be used for communicating doors between lordly rooms, or for bookcases. Our mouth waters. The ornamentation of the doors is very fine,—Cupid's Arrows and Flaming Hearts.

"Directoire." Does the reader intelligently recognize the term as applied to Interior Furnishing, to Decoration? The Directory was the Period in French History, 1795-1799, which immediately fol-



Directoire Room (1796)

lowed the National Convention of the French Revolution, when Barras had chosen as his lieutenant a young general who had performed important services before Toulon, *Napoleon Bonaparte!* The Counsel of Ancients and that of the Five Hundred, organized on the 27th of October, elected as *Directors* of the Republic five regicides who had voted the death of Louis XVI. This Period, the Directory, more fittingly called Transition, has that genius the great *David*—he who had sided with the extreme party of Robespierre, and had been twice thrown into prison—exercising an influence not only on the politics but on the furniture of the day, the styles, etc. Surely, David's *Récamier au sofa* is too well-known to comment on. The styles that had prevailed with the Bourbon kings were, of course, not acceptable in the new political atmosphere, and the enormous genius of David found instant recognition of his classic revival. His art was Pompeiian idealized. And this charming and delicate classicism came over into the sturdy and stirring times of the First Consul and of the First Empire, when Napoleon—master-patron of Arts, and of David the painter—may be said to have been the introducer of the inspiration of "Egypt" into furniture types. Let the reader recall the Empire Room at Fontainebleau. God save it! we cry out to-day. If Art perishes, there sinks humanity!

The imposing chandelier in that Empire Room at Fontainebleau brings me to speak at once of the Crystal Room. It looks as if the Fairies' little fingers had tingled at it, and they had skipped away—so light, so soft. . . . The girandoles of the large branches resembling bunches of flowers are worthy

of the days of the Grande Monarque, and of halls where ladies commanded five feet across for the hem of the robe to sweep, where men bowed from the waist-line—and "Hello!" was as yet mercifully a dead one. The crystal balls and lustres in this room are very beautiful, as are the smaller mirrors. We pause, with interest, at the delightful Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton furniture in the large hall leading out from the Crystal Room. And what is a "Chippendale"? Briefly, the elder Chippendale came to England before the death of George I. (1727), and immediately started to make furniture upon the Queen Anne style. The Queen Anne style (1702-1712) was thoroughly Dutch, and had a distinct style. During the Queen Anne Period the fashionable woods were walnut, beach, holly, birch and yew. But Chippendale's son had absorbed the French taste of the Louis XV. and so in a Chippendale piece we see the mixture of Louis XV. at its best. The square legs of a Chippendale chair came in about 1750. In the Chippendale chairs the splat invariably comes down to the back part of the seat, reinforcing and strengthening the back, while the backs of Hepplewhite and Sheraton chairs are above the chair seat, always. In Washington's home at Mount Vernon you will see a ladder-back Chippendale chair, which was a form common in Colonial days. Hepplewhite chair backs were oval or shield-shaped, had a curved top, and never came down to the seat. We stop at a charming Hepplewhite secretaire, or desk, of the high glass doors, innumerable shelves, countless drawers. There were no safety deposit vaults in these days, therefore secretaires were the only strong boxes.



A painted screen by Guy Arnoux of Paris

Our heart leaped up as we lowered our back to inspect the objets d'art in the Spanish Department. The Spanish ceramics! *Daniel Zuloaga*! We studied Spanish with the chum, in Spain, of the great *Zuloaga*,—*Ignacio Zuloaga*,—nephew of this gentleman, the celebrated ceramist, who walked into immortality in the canvas of *Zuloaga*, and went forever into the Luxembourg, Paris. *Daniel Zuloaga* is head of the pottery revival at Segovia. He is known in his own city as "el alquimista de San Juan de los Caballeros." Throughout Spain he is called "el gran cerámico." Don Daniel is a painter as well as a potter. These graceful, dark and lurid vases are signed with his name.

Love. In these glum days of Materialism, or of fevered Patriotism, when Laughter is the Eighth Deadly Sin, and not a mortal save two,—a French *savant* and myself,—seem to see the comical side of this world-smash, it were well to cultivate the Chiefest of these, which is *Love*! I hastened through the halls of the antiques of John Wanamaker's, toward the Early Victorian Room, where I knew I would get a whiff of *Byron*, and turn a page of *Lady Blessington's Keepsake*,—that dear undying book (bound in half calf) for quiet bedroom devotions. And I stood at the entrance of this masterly Early Victorian Room, and I laughed till I was weak. *Byron* would have had to borrow a handkerchief from that beautiful minx, *Idit*, Lot's Wife, who turned into a pillar of salt—tears. Yes, with eyes moist, *Byron*, thou wouldst have raged in thy matchless quatrains at Charm & Womanhood fleeing before the martial tread of *Mrs. Professor*! We can look back, without any fear of *Idit's* fate, at the ladies of 1820-1840 who handled these antiques in this delightful room. The screen in front of the hearth is in worsted cross-stitch, mounted on three legs, and it hitches up and down—ye gods!—to shade the ladies' faces in front of the fire—from various fires. The centre table is set out with impossible shell baskets done in probable patterns,—hearts. "Give us a little more heart!" cried *Mrs. Skewton*. It is the only lever, *Mrs. Professor*, of 1917. The polls won't build up a dying fireside. Look at yonder card-table. The chairs around it are done in loving worsted-work, and you sit on your own adored one; for it was an era when ladies had time for home; when Hearts, not Clubs, were Trumps on the card-table of life. Here is a most valuable portrait, a full-length, of a lady if ever there was one,—hoopskirt, bodice, ringlets that doubtless swept the harp, and—*décolletée* according to *Victoria*. The lady looks into your face "till your heart is like to break," for the Romantic Era obliterated by the buzz-saw. I wish someone would draw me *Uncle Sam* in love. But, who could he love to-day? The lady of to-day is too busy to hear her breastworks, and to-morrow she's going



The Louis XVI. table

to be buzzer—for she's going to be President! Hooray!

I retired to the mortuary picture in the corner of this pensive room. Talk of buying a ticket for the latest comedy! Come hither, and weep your eyeglasses off—with laughter. But, easily one of the rarest bits, in positive value, in all this valuable collection is the mortuary picture: a sentimental cemetery; a tomb, a tree. The tree!—in natural colors, it starts its roots in a Heart, and it travels upward to the skies, each redundant branch an abundant child. Latest birth, 1791. Under the touching old picture, valuable as the Family Bible and Family Prayers, there are verses,—piety and anagram, till in your throat chokes that greatest gift, and the first-born of the gods,—Laughter and Tears. You feel a vague stir at the heart. "Where is 'Piety'?" *Ah, autre temps, autre mœurs!*

As I leave these ateliers of antiques, I am wondering as a philosopher, which "Period" the reader would choose for interior decoration and furnishing, if permitted by King Midas to buy liberally to-day. Interior decorating, to-day, as in the passing of the pomp of kings, and the ambitions of Leaders of Men, and the lyric days of Love, is the outward and visible sign of the inward and invisible *You*.



Flemish Landscape—By Margaret Patterson
Courtesy of Ehrich Galleries

THE NEW AMERICAN SCHOOL OF WOOD BLOCK PRINTERS IN COLOR

By PEYTON BOSWELL

OF deeper significance than is recognized at first thought, is the development within the last few years of a school of American artists who are devoting themselves to the making of wood block prints in color. Insignificant almost in price, as compared with other forms of art, their work, because of this fact, means much to the artistic life of the country—more, perhaps, than some lines of endeavor that are accorded dignified acceptance.

The wood block printers in color are producing art of the finest type—art that is bound to have a permeating influence in the development of the love of beauty in America. And their work is typically American, despite the fact that the movement no doubt owes its origin, in the first place, to the great interest that has grown up in Japanese color prints. Some of the new work, it is true, is frankly inspired by the Japanese, but even this is American in essence. It carries the lightness and cheerfulness of oriental color to the West.

This group of American wood block printers in color is small in size, comprising little more than a score of artists who have so far achieved things worth while. However, their work, which is intensely decorative, is already attracting much attention. Not that a collectors' cult has arisen—the work is too new for that—but the new color prints fill a distinct want, and especially in the home. They

occupy a middle ground between the art demands of the wealthy and those of the poor, and satisfy both. Many of the prints would grace my lady's boudoir or add cheer to a morning room, because, although not costing much, they are real art and fulfill their mission to be decorative and to bring happiness. Many others would add just the artistic touch needed to the walls of a bungalow or to the especially appointed rooms of a country home.

But, most important of all, is the place which the color print can be made to take in the homes of those who cannot afford paintings, but who, doing the obvious thing, have covered their walls with the inartistic hodge-podge that can be bought, "beautifully framed", by the van load at the department stores and the notion-shops. It is when seen in this light that the little group of American wood block color engravers appear as veritable missionaries and entitled to the support of all those art movements which of late years have sought to promote the handicraft idea and to wean the people away from their too manifest hankering for machine-made art.

In the golden age of Japanese color engraving, when Hokusai and Utamaru and their colleagues were turning out the thousands of beautiful prints now so dearly prized by collectors, they were preeminently the artistic creators for the masses of Japan. Paintings on silk adorned the homes of the

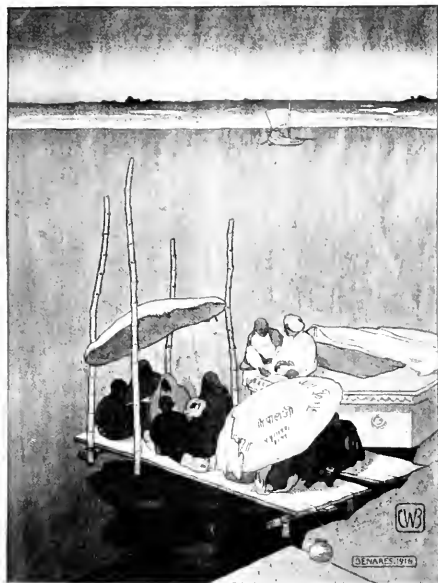
wealthy Nipponese, while the common people just as dearly loved the prints turned out by the specialists in wood and paper. Succeeding generations acknowledged that there was just as much beauty and art in the prints as in the paintings, and oftentimes more.

So plentiful did these beautiful prints become in Japan that they were used even as wrapping paper. In fact, it is a matter of art history that America owes the introduction of the Japanese print to the fact that ceramics and carvings were shipped to this country wrapped in some of them. Prints now almost priceless in the collector's eyes were rescued in wads and rolls from packing cases where they had been used to prevent the breaking of vases and bowls and lacquered boxes.

Just as the Japanese print arose from the demand for decoration in the tiny and airy little homes of Japan, the American color print is particularly appropriate for the bungalow and the country home, where it affords great possibilities for beautiful and individual effects. Nearly always it has the outdoors for its motif, and its very simplicity is in accord with the simple appointments of country life.

Then again it brings the outdoors and the sunshine into city homes, all the way from dining room to bedroom, and anywhere except where art of a more stately nature is demanded to maintain the dignity of things.

The art season now closing has afforded the color print artists recognition which they have never had before. At least one big Fifth avenue gallery has realized the importance of their work and has made a specialty of it. Several score of their creations have been shown in a special exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries, in which twenty-four artists were represented.



Benares—By Chas. W. Bartlett

The prints ran the whole gamut from the subtleties and careful work of the old school to the distortions for effect and the color stridencies of the new. For instance on one wall were four examples of pure beauty by the pioneer American color block engraver, Mr. Arthur Dow, who uses positive tones that are yet soft and blending, and on another wall was a collection of the work of Mr. J. O. Nordfelt, whose "Bathers", with its mass treatment of the human body and its extravagant use of complementary curves, is a work calculated to evoke censure in some quarters and vigorous praise in others.

Mr. Dow's "Willows", beautiful of design, is rich with the declining sun, and a little print called "The Derelict", whose theme is an old row boat abandoned in a waste of marsh, presents the softest greens and yellows with just a hint of carnation.

Mr. R. Ruzicka, who works in hard wood, with a different block for each color, is also of the old school. "Manhattan", a glimpse of the lower island from the bay, is delicate and beautiful, and "Palisades" is notable for its romance and its emotional values, with its slim bare tree and its snow covered ground and sky line blue in the distance where the Hudson bends. The same system of different blocks is used by Mr. H. M. Eaton, who, with a feeling for color inspired by Japan, presents "Early Sunshine", of golden tone, and "Early Moonrise", printed in the deepest of blue. The romance of moonlight is used by Miss Alice Smith in her "Moonflower and Hawk Moth", delicate and pale,

(Continued on page 188)



Moon Flower and Hawk Moth—By Alice Smith



Courtesy of Reed Shop

Reed furniture lends itself especially well to painted effects

INFORMAL FURNITURE FOR PORCH AND INDOORS

FADS in furniture design are ephemeral, and we are fortunate if we are not lured into taking them up. The desire for novelty is more likely to produce bad design than good, for the designer or manufacturer who seeks novelty as his sole aim is prone to run to extremes and to forget his artistic traditions. Mission and Art Nouveau atrocities have come and gone, and we continually hark back to the period styles when we desire something substantial and sure.

But there is a danger in being too conservative. There is no fundamental reason why the new should necessarily be bad, though it often is, and those of us who yield too far to reactionary tendencies may find that we have, in our ultra-conservatism, rejected something worth while, something which marks a real advance in mobiliary art. The true criterion by which to judge a novelty is found in determining whether it serves some useful or decorative purpose more successfully than what has gone before.

Of all the furniture introductions of the past twenty years, probably wicker most completely meets that test. It is not a twisting of some well-established style into new and strange forms. It is a definitely justifiable, legitimate medium, possessing qualities which no other material possesses, executed in a manner natural to the material. Wicker furniture is comfortable, decorative, reasonably inexpensive, durable when well made, suited to many domestic purposes; there is a reason for its existence. Let us consider these characteristics a little more in detail, for usefulness, beauty, and durability are the qualities by which all furniture should be judged.

In one sense, wicker furniture is by no means

a new creation. The idea probably originated in the Orient, and wicker furniture was imported into England and America in the early days of East Indian shipping. In Europe the old art of wattling goes back to Roman days. But it is only within a comparatively few years that much has been made of it in modern homes. Since the beginning of the present century it has been developed from a make-shift porch furnishing into something suitable for the entire house.

To-day there are many manufacturers using many materials. Willow, rattan, cane, reed, bamboo, and various grasses are all included in the term wicker; furniture made of these materials is all of a similar type. Bamboo, rattan, cane and other materials are still imported from the South Sea Islands and from China, but our best furniture is made from native materials. Willow formerly came from Belgium and France, but an excellent quality is now grown in York County, Pa., and elsewhere. We also use native reeds, and tough prairie grass such as is to be found in the boggy lands of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

The nature of the material is such that a large part of the work is necessarily done by hand. This insures careful finish and the charming results from the more primitive methods of craftsmanship. In wicker furniture of the best type, we are spared that crude machine-made look which mars so many of our modern products.

Manufacturers have learned to construct their framework so that it is stout and strong. We have no more of those rickety willow chairs that used to collapse after being used for a short time by a heavy person. A framework of willow or other light wood is stoutly joined together, and

this is further reinforced by the covering of wicker. The grass, reeds or willow withes are woven upon this framework in close or open mesh which gives an opportunity for a wide variety of decorative effects. The result is a strong, durable piece of furniture, light to move about, elastic and unequaled for comfort, with a surface which is not easily marred or scratched and that may be cleaned with a damp cloth. The necessity for handwork keeps it out of the cheap class of furniture, and yet the average prices are moderate.

Wicker furniture comes in the natural colors of grass, reed or willow, and is also stained and enameled. White, cream, ivory, pale gray, green, and brown are among the popular colors, though there is really no limitation. The colors soak into the material like dye, and so are permanent. The decorative possibilities, in fact, are endless, especially when combined with harmonious upholsterings. It is this possibility of variety which makes wicker furniture as suitable for the living-room of the city houses as for the porch of the summer bungalow; it is all a matter of treatment.

The forms in which we find wicker furniture are a natural outgrowth of the material. The other day I picked up a catalogue of willow furniture dated 1895. Nothing could be more horribly ornate, more foolishly cluttered with meaningless scrolls and excrescences. We have advanced a long way since that time. Our designers have worked largely without precedent to guide them, but they have evolved a genuine style. Our better designs, largely of German or Austrian origin, are simple but not austere, their broad, flowing lines suggesting ease. The best design for wicker is that which suggests the flexibility of the material—broad surfaces and flowing curves. Wicker should not be tortured into shapes which are not in some degree suggested by the nature of the material. It should be treated more as a woven fabric than as a wood.



Courtesy of Jos. P. McHugh & Son

The natural willow is here used with pleasing results

Almost every sort of furniture may now be had in wicker—chairs, sofas, tables, desks, bookcases, swings, tea-wagons, couches and settles, sewing-tables and smokers' stands, tabourettes, Bar Harbor or beach chairs, and complete sets for library, bed-room, dining-room, etc. There are also many smaller pieces made in wicker, such as plant stands, wood baskets, lamps, jardinières, candle shades, vases, bird cages, etc. The chief danger is in using wicker for objects to which it is not well adapted, such as clock cases and hat trees.

Wicker furniture is still imported from the Orient to some extent, notably Manila or Philippine chairs, with their great, flaring backs, and Canton chairs and stands with hour-glass shaped supporters in place of legs. Some American manufacturers have adapted this Canton design.

The appropriateness of wicker furniture for porch, sun-parlor, summer bungalow, or yacht is obvious. Gradually, however, it has been making its way into other parts of the house. One does not need to have a room furnished entirely in wicker. A few pieces contrast pleasantly with more formal furnishings, adding a note of comfort and seldom suggesting discord, though of course it is out of place in a room furnished strictly in a period style. We are beginning to understand the eclectic principle in home-furnishing. And above all, wicker furniture, with the appropriate upholsterings, offers an opportunity for color treatments which is impossible with heavier and more sombre materials.



Courtesy of Reed Shop

Reed flower table, an interesting new design



PORTRAIT OF A ROMAN LADY

By Francesco Penni, 1488-1528

Penni was one of Raphael's Roman pupils and approaches his master, particularly as a draftsman, more closely than any other painter who followed the young Umbrian

NOTES *of the* STUDIOS and GALLERIES

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has just acquired from the firm of Demotte what is declared to be the most important piece of Gothic art ever brought to America. Both the art concern and the Museum are observing strict secrecy in the matter, but it is known that the Museum officials intend to make a public announcement concerning the acquisition in the October number of the *Bulletin*, when the work will be illustrated and authoritatively described. The specimen is said to be noteworthy both because of its beauty and its importance.

Since the war there has been a great growth of interest in this country in Gothic art. The pitiful destruction of so many fine Gothic examples by the Germans has introduced a sentimental element to that which already was endeared to art lovers for its beauty and purity. As if in response to this increase in interest in this country, the firm of Demotte, recognized in Paris as authorities on Gothic art, during the last season established a branch in New York City, under the management of Mr. J. Vigouroux. The firm brought many fine pieces of Gothic art to New York, and both private collectors and the officials of American museums availed themselves of the opportunity to study the collection.

The sale of art from France in this country is being encouraged by the French Government, as one way to help restore the balance of trade which, because of war conditions, has been greatly on the side of America.

The bust of Mrs. W. E. Bock is amongst the most recent work by C. S. Pietro, who for many years has been achieving fame in New York for the quality and distinction of his statuary. Mrs. Bock, of Toledo, was hostess in April at the unveiling of a life-size statue of the great naturalist, John Burroughs, which was purchased by Mr. W. E. Bock with the intention of having it placed upon a huge boulder on a terrace in his grounds overlooking the Ohio River. Upon second thoughts he decided that this living portrait of a great man would serve a better purpose if presented to the town. The Toledo Museum joyfully accepted the gift, and the Director and Mrs. George Stevens arranged a fete day combining Arbor Day and the Naturalist's 82nd birthday, to which John Burroughs was specially invited, the occasion being marked by numerous patriotic speeches and the presence of all the children of Toledo from near and far, about 40,000, and some 10,000 adults.

The sculptor in depicting Mrs. Bock has been peculiarly sensitive to the dignity and matronly charm which he has managed to convey in a very decorative manner. Pietro in the last few years,



Courtesy of Demotte

Early 14th century sculpture, School of L'Île-de-France, similar in character to that secured by the Metropolitan



Courtesy of Reinhardt Galleries

Portrait of Mrs. W. E. Bock—By C. S. Pietro

besides many flights into the realms of ideal sculpture, has perpetuated in marble and bronze a great many men and women of premier importance, as for instance Hon. W. H. Taft; Mrs. Shepard and her nieces, the Gould children; Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt and her little son; Professor Muir; Professor Osborn; Enrico Caruso; Professor Van Hise; and J. P. Morgan—to mention but a few.

This portrayal of Mrs. Bock combines dignity with refinement of treatment, the quality of flesh and a sense of color being commendable features of a finely executed commission.

Portraits of Generals Foch, Joffre, Haig and Pershing, by Le Grand Cameron, wife of Col. George H. Paine, Field Artillery, U. S. A., who has just returned from the front, are exhibited for two weeks at the gallery of Paul A. Thurnysen, Windsor Arcade. The sketches were made from life.

Mrs. Paine is descended from a long line of fighters and therefore it is only natural that her painting should be best exemplified in the portrayal of heroic figures. She is the daughter of the late General Francis Hawks Cameron, of Virginia and North Carolina, and of Eugenie Le Grand, the noted Alabama beauty of a former generation. Her mother was born at the court of Napoleon III., and Empress Eugenie, who stood

godmother and whose name she bears. Her father was a descendant of the great Sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel, Inverness, Scotland, and a first cousin of the present Chieftain and Lady Hermione.

Watson's "Americans of Royal Lineage" records the family of Mrs. Paine as "descended from Cedric, nine generations having preceded him, who founded the Kingdom of Wessex in 519 A. D. The present Cathedral of Winchester, consecrated in 1093, stands on the same spot as the sanctuary of the house of Cedric. Such queenly grandmothers as Eleanor of Castile, Isabella of France, and Annabella of Scotland are noted figures of interest in the ancestry of this American artist. The connection of the Camerons of Lochiel with the Royal house of Stuart is one well known to history.

"CAMOUFLAGE" IN WAR AND NATURE

THE Exhibition of paintings by the Messrs. Thayer which was opened on June 20th at the Whitney Studio Club in West 4th Street, is especially significant at this time. The following is quoted from the circular: The word camouflage is heard in the land. Turn where one will, one hears or reads in the intimate vernacular this word which but a year ago was a mysterious foreigner and new arrival in our midst.

Everybody knows about camouflage these days; but how many Americans know the real origin of



Courtesy of Demotte

"The Discovery of America"
A Gobelin tapestry woven for Louis XV.

it all? The origin, that is, of the thing itself, back of the name. The *name*, new in this use, is of French slang origin, but the thing itself is primarily an American creation, and the work neither of warriors nor army experts, but of a distinguished artist, Abbott H. Thayer.

"Concealing-coloration" is what the thing was called before it acquired its captivating new French nickname. "Concealing-coloration in the Animal Kingdom" is the title of the book, widely but never popularly known, which lies at the back of this whole camouflage business. An earlier essay by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer entitled "The Law Which Underlies Protective Coloration," containing in unexpanded form most of the essentials of the book, was published in "The Auk" in 1896, and shortly afterwards reprinted in the Year Book of the Smithsonian Institution. The book itself, published by the Macmillans in 1909, was written by Abbott Thayer's son, Gerald H. Thayer, and illustrated by both father and son, with other collaborators. In America this book encountered a good deal of bitter criticism; but with a majority of the foremost scientists of the Old World it was immediately rated as a classic in its field.

"Your book has convinced us all," said Professor Herdman, of the University of Liverpool, to Mr. Abbott Thayer in December, 1915. And he added that he thought it would be a good plan for the naturalists of Great Britain to sign a joint statement to the effect that they believed Mr. Thayer's unique knowledge of protective coloration could be made of the greatest value to the War Department. No such step was necessary, however, since "concealing-coloration" (not yet nicknamed *camouflage*—at least outside of France) based upon the book, was already doing war-service of various kinds both on land and sea.

This was largely owing to the efforts of several other British scientists, notably Professor J. Graham Kerr of Cambridge and the University of Glasgow, who had gone so far as to urge that the Government create a special bureau for the adaptation of "Thayer's Concealing Coloration" to use in war.

Much of the direct adapting to war-use has been done by Mr. Abbott Thayer himself. More and more of the formulae and devices submitted by him to the French and English have been reappearing in real service. And the genius of French and other artists at the front and elsewhere has added countless special or local adaptations and developments—of this strange art of Yankee origin which the world now knows as Camouflage. From time to time, again, startling evidence comes to light that Germany has studied the Thayers' book with particular understanding.

Certain old-time critics of the Concealing-coloration book may be tempted to dispute some of the

claims above set forth. One can imagine their asking in characteristic fashion whether it was Mr. Abbott Thayer who devised the horse at Troy, or invented the trick of ambushing with the help of hacked-off bushes or grass in battles half a dozen centuries or more ago. Hiding and trickery of all sorts are as old as war. But the "*camouflage*" of to-day and to-morrow, based on a scientific theoretical knowledge of the intricate laws of visual disguise, plus the artist's practical command of the jugglery of optical illusion, seems, like the aéroplane, to be a new thing under the sun.

And just as truly as Professor Langley and the brothers Wright were the formative geniuses of aviation, so truly is the artist Abbott H. Thayer, in collaboration with his son, Gerald H. Thayer, the original formative genius of camouflage.

The collection of pictures consists of a miscellaneous group of studies in "concealing-coloration." Several of them are originals of illustrations used in the Thayers' book.

These pictures do not illustrate camouflage in war; but they will be found to furnish valuable side-lights upon it. Most of them were made before the war began. They illustrate several phases of what people will now call "camouflage" in the world of nature—among birds, beasts, butterflies, etc. Some of them might better be described as diagrams or demonstrations rather than as pictures.

In the making of these illustrations, three principal methods have been followed. The majority of the pictures are *painted landscapes* in pastel, oil, or water-color, containing *painted representations* of real birds or other creatures. Likeness between bird and surroundings is so close that the birds are more or less difficult to find in the pictures until revealed by the outlining stencil (an adjustable and removable sheet of cardboard containing a stencilled cut-out of the bird).

The second method consists in applying a *bird-shaped stencil*, *not* to a picture of a bird among like-colored surroundings (as in the pictures just described) but to a portion of the landscape itself containing colors and pattern like those of the kind of bird after which the stencil is cut. The landscape enclosed within the characteristic bird-outline looks astonishingly like a picture of the bird itself.

The third method consists in constructing a landscape, in true scenery-colors, with *no pigments save the actual feathers* of certain birds which live amid scenery of this kind. In one picture, No. 4, the landscape is made *partly* with artificial pigments (pasted) and *partly* with birds' (magpies') feathers.

The great point in these other demonstrations of Mr. Abbott Thayer's, is this: The birds, etc., are shown to wear *no colors* which are *not* abundantly and exactly reproduced in their environments; and in many cases they are shown to wear veritable

(Continued on page 178)

RECENT BOOKS

BEYOND ARCHITECTURE, by A. Kingsley Porter.

THE MEANING OF ARCHITECTURE, by Irving K. Pond. Marshall Jones Company, Boston, Mass.

Art in general, and architecture in particular, impresses one from time to time with its extraordinary vitality, because of the large and indifferent way in which it lives through the multifarious theories it inspires.

Art in general, meaning, specifically, painting, has lived through so many theories, evolved by critics who have (perhaps) believed themselves singularly endowed with analytical perception and synthetic vision, that it seems, for the present, to be immune. In its place, architecture, so long strangely neglected, is now presented to the lay reader in a constantly increasing number of theoretical essays in book form.

Anything, be it said, is of more than passing import, if it will tend to remove the general conception of architecture from the field of technical subjects, and establish it in the field of popular, or (on a higher plane) aesthetic subjects. Building and engineering are technical subjects; architecture is not—and we may therefore be entirely sincere in welcoming two recent books which treat of no technical aspect of building or structure, but which seek only to set forth architectural properties which might rather be called spiritual, aesthetic, interpretative and even visionary.

In commenting upon "The Meaning of Architecture" by Irving K. Pond, and "Beyond Architecture," by A. Kingsley Porter, we must take the *a priori* stand that their theses represent sincere convictions on the part of their authors. And it is, perhaps, a general truth that any conviction, if sincere, is of interest not only in itself but in relation to the subject involved. It should never be forgotten, however, that the eternal danger of individual theorizing lies in didacticism, in the exploitation of personal opinion at the expense of broad vision, and in the quite understandable instinct on the part of an author to ignore or suppress all things contradictory to his theory, while emphasizing and magnifying all things which tend to support his theory. The works of Ruskin will immediately suggest themselves as a monument of egotistic and didactic theorizing, long accepted by students as criticism.

"The Meaning of Architecture," by Irving K. Pond, would reveal its author as an architect, even were the fact not generally known. At the outset Mr. Pond possesses the inestimable advantage of *knowing architecture*—and there is no question but that his remarkably sympathetic interpretation of the reasons involved in the evolution of Greek ar-

chitecture must illumine and even thrill the aesthetic perceptions of his lay readers.

Certain statements which seem to have been inspired by more enthusiasm than logic are well overbalanced in significance by statements possessing a fine degree of lucidity.

It may safely be said that, without some understanding of the principles of Classic architecture, no lay student can be capable of enjoying an intelligent consideration of modern problems, tendencies or *desiderata* in architecture.

"Beyond Architecture," by A. Porter Kingsley, sets forth a thesis which is, perhaps, more ingenious than lucid. At times, indeed, the author would seem to have got so far "beyond" architecture that the reader entertains grave fears that architecture will never catch up with him. This book is, on the one hand, rich in pertinent thoughts and suggestions, and on the other, discloses, here and there, some vagaries which are indeed beyond architecture. For example; (speaking of Gothic architecture): "Given the buttresses, the design of the entire church is in a measure determined." As a mere matter of structural fact, buttresses were evolved to take the side thrust of arches, to prevent the arches from pushing the walls apart, and thus one is inclined to support the contention that buttresses do not determine the design: the design determines the buttresses.

The most valuable chapter, perhaps, as well as the most interesting and original, is the chapter called "Paper Architecture," in which the author shows the steady deterioration in architectural vigor which has taken place correspondingly with the availability of paper, the perfection of drawing instruments and the standardization of architectural drafting. Architectural drawings in the Middle Ages were rare indeed, and the few drawings which are known to have been made were freehand. The creators of the great cathedrals were builders and craftsmen, rather than draftsmen, and it is because of this that their work possessed its inimitable qualities of vigor. Many of the unfortunate tendencies of modern "paper architecture" would be overcome, at least in the matter of detail, if more architects would model their detail in clay.

One feels that Mr. Kingsley's book is one which may best be enjoyed only by readers who possess a modicum, at least, of familiarity with architecture. And this is not because of any dearth of ideas, but rather because of a somewhat nervous, and at times brilliant, barrage-fire of too many ideas.

Let us have more books such as these—they all tend to bring about a meeting between the public and that most intimate yet least understood of all the arts—architecture.

C. M. P.

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Art critics are now advising museums and collectors of taste to buy Italian Renaissance Furniture

(Continued from page 175)

pictures of characteristic portions of the scenery amid which they live.

"Oh yes," the scoffer will say, "an artist's ingenuity can *arrange* bird and background so that they match; but in nature such an arrangement will seldom happen." But this is begging the question altogether. It is not artistic trickery, but scientific and correct, in demonstrating these remarkable resemblances in color and pattern between bird and normal background, to see that the *inherent likeness* between the two is shown as forcibly as possible by careful arrangement. Of *course* the bird would seldom be found in *just exactly* this or that position in relation to a given spot of background. Anybody can see that. The point is that the bird's colors and patterns are such, *and only such*, as are *characteristic ingredients* of his background. This means that in *many normal views* he will be *more or less* "lost" to sight against his background. The searching eye of his enemy "skips about" over a wide field of vision, *focussing only here and there*. *Complete focussing* is usually required to penetrate *even a second-rate "disguise," if the disguised object keeps still*. This is a fact of the profoundest bearing upon camouflage, and especially upon the camouflage of nature.

ARTISTS OBJECT TO WAR MEDAL DESIGN

Failure of the War Department to respond to the aesthetic objections of the National Sculpture Society to the present military medals led to a direct appeal to Congress by the Fine Arts Federation through Senator Chamberlain.

Resolutions passed by the federation suggested a national competition of artists to design a suitable medal to be presented to soldiers and sailors for heroic conduct in war. The resolution follows:

"Whereas, All medals of honor issued by the United States in recognition of distinguished service should be expressions of the highest form of American art, as these medals will be memorials of the artistic development of the present day, and must stand in comparison with similar medals and crosses awarded by our allies; and

"Whereas, In our opinion, the published designs for the new medals do not attain to this high standard; therefore

"Be it Resolved, That this board recommend to the proper authorities that the artists of America be invited to give their best efforts to this important work, and that the designs submitted be subject to the approval of the National Commission of the Fine Arts."

The action of the Fine Arts Federation was the outgrowth of a similar protest sent recently to Secretary Baker, to which, it was stated by officials, only an evasive answer was given.

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EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN SILVER

THE collection of early American silver formed by R. T. Haines Halsey is so well known to connoisseurs that any particular emphasis laid upon its interest and value must needs be superfluous. It is therefore necessary, in this brief note, only to call attention to the loan exhibition, at the Metropolitan Museum, of a number of representative pieces selected from Mr. Halsey's collection. These three cases, taken in connection with the Clearwater Collection, lent by Judge A. T. Clearwater, which occupies the major portion of the same gallery, form an assemblage of early American plate unrivaled in the country.

The exhibits divide naturally into two groups: the work of the silversmiths of New York and vicinity, and that of the craftsmen of Boston and New England. The scarcity of works of the New York smiths renders noteworthy the present collection, in which are numbered some fifty pieces of New York origin. These range from the earlier types of mugs and tankards, through early tea-pots of Dutch inspiration, to the engraved, sophisticated English forms of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. Among the Boston makers are many whose names are well known to fame—for instance, John Cony and Paul Revere—and whose designs perhaps outrank those of their New York contemporaries in purity of line and beauty of proportion. In the adjacent Clearwater Collection, other designs from the hands of the same men may be studied.

The utensils themselves have a human interest, epitomizing as they do in their uses the daily life of our American forefathers. The church silver suggests the creed for which the early settlers gathered; the numerous porringers remind us of the needs of the then "young America"; the tea and coffee pots, sugar bowls, and creamers show forth the housewife's pride in her store; while the tankards, wine tasters, and lemon squeezers testify to the capacity of the gentlemen of the household for the cup that cheers.

The work of these early silversmiths has also another interest. It argues, undeniably, the possession by these workmen of a very nice aesthetic perception and a sensitiveness to beauty in line and mass, in color and texture, which have not always been associated with the beginnings of our country; and, further, the active and prominent part taken by those same silversmiths in civil and municipal affairs would lead us to believe that their interests and tastes were largely shared by their fellow-citizens.

It is this combination of interests, both human and aesthetic, which renders so distinguished the Halsey Collection of silver, of which the present group is representative.

CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

(Continued from page 154)

one who has tried to lay out a volute with a compass knows how extremely difficult it is to get any two volutes that are exactly the same, and there is no doubt in my mind that these marks, if caused by compass at all, were caused by those measuring the cap for the purpose of restoration. I think that unquestionably the Greeks carved their capitals from models, in the Ionic as well as in the Doric, just as is now done, the outline of the volutes being probably pounced in some way similar to the method now in vogue. In modern work I have found it absolutely essential to study the Ionic cap at a small scale in its entirety, in its relation not only to the whole column shaft but to the entablature above. For a height of twenty feet or over, three-quarter scale is plenty large enough to give a very accurate idea of the size of the volute and its projection, as well as the proportion and entasis of the shaft. When the size and position of the volutes have been absolutely determined from the model they can then be laid out mechanically with a compass, following no definite rule, but with the exercise of an enormous amount of patience and by repeated attempts. I have found, however, that it is better to determine the spiral very accurately on the drawing before giving it to the modeler, as a spiral is one of the hardest things to model that I know of. In general, there is no rule for the size or projection of the volutes; it depends entirely upon the material and the character and location of the order, and can only be decided by a careful study from small scale models.

Wherever the Ionic column was used in a peripteral temple in ancient times, the corner column gave the architects endless trouble. In fact, the corner column always presented a serious problem in any order. In the Doric order it was because of the triglyph, and in the Ionic order because of the fact that the Ionic cap is not four-sided, therefore, in turning the corner it was necessary to put volutes on the two contiguous faces, and in order to do this the corner volute had to be bent outward on the diagonal, while on the interior corner two half-volutes were unsymmetrically joined (Fig. XIV). The result was extremely incongruous and unfortunate, and whereas in the Doric order the problem of the triglyph was successfully solved, in the Ionic order the solution was not to be found, and this not only prevented the most frequent use of the Ionic order in peripteral temples, but even possibly may have prevented its adoption prior to the little temple on the Ilissus. The Romans evidently did not regard the corner volute as a happy solution, and except in a few unimportant instances did not use the Ionic order in peripteral temples.

(To be continued in the August issue)

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Mr. Porter treats of broad principles applicable not only to architecture, but also to the other arts, painting and sculpture, even music and literature. He demonstrates that beyond architecture as eternal principles of beauty lie significance and content.

It is only in modern times that art has set itself no higher goal than art itself, and this abandonment of an ulterior idea has lead to precipitate decline. Hope for the future of American Art, the author concludes, lies in a return to intellectuality.

This is a revolutionary contribution to criticism which no architect, artist, or person interested in art can afford not to read.

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Those dealers present or represented at the Thursday meeting were Knoedler & Co., F. Kleinberger Galleries, P. W. French & Co., Lewis & Simmons, Ehrich Galleries, Ralston Galleries, Macbeth & Montross Galleries, W. & J. Sloane, the Gorham Co., Durand-Ruel, Kennedy & Co., Dawson Galleries, Charles of London, D. G. Kelejian, A. Seligmann & Rey, E. C. Hodgkins, E. Gimpel & Wildenstein, Arthur G. Vernay, John Levy, Hollaud Galleries, Olivotti, San Giorgi Galleries, E. & C. Canessa, Yamataka & Co., E. F. Bonaventure, Oshima, C. W. Kranshaar Galleries, Max Williams, Kouchaki Freres, E. & A. Mileh, Tolentino Galleries, Frederick Keppel & Co., Folsom Galleries, R. F. Field & Co., Spanish Art Galleries, Thurnissen, Warwick House, E. L. Farmer, Brummer, Di Salvo Bros., Saito, Clapp & Graham, Laus, Ricci, Whitney-Richards Galleries, H. Koopman & Son, K. Minassian, C. V. Miller, R. Erdreher, Arthur of London, C. V. Mileh, Alvaioe & Co., and Ginsburg & Levy.

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We, the undersigned, being persons of full age and at least two-thirds being citizens of the United States, and at least one of us a resident of the State of New York, desiring to form a corporation of art dealers pursuant to Section 180 of the Membership Corporation Law do hereby make, sign and acknowledge this certificate as follows:

First: The name of the proposed corporation is to be American Art Dealers Association, Inc.

Second: The particular objects for which the corporation is to be created are as follows:

The fostering of trade and commerce, the interest of those employed in the sale, collection and exhibition of works of art, the reform of abuses relative to the business of dealing in works of art and incidental to such business, the securing of freedom from unjust or unlawful exactions, the diffusion of accurate and reliable information as to the standing of art dealers and merchants and other matters, the procuring of uniformity and certainty in the customs and usages of trade, and commerce, and of those having a common trade, business, financial or professional interest, engaged in or in connection with works of art, the settling of differences between its various members and those engaged in the business and their customers and the promotion of a more enlarged and friendly intercourse between business men.

* * * * *

Fifth: The names of the persons to be its directors until its first annual meeting, are as follows: Mitchell Samuels, Charles R. Henschel, M. Parish Watson, Walter L. Ehrich, Wilson Hunte, Hiram Burlingham, Louis Ralston, Robert Macbeth and Roland F. Knoedler.

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It has taken us a long time to find out that when the nation goes to war, the industrial arts perform go with it. We have gone into European battlefields in the cause of democracy, while at home in the industrial arts at least we have allowed our development in the last quarter century to become almost ruthlessly autocratic.

It is our boast that "all men are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." Under this slogan we have construed democracy to imply the extending of the greatest attainable benefits to all equally. We all know that it is nothing short of the truth to say that in the industrial arts field, notably in those contributing to home furnishing, the greatest benefits are held at the call of the greatest purses. For in the industrial arts, the real benefit, after primary utility has been satisfied, is the factor of satisfaction and mental improvement growing out of good design. I can say without scruple that good design is no more expensive than bad design, and that if good designs are not available for the man in the street the system which produces these designs must be undemocratic and therefore wrong.

In view of this major premise it is obvious that the matter of mobilizing the industrial arts takes on a much larger significance, for it implies that the fabric of production, and under this head we include the agencies of distribution, must not only be brought to the pitch of highest service under present exigencies, but that the fundamental structure of both producing and distributing factors requires revision. Mobilization implies the achievement of productive efficiency on the basis of maximum effort and maximum performance, with minimum outlay and minimum waste.

The process of mobilization in the industrial arts therefore can take place only at the prompting of a careful scrutiny of present methods, and this scrutiny it is hoped will bring to light some of our most serious defects in this important field, a field, by the way, involving an annual expenditure in peace times of half a billion dollars for home furnishing alone, while at the same time perhaps, pointing out several immediate solutions of current evils and possibly a remedy for the most vital evil of all, which reaches the very core of the art structure of the country. To appreciate the problems of the various industrial art producing fields it becomes necessary first to consider existing conditions in design and manufacture and their causes and it becomes necessary secondly to take account of existing methods of bringing the manufacturer's product to the people.

It may be a startling assertion to make among craftsmen that the machine is undoubtedly the greatest single advantage and aid that has ever been offered to civilization so far as the industrial arts are concerned. If the machine is to be ruled out as an agent of productive craftsmanship, it is only fair to say the mallet and chisel must also be laid aside. The difference is in degree only. The machine makes possible unlimited production. Its application is



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limited only by the ingenuity of the brain, and properly used, it reduces the cost of a good thing sufficiently to make it possible to carry that good thing to the remotest regions. If there is anything wrong with machine manufacture of industrial art objects, it is not the fault of the machine because this cannot do its own thinking. If the machine has not served us well it is because we have projected into the cold and only mechanically responsive laths and looms those qualities of animation and imagination which the human brain alone can contribute. The machine has always been nothing more than the apotheosis of mere mechanical execution, a glorified tool which may be made practically automatic, but whose finely articulated motions are not to be confused with the activity of the human brain.

When the machine first proved its worth as an agent of production, with characteristic human frailty we leaned upon it too heavily, marvelled at the wonderful things it could do and all but forgot that before the fine loom with its intricate Jacquard attachment could perform its office, a design had first to be made. We became so enamored of the process of production that the more important factors of design and finish were obliged to yield place. Every improvement in the machinery of manufacture has pushed craftsmanship further into the background, has exalted the machine operative and has almost eliminated manual industrial art production because of the reduction in price made possible by mechanical execution.

It is high time that these conditions be modified. I shall be the last to advise the elimination of the machine in this process. I shall be the first to advise that with the machine as one of the agencies of production, excellent design and ultimate finish of industrial art objects be once more made the more important considerations.

Craftsmanship can never again mean what the word implied before the 18th century. The reasons are obvious. The commercial value of the machine is one reason. Democracy is another.

If all products were handmade, could we afford them? Yet, on the other hand, does not the poorest among us feel assured that he is entitled to the same products? There is no other way of bringing together the home and its home furnishings except through the machine. It becomes our task, therefore, to give the machine its proper place and to revise our standards of craftsmanship in such manner that the craftsmanship of design will provide for the imagination, the machine for the mechanical execution, and the human hand for the craftsmanship of manual revision of machine made products.

Thus we will harness the machine to the mind, not the hand to the machine. Unfortunately, the latter condition still holds true, and as long as this is the case the industrial arts cannot realize a severe ideal, for they will be controlled by those conditions which now exist and which are the direct result of the misuse or abuse of the machine.

Not so long ago there were made in the Middle West 20,000 chairs of a single design. Obviously, without the machine they could not have been executed. A regiment of hand craftsmen would have been needed to make them, and that only at the price in time and money that would have made the under-

(Continued on page 190)



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THE NEW AMERICAN SCHOOL OF WOOD BLOCK PRINTERS

(Continued from page 169)

in lavender gray and pinkish yellow, with its moth silhouetted against the moon disk.

Frank orientlists are Mr. Charles W. Bartlett and Miss Helen Hyde. The former is a veteran who works in Hawaii and Japan. Notable among his prints are "Iwabuchi", mountain and sun-kissed summit and river crossed by a frail Japanese bridge, and "Udaipur", in deep, fine colors of blue and orange, full of the romance of India. Mr. Bartlett's work is deeply serious, while that of Miss Hyde is enlivened by a keen sense of American humor, as is evidenced in "Baby Talk" and "The Family Umbrella."

Miss Helen Colwell is an interpreter of the bigness and lonesomeness of the sky and the great outdoors, presented with a keen sense of decoration in color and mass. "Cornwall Coast" and "Green Mountains" are fine examples of her art. Gustave Baumann is known as an interpreter of New York, who is typically represented by "Fifth Avenue" and "Madison Square."

The school, besides Mr. Norfeldt, has devotees of the newer tendencies in Miss Ada Gilmore, who is postery and post-impressionistic in her "Rag Rugs" and "Walking to Wellfelt"; Miss Florence W. Ivins, who injects the Bakst idea in "Pavlova's Le Cygne"; Mrs. Ruth Clements Farrell, who essays decorative designs reminding one of Maurice Prendergast in "Washington Square South" and "In the Park", and Mrs. Juliet S. Nichols, who essays what is almost cubistic in "The Explanation" and "Head of a Moor".

It will be interesting to watch the development of the American group of color printers in wood, and to observe the growth of their influence on the artistic life of the nation.

"A WEDDING FESTIVAL IN BRITTANY"

(Continued from page 137)

Of course, the influence of the "mere painters" has been strong enough to relegate this picture into a secondary place, over a stairway.

But in a whirligig of time, when complete sanity will again reign in the world of art and when expressive pictures shall again be regarded as of more importance than a more decorative, slap-bang painting, it will be cleaned and again come into its own and be once more recognized as one of the true prize pictures by American artists; those who have admired the picture and been in doubt about it can rest assured of this for there are fads and fashions in art as in chignons and bustles and only those things that are true, good and beautiful will survive outside of the lumber-rooms of our various museums.

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MOBILIZING THE ART INDUSTRIES

(Continued from page 186)

taking impossible, and all of this apart from the fact that it would probably have been impossible to find the requisite number of craftsmen willing to work on the same design in so many repetitions. When we are told that 20,000 chairs were made from one design, our first feeling is one of horror, for we assume that they must have been of execrable conception. Fortunately for my own peace of mind, I do not know what their design was, but this does not reduce the value of the example. Assuming this to be the industrial art province in Utopia, we may assume that the original pattern for the 20,000 chairs was good. We have therefore the possibility of disseminating a good design in 20,000 places, while under ordinary conditions of purely manual craftsmanship there might have been no more than a dozen chairs of that kind. The efficacy of the machine need therefore not be emphasized. If the original design for those 20,000 chairs was bad, then assuredly a crime against the public morals was committed in selling them. And in that case, the machine was assuredly misused, but by the same token, it was not an accomplice in the crime any more than a dagger in the hand of an assassin may be so called. It is here then that mobilization begins, it is bound to begin with fundamentals. It is only because the industrial arts have not hitherto taken their proper place in the scale of American life that now in war times certain of them have been considered by the national government as non-essentials. Manufacturers have not been able to prove to the government that anything which makes for mental equilibrium in time of peace must likewise be an asset in time of war.

Things are furnished on the basis of the customary misstatement that such things are "what the people want." May I suggest the revision that such things are what the people can get? By providing such things as part of a consistent policy, distributing agencies, dealers, and others in the same field are to all intents and purposes conspiring to keep public taste at a low level. The manufacturer cannot wait for the people to say what they want; his taste must be better than theirs and he must anticipate their wants.

To be sure, the general standard of taste in this country, so far as the industrial arts are concerned, is nothing whatever to boast of. Fifth Avenue is not a criterion by which to judge America. The real average would be nearer the other side of town.

But what of the manufacturer? Is it not his province to make well-designed things? Assuredly it is, but very few manufacturers sell to the people. They sell to the middlemen, and the middleman's standard of appreciation, based on contour, color and style, is a very puny thing compared to his standard as represented by the cost of the article and the mark on the price tag when it is sold. Dealers and distributors generally have not insisted upon quality of design. Quality of execution, workmanship, materials, they know how to gauge, for these are dispensed on a sell-by-weight standard, but that indefinable quality of taste they cannot gauge, and so but few of their number know how to buy and sell in terms of taste. The

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Illustrated Catalogue: Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary

manufacturers then can provide only what these distributors will sell, and in fairness to the latter it should be said that it will require some courage, not to mention some knowledge, on their part to convince their patrons, the purchasing public, that the better thing is not necessarily the more expensive thing or the more elaborate thing.

In the reaching for novelty, the manufacturers established an unsavory system of competition, and at present a new "line" of designs is brought out each year. In certain fields, two new lines are issued annually. For commercial reasons, the lines must differ radically in order to command attention. Short-sighted business does not see that the more often you call a person's attention to inferior things the less attention you will get each time. Arbitrary concoction of styles in furniture and furnishing twice a year is one of the most wasteful procedures as to time, talent, materials and money than can be found anywhere in the American manufacturing world.

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* * *

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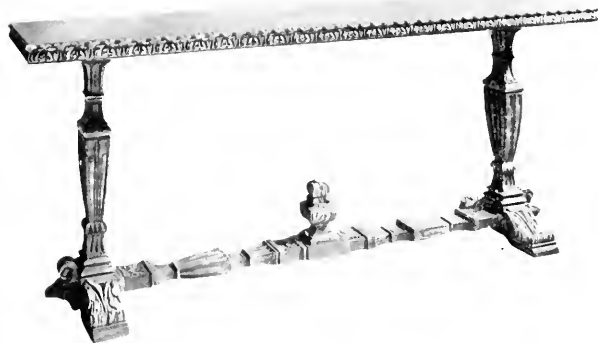


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THE CHESS PLAYERS
By THOMAS EAKINS
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

EDITORIAL

THE VARIABILITY OF HUMAN EMOTION

FOR ages mankind has been speaking of "our body, our mind, and our soul"—with the implication that all three are dominated by our Ego—ourselves—or our spirit, as some say, or our Will, as Shopenhauer calls it; and with the further implication that we experience physical sensations in our body, intellectual excitements in our mind and spiritual emotions in our soul. And probably no better, or more serviceable statement or formula will be found of the constitution of our personality.

As a pragmatic working hypothesis we may also say: we *exist* in our body but we *live* in our soul—through the help of the mind which, in the last analysis, is nothing but a tool and instrument made up, so to speak, of a calculating machine, a barometer, and a compass all in one—to reason for us, to warn and to guide the Ego—in its eternal pursuit of agreeable physical sensations and spiritual emotions.

Our productive activities may also be classified into Industry, Science and Art. Here Science again is nothing more than a tool—to help us enlarge our industrial output and to perfect our art, in order to increase our physical and spiritual enjoyment.

Therefore Science, in and for itself, can never be an end capable of enrapturing us, because a scientific truth really dies in the becoming. Our emotions of astonishment over the discovery of the X-Ray, the Hertzian waves, and the telepathic forces soon dwindled into a matter-of-fact acquiescence that, before their discovery, we were simply ignorant, and the possession of these scientific facts gives us no enduring emotional pleasure.

Thus, in reality, the scientist is less needful to us in our efforts to live happily—that is, pleasurably—than the farmer or artist. For his contribution to our emotional pleasure is the negative one of merely surprising or astonishing us with new facts which, if they do not help us to increase our industrial output—from farming to watch-making, from curing the sick to financing the nation—or to perfect our art, become useless, are forgotten, or serve merely to keep alive our curiosity—in regard to the constitution of the universe, which latter is the highest privilege of science and, therefore, the science of Astronomy, which is partly an art, can alone in any sense be regarded as of any spiritual import to us. For our curiosity as to our future is deathless. But that has import for our existence after death, and if we were positive that there will be no future life, we would not waste much time on astronomy.

Therefore, whatever gives positive pleasure to our

body and to our soul is of the highest import in this life, and of the two kinds of pleasure the spiritual emotions of our soul are by far the most important both for our preservation and perfection as a race.

Since our spiritual emotions come to us almost entirely through the beautiful, as manifested in nature and in art, it thus becomes apparent to what extent art is the supreme activity of man on this earth.

This being so, it is important that each individual citizen should know—that art is not an affair of the *intellect* but of the *emotions*, that the mind is merely an instrument which an artist uses to express the emotions of his soul, and for the purpose either of merely enjoying the expression of himself, alone to himself, as a nightingale sings, alone in the upper sky early in the morning, or for the greater joy of arousing the *emotions of his fellow men*, so as to win their affection.

Our capacity for being emotioned—weak, strong or variable—is, therefore, a subject which should long ago have enlisted the patient investigation and analysis of clear-headed, simple-speeched psychologists, like James, or Freud, or Nordau. To analyze this matter fully would carry us too far. Therefore, we now merely wish to lay the problem on the table before the scientific psychologists and make a few observations.

The problem is a double one:

First: Why do certain works of nature and of art highly emotion certain people and leave others more or less cold, people of the same intelligence, of the same social circle and of similar culture?

Second: Why are we highly emotioned by certain works of nature and of art at certain epochs in our life and at another are we indifferent to, or repelled by them?

This variability of human emotionability is of extreme interest, and its causes and effects of far-reaching significance. For the time is fast approaching when the world will turn back to the primitive *point of view* of the Savage: that emotional living—apart from mere physical existence—consists first, in the loving of our neighbor and of the worship of Nature, or the Cosmic volition, or God, and second, of the embellishment of his tent, of his wife, children, himself and his environment.

Whether we do this as a Sioux Indian or as a Greek Citizen, makes little difference. Sitting Bull in his war-regalia was as fine, in a painting or statue, as was Achilles in his armor; and an Indian encampment was as picturesque as were most small

Greek cities in their day, both having been highly artistic and beautiful.

When this return to the first fundamental principles does take place, and is controlled by our now massed-up experience, vaster knowledge and more active intuition, we will turn these earthly shambles into a paradise. Peoples and nations will then again become constructive instead of destructive as they now are. The most wonderful cities ever seen or dreamed of will arise in every land and from Pole to Pole, full of the grandest temples, theatres, public buildings of all sorts, and of the most beautiful parks with statues, fountains, flowers and music. The artist, from poet to architect, from dramatist to landscape gardener, will reign supreme and strive to exalt the soul and thus lift and prepare it for a paradise to come, if there is one.

Thus, the more the questions of our emotions and of art are considered, by even the most practical and common-sensed minds, the more does their far-reaching importance become apparent.

As an example of the variability of human emotionability, of the difference in capacity of being emotionated by certain things, we relate a story:

Two Americans were living in Paris with their families. One was a writer and the other an artist. One night the artist went to the Paris Opera with a fellow-sculptor, a Dutchman, to hear Rossini's "William Tell." They sat in the middle of the orchestra where they could hear well. Every seat was taken, since it is one of the most popular operas with the Parisians.

Rapturous applause greeted the first two acts. Then, finally, came the wonderful overture to the third act—"The Calm." The orchestra, one of the finest in the world, played it with the delicacy and perfection of expression to be expected from graduates of the famous Conservatory of Music. From the first note supreme silence reigned in the vast audience, not a sound was heard to break the increasing spell of the music. Finally, at the last note of this marvelous work of art, came a burst of applause that shook the hall and revealed the depth of the emotions of the audience.

The artist took out his handkerchief to sheepishly wipe away his tears of rapture and saw his neighbor, the Dutch sculptor, do the same. Encouraged to think he was not a simpering fool, he looked about and saw many others doing the same, so profoundly emotionated were they by the music.

The next evening the artist visited his friend, the writer, and asked: "Did you hear Rossini's 'William Tell', at the Opera House here?" "No," he replied, "they never play it in New York, and every time it is advertised here and I go for tickets they are sold out." "Will you go if I gets seats the next time?" "Yes. Get two seats."

The following month two seats were secured and

the writer with his wife went, for the first time, to hear this perfect opera.

The very next night the artist called on his friend and said, "Well, what do you think of 'William Tell'?" The writer replied, as if he had heard an ordinary charming piece of music: "Why—it's a—pretty opera," and the verdict of his wife, a sensitive woman of much musical culture, was the same.

The artist was astonished, dumbfounded. To him the opera was not "pretty" at all, it was sublime, having lifted him to the highest pinnacle of rapture and to tears. Others in the audience had been similarly emotionated.

The next day the artist asked himself: "Why should you shed tears over that piece of music, while it left X—comparatively cold? Am I differently constructed from him? He is a man of genius, sensitive as a naked nerve and a profoundly sentimental man—when it comes to loving his father, mother, sisters and brothers, even to sacrificing himself for them during fifty years—and loving his own family almost foolishly, a man of force and of unusual capacity for stirring the emotions of others either to laughter or tears. Why should I weep over this music and he remain comparatively cold?"

After long introspection, self-examination and analysis of his friend, the artist concluded that, while he was perhaps even more coldly logical and analytical in his mental processes than his friend, the writer, and less able to stir the emotions of an audience either by written or spoken word, there was deep down in their souls this fundamental difference: the artist was born with a profounder love of the sublime in both nature and art than his friend who was born with a keener sense of the ridiculous, thus making him extraordinarily sensitive to the comic aspects of life and of things and giving him an ever-present sense of the nearness of the sublime and the ridiculous, and which had engendered in him a habit of frequently making fun of things which put the artist into a reverential mood. In other words, when the writer desired to be grave, reverential or tragic, he could be so, but he naturally leaned more toward the comic, while the artist, though instantly responsive to every manifestation of wit or comedy, being in fact a capital audience for the fun-maker, naturally leaned toward the serious and the creations of the sublime.

This difference of emotionability was not a difference of intellect or culture—because both have done things that are considered enduring by the public—it was a temperamental difference, one man leaning more towards the comic, the other more towards the tragic.

Query: Is the comic and ridiculous in life and art of more importance to mankind, socially, than the tragic or sublime? Is not, in the final analysis, Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Othello" more im-

portant to us, as a social force, than Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules" and "Le Dépit Amoureux"? If the sublime is more important than the comic, whose judgment in regard to Rossini's "Overture" is of the most importance—that of the writer with a leaning toward the comical, who thought it only "pretty" and was not profoundly moved, or that of the artist with a leaning toward the serious and who thought it sublime and who was emotional to tears?

In a recent symposium in the "New York Times," in which a number of leading poets gave their preferences as to which are the four greatest poems in the English language, was manifested by some writers a very large amount of pusillanimous modesty about expressing themselves at all—for fear they would put their foot in it if they opened their mouths, and a remarkable difference of opinion among those who did come forward with their opinions. Nevertheless, most of them did vote for poems that are generally voted great. Thus showing that they differed only about details. For there is not much difference between the emotionability of those men who vote that the greatest poems in the English language are Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Gray's "Elegy," and Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn." So much about the variability of human emotionability as between individuals.

Now as to the difference in the *intensity* and endurance of emotions aroused by a work of nature or of art, at different times in an individual's life. There is to say—why should a man at a given epoch in his life be highly emotionated by a scene or by objects in nature or by works of art and pass them by—even flee them—at a later epoch? Why should a man cease to be emotionated by a beautiful and perfectly formed wife, the possession of which most men envy him? To answer would take us too far afield.

Here is another phase of the matter: Every once in a while the manufacturers of cloth, and dress-makers, meet and say: "Business demands a change of styles!" They announce that the present fashion is no longer beautiful, even though very beautiful, and proclaim a new style. Instantly some of the fashion-pushers among women will begin to loathe the prevailing style, not because it is ugly but because it is no longer "in fashion." Because as one fashionable lady said: "I would rather be dead than not be in fashion, however ugly the fashion." Such women do not love and seek *beauty* in dress, they seek to know and admire what is in fashion. Their emotions are never really stirred by the beauty of the garments they wear but by the verdict of "Mrs. Jones" as to its up-to-date fashionableness. It is these fashion-mongers who are responsible for the popularity, now and then, of ugly styles in dress, like some of the present.

The same holds true in art. Some men will invent a new trick in painting, or a new style, and by charlatan advertising exploit it, to make money out of it. The fashion-mongers in art will at once look up and fall in and abandon some beautiful style, or perfect manner of painting, and decry the old and boom the new. Example:

An old sculptor and a middle-aged painter and a writer went through a museum and passed a great picture fifty years old. The sculptor said: "That's a fine picture!" "Do you think so?" said the painter, with a quizzical smile, "I think it poor. I used to like it ten years ago."

This picture is a fine subject, beautifully composed, profoundly expressed, very well drawn, of a fine color scheme, and its painting was, in its day, and still is, of a high order, and it is a picture of which thousands of reproductions have been sold to all classes of the public, showing its wide range of popularity. The painter admitted all this and that he had also on a time admired it. Why no longer? Because, as he said—the style of painting had changed. And as he was a mere painter and his loves among pictures changed with the change of manners of painting, he had lost interest in this picture.

The real reason he was no longer emotionated by this great work of art was: because, at heart, he had become a mere painter, had never become a true artist. In reality he cared nothing for Art but only one phase of art—painting and only for such painting as had been *forced* into vogue and was selling among such speculators and amateurs who either do not know what is beautiful in art or do not care—so long as they are in the up-to-date "aesthetic swim." What difference does it make to a millionaire if, at the end of twenty years of collecting, he finds his purchases are really not enduring in quality? He either sells them at a loss or gives them to a museum. He will at least have enjoyed his notoriety as a man of culture and patron of art.

As this painter was in art only to make money, he was interested only in studying and admiring such art as would help him to acquire the skill to paint in a manner that was in vogue and would sell. Later in life this same painter may again come back not only to like but to love this very picture which he once admired and now disdains. This will happen when he finds that there is something higher in some pictures than merely their manner of painting.

Such narrow-minded artists give out verdicts which simply bewilder the layman when he goes with them through a museum—he cannot understand why works which arouse his emotions leave such and such an artist cold.

This variability of human emotionability is the main reason why the French Government will not

allow any work of art to go into the Louvre Museum—until the artist has been dead ten years, knowing well that men change their attitude toward things, their points of view, and as they change their points of view their emotionability varies towards works of art. Therefore, it takes time to give many works their true places in the hierarchy of art, even to such as radiate evidences of being by artists of great talent. For this reason it takes a wider and larger jury than the artists alone, however great they may be, to pass a final verdict on any work of art.

Again, why should certain kinds of art—paintings, statues, poems, dramas—appeal to a man in his youthful maturity, say until thirty-five, and leave him indifferent at seventy-five, when still in the prime of his intellectual activity?

The first reason is because the creator having included in our make-up a capacity for getting tired of even the best of things the result is—"Familiarity breeds contempt." Therefore, unless we are very careful to learn to estimate the value, both aesthetically and socially, of any work of nature and of certain works of art, we are apt to neglect even the highest kinds of art and under the stimulus of a longing for something new, or different, gradually drift away from the best and highest to the lowest and worst. This, as Taine shows in his "Philosophy of Art", happened during the fifty years of the apogee of the Renaissance, in which masterpieces became so common that the public—not being on its guard, not having had the experience we have had—became tired of this great art. This was natural. For, not knowing any better, they ran after novelties that were different, and then the decadence and final death of the Renaissance was certain. They did not know enough to say: "This kind of art is great, this kind of a woman or man is truly fine, let us never cease to revere this kind of art and humanity."

There is another reason why, late in life, we do, or may, no longer respond emotionally to the things which once enraptured us, unless we are careful. Our emotional centres become *deadened*—if, on the one hand, we do not keep them sensitive by constantly exercising them, and if, on the other hand, we have never acquired, or have lost, the habit of loving our fellow men as a race and, therefore, have never thought of, or have forgotten to think, of paying our debts to those who did love us, worked and even died for us. So long as we keep our love for mankind active, and strive to highly emotion it, and thus contribute our share to lifting it to a condition of physical strength and spiritual beauty, even to the sublime, our emotional centres will keep active, our joy in beautiful things will keep us young, and our educated judgment and sharpened intuition will help us to give a sounder and quicker

judgment as to the value of things. So that at seventy-five, we will be better able to judge of the relative value of works of art with sureness—if we have acquired the habit of weighing them from the standpoint of their social value. How finely this is all expressed in the immortal lines of Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":

"Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life drops creeping round his heart—
Turn to the record where his years are told—
Count his gray hairs—they cannot make him old!"

The public must remember that there are three classes of spiritual misfits. There is the class of the "emotional carps"—those who, cold as a fish, have no emotional activity higher than that furnished by the pleasures of the body, and are devotees of what Victor Hugo calls "The Philosophy of the Belly." These are disturbing, because they pooh-pooh everything spiritual. Then there are the "emotional stoics," those who while they advocate the growth of the spiritual yet, in imitation of the haughty, cold grandeur of the great panjandrum of Boro-bodor, regard any manifestation of emotion, even of laughter, as *infra dig* and so suppress their emotions, a silly mental attitude so popular among the English social faddists and the Anglo-maniacs in America before the war. Then there are the incompetent ego-maniacs among the social climbers, the artists and the critics, the "failures," each in its way consumed with the hunger to "get into the limelight," to win "fame," but lacking the creative ability to do so. They then resort to deliberately preferring the "original," the peculiar, the weird, in fashion, in art, in social pose, no matter how ugly or socially destructive—so long as it soothes their burning vanity to be "distinctive" in the crowd, everything repelling them as soon as it becomes universally popular, be it a hat, a dress, an opera, or a statue. All of these classes are abnormal but they help to "muddy the waters" and bewilder the average man as to what is truly fine and enduring in art.

Thus, the variability of human emotionability teaches us several lessons:

First: The need of our agreeing that, for our social-preservation and perfection, the sublime is more important than the ridiculous.

Second: That, since the individual is capricious—loves a thing, tires of it and then, when chastened into wisdom, comes back and loves it more than ever—only a majority vote of the intelligent people

of the world can finally decide the relative value of some works of art, as time goes on, these works then becoming standards.

Third: That a man of middle age, from thirty-five to seventy-five, may be a better judge of art than a man below thirty-five or above seventy-five.

Fourth: That it is wise for a man and wife to spend a short interval apart every now and then for the sake of freshening up the sensitiveness of their emotional centres.

Fifth: That it is wise to travel—to compare home with Cathay, even though we live on the shores of beautiful Lake Como.

Sixth: That, while we should never disrespect the things in nature and art which we know to be fine and great, we should insist on true originality in art.

By doing this we will defamiliarize ourselves and sharpen our appreciation of what we once considered lovely, good and great.

THE CHESS PLAYERS

By THOMAS EAKINS

An American Masterpiece Now in The Metropolitan Museum

IF Eakins had painted nothing else than his "Chess Players," it would place him in the rank of great artists.

The picture is only 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in size, scarcely twice as large as our reproduction. But in a photograph it looks really life size. This is the supreme test of the truth of the work, obtained by wonderful truth of drawing and truth of color.

As a composition it is a perfect example of agreeable space-filling. Let the student here again observe the satisfying mingling of action in repose—obtained by following the eternal laws of composition, with the element of triangulation at the base. Let him draw lines from the two lower corners of the picture to the head of the standing figure and he will have a pyramidal mass of forms, giving the work a monumental quality and carrying power.

It is true its color is not captivating. Eakins was not a great colorist. He did not give way much to imagination and he was not a creative, decorative-artist. He was first of all a realist, painting not what he could imagine but what he could see and as he saw it, after he had found his composition. His is an art of *representation*, not of poetic fancy. His subjects were taken from real life, but his choice was always dignified, never trivial, and often fine. And when he chose a fine subject the result was always full of poetic suggestion, like this "Chess Players."

For one of the most poetic phases of life is two intellectual men of mellow age, gravely musing over and wrestling with the problems presented by that royal old game which the Pharaohs already played with their favorites, as we see sculptured on a temple of ancient Thebes, on the Nile. Above all to a chess player is this picture evocative of

delightful Sunday afternoons spent in playing with a friend, after pleasant conversation had begun to lag and a third friend had come in to break the *lêtle-à-lêtle*, the whole enlivened and bound together by an occasional glass of Burgundy or "Old Tom" and a good cigar. What elegant domesticity, what a fine spirit of *dolce far niente*, what intellectual culture the picture exposes to our contemplation as we study the fine heads of the three men immersed in playing and watching the game!

Once again, what makes this picture a great work of art is the wonderful expression of the faces and bodies of the men. We can almost hear the man on the left say: "Check." And note the restrained smile of triumph on his face as he sees he has put his opponent in a hole, while we can see, through the movements and gesture and alertness on his face, that the man on the right appears visibly worried by the danger of the sudden, unexpected attack on his "king." Perhaps it was a "discover-check?" Even the man standing seems to say: "Ah, ha! that was a fine move!" It is all so true, so spontaneous; there is such a harmony between the movements of the body, hands, feet; and the expression of emotion and intellectual activity on the faces is so profound that we feel ourselves in the presence of life itself.

Besides, note the marvelous delicacy with which are painted the chess-men, glasses, the clock, even the cat licking its side. Every detail is rendered with a fidelity never surpassed, even by Meissonier, and to which the reproduction fails to do justice.

Many artists have handled this subject, but none has done it with more masterful skill and power of expression and in so small a compass. The work is an honor to American art, and it will increase our affection for Eakins as the years roll by.



MRS. JOSHUA BABCOCK
By Jonathan Blackburn, 1700-1765
Collection of Frank Bulkeley Smith, Esq.



Col. Wm. Stephens Smith—By Gilbert Stuart, 1755-1828
Collection of Herbert L. Pratt, Esq.

OLD AMERICAN PORTRAITISTS

By CHARLES DE KAY

Illustrations by courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery

AFTER the Revolution the United States increased rapidly in population and wealth, attracting many energetic and ambitious people who were impatient of the social fetters the caste system laid on men in Europe, and the monopolies and restraints placed on commerce by governments and municipalities. As greater financial ease came to them, citizens in ever larger number were enabled to indulge in luxuries—and among them works of art in the most personal sense, namely portraits of themselves and their families. American art sprang from portraiture. Scarcely is there an exception to the formula that the artist who might win a name later on in other fields begins his career as a limner of likenesses and that, for the most part, with little or no acquaintance with good portraits of the kind that were being painted in England and France, and generally without the most elementary training of the artist.

Some of them started in the most amateur way to draw profiles in outline and fill up the outlines with water-color washes. Their charges were low and their sitters were naive. It is pathetic to read

of some of these young beginners and their excitement on seeing some old or modern painting from the other side, their awe for the mystery of oil paintings, their reverence for pictures that are now looked upon as mere curios in the history of the arts, and valued not for art but as examples of a past phase of public favor. Nowadays it is not teachers that we lack but artists who have some message to deliver. Difficulties like those the painter met a century and a half ago have disappeared. And yet . . . is there an American or British portrait painter to-day who equals Gilbert Stuart?

The Mecca in that period was London and for young Americans the prophet in art was Benjamin West, the kindly and discriminating, the man from the colonies who found favor with King and Queen and even disarmed the prejudices and insularity of his fellow artists. Without being a genius, he was a thorough and painstaking man of talent considered a genius in his day because he reflected in his pictures the spirit of an educated and reading public still deeply interested in the Bible and ready to be thrilled by religious and symbolical pieces now no



George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne
By John Smibert, 1684-1751
Collection of Frank Bulkeley Smith, Esq.

longer cherished. It is really charming to read how courteously he received the raw aspirants from the colonies forwarded to his care, because some knot of friends across the Atlantic believed they had the makings of artists and put together funds enough to land them in London but generally not enough to extricate them when they failed to earn a living.

West has never had justice done him over here, perhaps because he was classed by the bulk of the people among the Tories who opposed the Revolution. When the grand cleaving occurred, he remained on the other side of the cleft. Very likely, had he been able to come home for a visit a little before the war of 1812, the old man of seventy would have been received with acclaim and his fame would have remained much longer alive in his native land. But along with the change in view regarding the kind of pictures he painted his popularity must have eventually waned. Only his historical pieces held their vogue down to mid century, and they chiefly because of admirable engravings that kept them before the public. He obtained the charter for the Royal Academy from George III., was titular historical painter to his Majesty, President of the Academy for many years and was buried in St. Paul's.

Gilbert Stuart of Rhode Island was one of the young men attracted by West and one who remained longest with him in London as pupil and assistant; yet showed less the influence of West than any other disciple. He devoted himself entirely to portraiture, in which he rivaled if indeed he did not surpass Gainsborough, Hopner, Romney and the rest of the British galaxy. Raeburn is more akin to him in his robust, manly style. A portrait of

Colonel William Stephens Smith in the collection of Mr. Herbert L. Pratt is reproduced here.

William Dunlap of New Jersey was another of West's pupils but, as we learn from his charming, frank autobiography, his stay in London was rendered useless because of his own neglect of opportunity. He was musical and a rare companion and instead of working at his art fooled away the time entertaining himself. Raphael West, his master's son, as well as others. West's forbearance with the youth testifies to his kind heart. On returning to America he set his hand to many things, became a theater manager, painted miniatures and portraits in oil, wrote plays and finally undertook large Biblical paintings in the style of West with which he toured about the country—and, strange to say, made money by their exhibition. Dunlap is our mainstay for a knowledge of many of our early artists who never would have been remembered, had he not become their chronicler. And a capital biographer too. The portrait of George Spaulding owned by the Worcester Massachusetts Art Museum speaks well for the efforts he made to retrieve the time he lost with jolly comrades in London. Like Thomas Sully he had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye, yet this does not seem to have interfered with his painting. Dunlap was one of the first to make portraits of Washington and his wife; it was at Princeton immediately after peace had been declared and when the painter was still in his teens. Along with Samuel Mitchell the scientist and Noah Webster, of the dictionary, he started a literary society in New York in 1788 and when more than a quarter century



Lucretia Walker Morse
By Samuel F. B. Morse, 1791-1872
Inventor of the Telegraph and First President of the
National Academy of Design

later the Academy of Design was founded, he was a member and became its historian.

To revert to old American portrait painters who had no connection with Benjamin West either as pupils or as influenced by him—

Robert Feke of Oyster Bay, Long Island, is probably the first portrait painter on record who was born in America; tradition has it that he was carried prisoner into Spain where he learned to paint. The Redwood Library in Newport, R. I., has a portrait of Governor Wanton's wife. He died young. Jonathan Blackburn who also flourished in the early half of the 18th century was an Englishman by birth who painted likenesses, chiefly in Boston. The illustration is a portrait of Mrs. Joshua Babcock, a stalwart lady whom the artist has not flattered. Her hard-lined energetic face is in contrast with the elegant attitude of her hand and the flower she holds.

John Smibert was another artist from England who came over with the metaphysician, Rev. Dr. George Berkeley, friend of Jonathan Swift and Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland. Berkeley migrated for the purpose of establishing here a college for red Indians, their conversion and instruction. He settled down in Newport, R. I., and wrote there some of his most noted works. Here is Smibert's portrait of Dean Berkeley in Mr. Frank Bulkeley Smith's collection. It was Berkeley, a half century before the Revolution, who wrote the lines on America ending with the stanza

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts are already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.



Daniel Boone—By Chester Harding, 1792-1866
Collection of Herbert L. Pratt, Esq.



Lafayette—By Matthew Harris Jouett

the first line of which gave occasion to the painting of a notable picture now in Washington. Smibert was a fairly skillful artist with little sense of color, but he had a good deal of influence on Copley and other American painters.

John Singleton Copley of Massachusetts was one of the painters who had to fight his way up from boyhood as a limner without guide or schooling; only the pictures of a mediocrity like Smibert for emulation. His son Lord Lyndhurst wrote in 1827: "he was entirely self-taught and never saw a decent picture with the exception of his own until he was nearly thirty years of age." At the age of 23 one of his pictures was shown at the Society of Arts in London, 1760, and about the beginning of the Revolution he went to Italy and then to London where, in 1777, he became an Associate of the Royal Academy established some time before by Benjamin West and his fellow artists, and in 1788 an Academician.

Historical pictures like "Charles I. in the House of Commons," "The Death of Chatham," "The Death of Major Pierson," made him remarked in Europe and fine engravings of these battle and other public scenes spread his name. As a portraitist he never could free himself of an uncompromising hard feature and blackness in the shadows. Portraits of Adam Babcock, Esquire, and Madame his spouse give some idea of his work; it makes one think of Hogarth rather than Copley's great contemporaries.

Matthew Harris Jouett of Kentucky was born too late to see Marquis de Lafayette in the latter's prime but was over forty when the Marquis as an elderly man made his famous visit to America.

The portrait by Jouett herewith compares very favorably with the full-length by Morse in the City Hall, New York. He studied under Gilbert Stuart about 1817, when the latter lived in Boston.

Eliab Metcalf of Massachusetts owed his art career to bad health which caused him to be sent to the West Indies and there he contracted the not less fatal disease of messing about with colors. An itinerant limner of miniatures through the seaboard States, he came to New York in 1814 and began to use oils on large canvases. The Virgin Islands, now the bought and paid-for lands of the United States, were Metcalf's home for some years in pursuit of health; there and in Porto Rico he painted governors and planters. The specimen of his work shown here is from the collection of Mr. Frank Bulkeley Smith.

Chester Harding of Massachusetts was only seven years the junior of Metcalf and like him a farmer boy. Moving to western New York with his wife and child he floated down the Allegheny

on a flatboat, opened a sign-painter's shop in Pittsburgh and gradually took to portraits. To the fact that he moved to Paris, Kentucky, and set up as a serious complete portraitist, we owe the fine likeness of Daniel Boone shown here. It is in Mr. Herbert L. Pratt's collection. After successful trips to St. Louis and Washington, he visited Boston to see Gilbert Stuart and was encouraged to open a studio there. The novelty of a painter from the backwoods gained him more commissions than fell just then to the lot of the greater genius. In London, which he visited in 1823, his talents, aided perhaps by his reputation of a "backwoodsman," gained him many commissions and the acquaintance of the rich and great.

Washington Allston of South Carolina was a pupil of West, and unlike Gilbert Stuart was profoundly influenced by his master. He was a college graduate, a poet, a writer of romances and a lecturer on art. Yale University has his impressive

(Continued on page 244)



George Spaulding—By William Dunlap
In the Worcester Art Museum



Glebe Farm—By Sir John Constable

THE FLETCHER COLLECTION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

THE LANDSCAPES

By ELIOT CLARK

OF the thirty-seven pictures bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum by the late Isaac D. Fletcher twenty-two are landscapes, eight of which are small water color drawings. This is a most important addition to the treasures of the Museum, augmenting the work of several masters already represented there.

We are impressed again by the tonal unity which makes the pictures by the Barbizon painters hang so well together, but at the same time we note the great disparity of purpose and contrasting expression. Millet is represented by a unique and powerful picture called "Autumn". Essentially typical in tone and treatment, it however exemplifies in his conception of landscape a phase of his art with which we are not so familiar. In a concrete composition he has objectified the abstract idea of autumn. A simple rise of ground, in cloud shadow, is seen in deep contrast against the sky. Over the crest, the top of a roof in sunlight suggests the village below. The wind is blowing. Clouds hurry across the sky. A gnarled leafless tree to the top of the composition, its intricate branches forming a jagged

pattern against the clouds. To the right a huge stack of faggots silhouettes in picturesque outlines, behind which a turkey gobbler seeks protection from the wind. Flying leaves drift across the sky. On the left a peasant woman with back toward the spectator watches over the turkeys grouped about her. In this picture Millet has stamped the particular with the accent of the universal. He has imbued his subject with the elemental sense of weather, of the eternal land and sky, and yet has given us a most concise and intense picture of a particular place under particular conditions. The land has the weight of all the world under it, the sky floats in illimitable expanse. The figure stands like a prophet guarding her earthly flock, and yet it is but a peasant watching over her turkeys. A sense of actuality pervades the picture. Its realism is intense, yet the composition is so masterfully arranged, the position of the objects so absolute, relative to their abstract balance as masses, that we forget each is but a symbol telling a story and that each is given its relative degree of importance according to its significance. In his later life Millet



The Bohemians—By Corot



Fontainebleau—By Theodore Rousseau

regretted that he had not painted more landscape. This picture shows what a profound meaning it had for him.

We return from the realities of earth to the more ingratiating landscapes of Corot. In "The Bohemians" painted but three years before his death, we see a most mature and representative example of the master. Beside Millet, Corot is at once essentially decorative. Not building up his composition from the very organization of the earth and sky itself, as in the "Autumn," Corot uses nature as a medium with which to express the lyrical charm of linear design. The world has become transformed into a beautiful abode, where the wind caresses one gently, where the low light of evening diffuses a golden glow over the fair landscape and travelers idle at ease in the gloaming. Corot has given us the semblance of truth in color and values, his forms are naturalistic, but his design is deliberate, imposed upon the landscape to make a pleasing setting for his reverie, a happy background where one wanders as in a beautiful dream. In the "Ville d'Avray" his composition is more the outcome of things seen. Here he has forgotten the classical line, and looking across the lake has observed the exquisite beauty of gracefully bending trees patterned against wooded slopes, where a white palatial house gleams in the sunshine. The color is cool and silvery, in hues of neutral green and grayish blues; the touch is light, graceful and fluent, disclosing an inescapable joy in the painting. A smaller picture "Two Men in a Skiff," is quite typical of the sylvan landscape we associate with Corot, light, airy, gray and graceful, but somewhat soft and ephemeral.

Theodore Rousseau is the naturalist of the group. Within the small dimensions of his "Fontainebleau" he gives one a complete and exact picture of trees, growing more or less at random, in a flat landscape, the perspective of which is absolute. Following the tradition of the Dutch masters he was more interested in form than in color. Notwithstanding the infinite detail introduced, he maintains a simplicity of contour and tone which is due to the proper relation of the part to the whole. It is an excellent example of that variety in unity of which the philosopher speaks. For Rousseau his picture was never complete. In nature he saw the prototype that could never be perfectly reproduced. A master of his material, however, one is not conscious of this struggle. His brush is sure, his drawing accurate. In the presence of nature he seems always to have been absorbed in the growth of things, the marvelous intricacies of naturalistic form, the character and construction of trees, the rock formation, the contour of the ground and the ever-changing shape of clouds. Seldom does he seem moved or quickened by its emotional import, seldom does he re-translate his

impression in that more abstract world of form where the particular has vanished and the eternal verity remains.

Constable on the contrary, altho' a constant and intense student of nature, is concerned more with the effect, the momentary emotion, the drama of the ever-changing aspects of nature. Rousseau is static, Constable dynamic. If Rousseau was interested in the organization and growth of naturalistic forms, his landscape is nevertheless eternally fixed; whereas with Constable all things are subject to change. With Rousseau we realize the way a tree rises from the ground, we see the precise ramification of the branches, the just disposition of leafage, the proper resistance of weight; but with Constable, more impressionable and less scientific, we see the effect of landscape on the senses. The clouds are ever moving, the trees sway in the breeze, the cloud shadow transforms the fields into ominous darkness, the farmer hurries with his daily task, a momentary gleam of light reveals a distant panorama, and contrasted to the serenity of sunshine we look upon the various manifestations of nature's forces. The "Glebe Farm with view of Langham Church" suggests this comparison with Rousseau's picture each being a typical example of its respective painter.

The Daubigny "Banks of the Oise. Early Morning," is not a particularly happy canvas. Graceful, facile and fluent, it is however, rather an echo of similar subjects which he produced with more power and conviction. Diaz in his wood interior likewise repeats the inspiration of other moments. His method of laying in the composition with deep transparent colors, over which the more local color was modeled, produced an effect rich and suggestive. The larger example "Woodland Pool and Figures," a more open landscape in which dark storm clouds play an important part, is more realistically treated and portrays a particular aspect of nature with fidelity and truth. George Morland is seen in a "Landscape with Figures" a typical English story-telling picture, suave in brushing but uninspired and commonplace in conception.

The only American picture in the collection is by Alexander Wyant, "Landscape with distant Mountains." It is unfavorably hung and cannot be seen to advantage. It is however an important canvas. Conceived in the spirit of the Barbizon masters, Wyant has added to it his own sensitive appreciation, his individual expression and personal touch. In Wyant we see the Barbizon tradition more happily continued than in the land of its inception. The present canvas is very beautiful in tone and quality, the aerial expanse and the atmospheric envelope is particularly well rendered and one looks as with the artist upon the distant land of quiet and peace.

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

The Standard

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

EGYPTIAN art never broke away from the conventional, cramped, stylistic or archaic state, as regards the proportions and details of the human form even in its most free manifestation, during the reigns of Unas, about 3,000 B.C., and under Seti I., about 1,200 B.C. The reason is that, for religio-political reasons, the governing priests were opposed to the manifestation of any social or artistic "individualism" whatsoever and, so, held themselves, as well as their artists, to a strict priestly formalism. Hence no Egyptian ever produced a statue worthy of being placed in the same rank as the "Illysus" of Phidias, the "Venus" of Alcámenes, or the "Moses" of Michelangelo.

Originality and charm of composition were allowed, witness the bas-reliefs of the temple at Abydos, built by Seti I. But beautifully composed as these reliefs are, compared with the crude ones on other temples, they look as though they might have been carved by the same sculptors who created the reliefs in the temple of Queen Hathepsut, at Deir el Bahari, or of the temple of Amenhotep III., at Luxor, the form and technical execution of these all being practically the same as those prevalent two thousand years before under Useratesen and one thousand years later under Cleopatra. During these five thousand years of artistic activity scarcely half a dozen artists seemed to have cared or dared to show that they had a style, or a manner of execution, that was their own individual and peculiar style or manner so that men would say: "This is in the manner of Thutmosis, and that in the style of Rameses." So that one might say the priests invented and composed the designs and then had journeymen stone-cutters, more or less skillful, execute them according to rigidly fixed rules of proportion and shape of fingers and toes, position of hands, feet, eyes, etc. This rigid conventional-

ity, from which only a few departed, was true of all Egyptian art. "Individualism," as an "ism"—self-assertion, as a theory of life or of art—seems to have been regarded as a crime by those ancient protagonists of priestly "Prussianism" who for so many centuries dominated life on the Nile.

Those Egyptian priests, in their efforts to insure permanent social stability—through a minimum of change—did not learn that the second most important of Nature's laws is: "*Variety is the spice of Life*"—until their fabric, weakened from dry-rot, was destroyed by the Romans. All over the Orient, in fact, the priests seemed to have said to their sculptors: "You will carve the human figure in this manner and in no other!" Witness the temples of India, China and Japan. Even the Greeks—originally an Oriental people—labored under such archaic formalism down to the 6th Century, B.C. But then they broke away and individuality was born. Statues became less and less like wooden, cigar-store Indians, and became more and more like living human beings and as being capable of arising and walking off should they become suddenly animated.

But, even in its most realistic manifestation, we find in Greek sculpture a certain conforming to preferred types—as to proportion and details in the human form. We see no hands and feet in Greek art so closely copied after the living model as to look like plaster-casts, or as portraits of the hands and feet of particular persons—especially if these differed from the types which had come to be regarded as the perfect types of a hand and foot. Above all is this true of statues of God and Heroes. Even in the most naturalistic statues there is a slight departure from exact nature—in the direction of the elimination of personal imperfections or peculiarities, this because of a desire to arrive at perfection, and at ideal life and beauty.

The Greeks not conceive of a Jupiter, Mercury, or Venus with lioned feet, or the hands of a coal-heaver or of a washer-woman. That was to be reserved for the 19th Century! Personal details were suppressed until the statue became impersonal, even when as wonderfully realistic as is the "Illysus" or the "Gladiator." It was the Greeks who, after centuries of efforts to perfect the body, finally decided what is a beautiful head, hand and foot, and their verdict has never been reversed. This pursuit of impersonal, natural perfection and beauty became the ideal of the greatest Greek artists and this ideal remained the ideal of the greatest artists throughout the Renaissance and down to about 1804.

This ideal has been variously called—"The Grand Ideal," "Classicism," "Academicism," "Conventionalism," and simply—"The Ideal." It was always based upon the suppression, more or less, of the individual taste, whims and caprices of the artists and their conforming, more or less, to a certain social and aesthetic standard and point of view.

The French Revolution was essentially an assertion of the rights of the individual to express himself in his own way. In spite of its excesses it was a great and good thing, for it enlarged the social liberty of mankind. This desire for self-assertion became a hunger and manifested itself in art twenty years later, in 1804, when Baron Gros broke away from the "Classicism" of David and his school—with his picture: "Napoleon Among the Pestiferous at Jaffa."

The birth of *modern* art dates from that picture. But what does "modern" art mean? It means, First: The choice of modern, every-day *Subjects*—as well as ancient, historical, religious or mythological subjects, preferably the choice of a subject of contemporary life; Second: A breaking away from the rules of all Schools—in the *execution* of the chosen subject, each man insisting on his liberty to paint, carve and rhyme in his own way; Third: It means that all art should be based upon the triple law, as old as the Greeks, that art must be True, Good and Beautiful. Under the stimulus of this ideal many fine things were produced from 1804 down.

But the momentum toward freedom of self-expression carried some men past the point of sane restraint—over into license. This began to show itself at the apogee of the romantic movement, about 1830. And then French art began to split into two distinct *streams of tendency*, and then the "Modernistic" school was born—about 1860.

The "Modernistic" and "Modern" schools are totally different. They differ in this: The "Modernistic"—in addition to the freedom demanded by the Modern artists—proclaimed the abolishment as "Academic," of the great law of all modern art—the True, the Good and the Beautiful;

and, besides, assumed the right to choose any subject, however ugly or immoral, and the liberty of handling it in any manner whatsoever, free from all restraint, no matter how peculiar or even insane the result might appear to normal people. This was called—"Liberty in Art!"

These two streams of art—the modern and the modernistic—flowed on, the latter slowly enlarging, the former slowly diminishing—until the art life of France was suddenly arrested, in 1870, by the Franco-Prussian war. When France's art activities were resumed, in 1872, these two streams flowed on—the modernistic becoming stronger and stronger, the modern just holding its own.

It must never be forgotten that in France all art is not only a reflection of social life but of political activity, since all the great art commissions are given out by the government Art-Bureau which has charge of all palaces, churches, museums, public buildings, and their preservation and embellishment. And the immediate effect of the war was the output of an enormous amount of works of art, more or less good, and under the stimulus of the Government bent on proving to the world that, though France had been defeated in war, it still lived.

The activity was especially feverish in sculpture and brought forth such sculptors as: Allar, Aubé, Barye, Barrias, Chapu, Carpeaux, Dubois, Delaplanche, Falguière, Fremiet, Guillaume, Gardet, Le Quesne, Mercieù, Thomas, Perraud, Rude, Roty, etc. These were all *modern* artists, most of whom might be accused of having been more or less under the spell of the Greek and so-called "Academic" ideal, or influenced by the "Italianism" of the still active Renaissance.

Among the *modernistic* artists we had such men as: Bartholmé, Bourdelle, Desbois, Rodin, etc., who fought what is called "Academic" restraint with tooth and nail.

Between these two warring camps there was a third influence, a unique genius—Jules Dalou. He was free from any taint of "Classicism," and free also from the ugly vulgarity of the "modernists." He might be called the transition sculptor of France; for, like an island that divides a stream, he occupied a middle ground between the two streams of tendency of French art—the restrained modern, with its characteristic French grace and elegance of forms, and the unrestrained modernistic, with its un-French brutality, ugliness and "deformation of the form." That is to say: the forms in Dalou's works are more robust and vigorous than the forms in the modern Beaux-Arts sculpture, and free from all so-called Italian influence, yet free from the brutal exaggeration and extreme so-called "individualistic" style of Rodin and the devotees of "the deformation of the form," and which are becoming more and more fatiguing to the

French people, who tolerated them, and even encouraged them for a while, to see what would be the outcome of their efforts, but who now see that they have been led into a blind alley by those extremists.

In fact, Dalou is, in reality, the one real, completely modern sculptor of genius. It is he, not Rodin, who marks the separation of modern from ancient sculpture. For 90 per cent. of modernistic sculpture is bound to disappear, this because it violates the fundamental laws of all enduring art—the True, the Good and the Beautiful, while Dalou obeyed that law, which obedience did not prevent him from producing works that are absolutely unique, individual and original. Rodin's work recalls that of the Gothic sculptors of the Middle Ages, the statues of Dalou recall no previous works. Therefore, it is Dalou to whom we might apply Emerson's words: "I count him great who is what he is from nature and who reminds us of no other man." Therefore, slowly but surely Dalou is forging to the front as one of the most powerful, original and expressive, and therefore most

enduring, sculptors engendered by the French people.

If there are any works which are brought to mind by Dalou's statues they are Rubens' pictures. We find in the works of both of these artists a certain plethora and amplitude in the forms of their figures of women and children. But there the likeness ends.

To enter into an analysis of Dalou's life and work would require a volume. We simply wish to call the attention of our readers to a man who spent little energy in "advertising" himself and so is not yet as well known as he will soon be. To bring him forward in America we show one of his great but less known works: "The Triumph of Silenus," in the Luxembourg Garden in Paris, the other three being his "Fraternity," in the Petit Palais, a large relief; his "Mirabeau Defying the Comte de Dreux-Brézé," now in the House of Parliament, and "The Triumph of the Republic," in the Place de la Nation, not to speak of his other fine but lesser works as to size.

"THE TRIUMPH OF SILENUS"

By JULES DALOU

In the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris.

We again state that mankind experiences two kinds of emotion: Positive or pleasurable, and Negative or unpleasurable. The negative emotions are the various degrees of mere surprise or astonishment; the positive emotions are divisible into three categories: Mirth, Delight and Awe, which three kinds of emotions we experience in various degrees of intensity.

We have claimed that mirth is nearly as useful, spiritually, as awe. Comedy in the theatre is almost as needful as tragedy, because a profoundly funny story moves us nearly as much as a deeply sad one. Hence the ridiculous is nearly as necessary—socially—as the sublime. Dalou seems to have felt this. For, while most of his large works are grave or sublime, he devoted one of his largest to the ridiculous. With what consummate genius he handled the subject: "The Triumph of Silenus"!

The god of wine is shown as being joyously "boozy," not as viciously drunk. Having lost his grip on the ass under the influence of the grape, the sunshine and the excitement incident to his triumphal march he is about to fall as the ructious beast, indifferent to the hilarity of the crowd and tired of being goaded on, kicks his hind legs in the air and plunges forward among the coryphees

of Silenus—in a try at un-horsing the heavy god whose joviality has no meaning at all for him. This effort the retinue of Silenus is trying to balk, with problematical success, they all being more or less "three sheets in the wind" on the way to muscular lethargy and vinous oblivion.

Dalou chose to represent this moment when we are in doubt as to whether the five grown-ups and two children will succeed in holding back the obstreperous donkey and keeping the wine-god on his back.

Nothing more wonderful has been done in the history of sculpture since time began—as far as we know—than this bronze group of which the figures are all over life-size. It meets all the elements of the art-standard of the ages in a manner rare indeed:

First: As a conception of the subject. Note that the fun, the comedy, is "clean as a hound's tooth." The spirit of it all is so pure that the scene might without impropriety have taken place in the Elysian fields.

Second: Note the wonderful composition, showing a monumental mass of nine figures in really violent movements and yet so arranged and balanced that the whole radiates repose. This because the



THE TRIUMPH OF SILENUS

By JULES DALOU

Born in Paris, 1838

Died 1902

mass is arranged in a pyramid—awe-inspiring symbol of eternal repose. Within this pyramidal outline, which *lifts* the eye and exalts us, we have just enough rectangular lines to *jostle* the eye and amuse us, and then a number of undulatory, graceful lines to *cradle* the eye and delight us. All of which gives a wealth of varied lines, high lights and shadows, which makes the total mass sing with linear and color beauty.

When we consider that to compose two figures together is already a difficult problem, the public will understand what power of invention and patient endeavor it takes to compose nine figures into a group which, from all points of view, is a harmonious whole!

Third: Note the wonderful expressiveness of every figure in the group. Silenus is not drunk—he is only on the way; none of the figures are entirely sober, even the boy striking the ass in the eye with an apple is a little leery, but no one is drunk; even the ass is not vicious. Innocent, unself-conscious hilarity oozes out of every form. Here joy reigns unconfined from base to summit of the group.

All this is expressed so completely, so profoundly, that one would think the group had been photographed from life did not the personal manner of Dalou's modelling reveal that it is the work of an artist. It is this tremendous power of expression displayed by him in this work which makes it so wonderful. And how is this all achieved?

Fourth: Note the marvelous construction and drawing of each figure, in the modelling of which each interfered with the other. Note the close attention to truth in every detail, as when the hand which grasps the thigh of Silenus sinks just far enough into the fat flesh. And this care for truth is manifested throughout the mass of bronze of about 10 feet high. Not one detail is slighted. Not one form is distorted. Here we have no charlatanistic "deformation of the form" to express "temperamental personality" at the expense of truth and of life. Here we have what we mean by *relative truth* and which we insist must radiate from every work of art that is expected to endure across the ages.

Fifth: Note the joyful play of color—of light and shade in all degrees from light to dark, and which helps to enhance the beauty of the lines throughout the group.

Sixth: Finally, note the surface modelling, or "technique." Here the technique is used for one

purpose only—to express the surface expression of the forms and the difference between fat, muscle and bone. Here we have no silly "surface stunting" of some ego-maniacal sculptor, insane with a hunger to leave on every form his catspaw, tool and finger marks, so personal and peculiar to himself that the world should not for a moment forget that Mr. X—, bursting with "individuality," modelled this work, and all to the detriment of completeness of expression of face and form.

As the eye runs over the surface of this work, we feel that nature itself could have done the modelling, in a sportive mood, when bent on showing how clever she could be. There is cleverness all over the group, but it is sane, impersonal, rational cleverness, not idiotic, "personal," obstructive, and therefore a futile attempt at cleverness. The total effect is one of profound life, not only real life but ideal life, which transports one with an emotion of joy into the realm of fancy and poetry. This is a perfect sample of what we mean by—Rational art.

And as one contemplates, every now and then, this group so beautifully placed among the green, in that exquisite garden of the Luxembourg in Paris; as we penetrate more and more into the work and see what difficulties Dalou overcame in creating it, we begin to understand the meaning of genius in sculpture. Slowly but surely as we see the delicious mirth, expressed so profoundly, we are infected with it, and if we are lucky enough to live in the neighborhood for some time we are drawn to specially pass that way to be enmirthed again and again and to be lifted above the cares and muck and ruck of the daily grind, and we end by loving this work as one of Nature's benedictions along with the triumphant glory of the trees and flowers that surround it and we finally end by loving the man who made it and enshrining in our breast the name of Dalou—simple, quiet, direct artist, who never "blew his own horn," abhorred all pose, never "worked the press," and aimed only at one thing—to captivate the soul of mankind by creating works that should be at once True, Good and Beautiful.

And thus, as the years roll on across the ages, each one who comes under the spell of this great work will, in his turn, be lovingly conquered and gathered in to contribute his share toward making Paris a place of pilgrimage to all lovers of the beautiful and to lifting the genial artist to an enduring immortality.



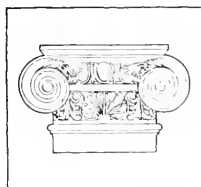
THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

By EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

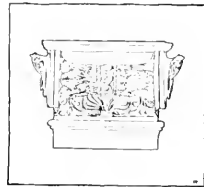
THE IONIC ORDER—Continued from the July number

The second type of cap is the decorated, in which there is not only more elaboration of the volutes themselves, but a further enrichment in the addition of a decorated band or necking between the echinus and the top of the flutes. The only example of this cap in Greece is found in the Erechtheion (Fig. XV.), one of the most curious and interesting remains in Greece. It would almost seem that the anthemion ornament used in the necking of the cap and pilasters and in the cymatium of the pediment and of the door formed the key to the whole order, and that in this case, after deciding to use the Ionic order for his temple, Mnesicles conceived the idea of carving in stone the anthemion ornament which up to this time in Greece had been painted, and around this idea evolved the decoration of the cap and of the cornice itself. It is easy to see that the necking of the cap was designed first, and that on account of the very small scale of the anthemion ornament it was necessary to bring down the scale of the volutes and of the flutes as well, consequently the volutes are moulded more richly than in any other order. The abacus is ornamented with a carved egg and dart course, and the cushions at the side of the cap are covered with ornamental beads, placed very closely together; even the base is ornamented. The same desire to bring the whole column into scale with the anthemion ornament and the necking is shown in the narrowness of the arris of the flutes and in the curious half-round moulding applied at the top, this being done to take away the plain space which would otherwise exist between the curved tops of the flutes. The effort to reduce the scale of the cornice was not so successful, although we are so accustomed to the order that we overlook this discrepancy in scale. It certainly seems as if the architrave and the fascia of the cornice are considerably heavier and simpler than would rationally

be expected from the decoration and small scale of the column and cap. It may be that there was some painted ornament on the architrave and fascia of the cornice, similar in some respects to that shown in restorations of the architrave on the monument of Lysicrates. The frieze was elaborately ornamented with sculpture, which was in white marble, and applied to a backing of dark Eleusinian stone. It may be that this was done with an idea of getting a cameo effect, and this has been taken as an in-



Front



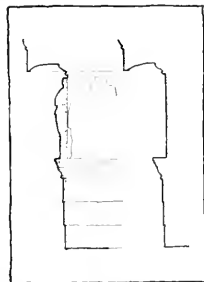
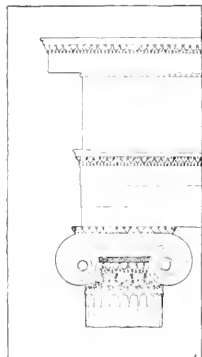
Side.

XVII. Cap from the Lateran Museum.

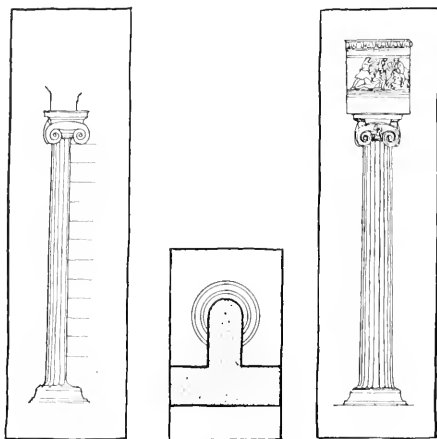
dication that no color decoration was used on this temple, and that this means was employed to secure the effect which in the Parthenon and elsewhere was obtained by color. There is, however, extant a report on the condition of the Erechtheion, made during construction on a change of administration, and in the report is an item of the cost of the gold leaf for gilding the eyes of the volutes and a record of certain payments for the encaustic painting of the inner cymatium of the portico. Some painting, therefore, was done, and although no color indications have been noted on the architrave, still the suggestion above advanced is by no means impossible.

The face of this frieze to which the sculpture was applied is naturally set back of its normal position, in order to give room for the sculpture, and this position has given rise to some very curious effects in modern times. In many plates showing the Erechtheion the sculptures on the frieze are omitted, and there is shown only the face of the frieze, which serves as a background for the sculpture, and it often happens that in copying this order ruthlessly the modern architect has forgotten or is ignorant of the reason for the position of this frieze face, and it is reproduced just as it shows in the plate, with most unfortunate results (Fig. XVI.).

As has been before remarked, the Attic Greeks always eliminated the dentils which are a prominent feature of the order in Asia Minor. Presumably this was done from analogy to the Doric order and also because of a feeling that the dentils, by their



XV. Erechtheion Order
XVI. Frieze of Erechtheion
with and without
sculpture



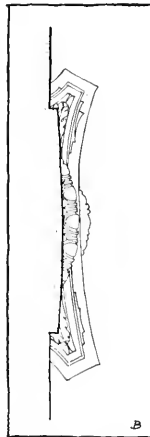
XVIII. Temple of Apollo Epikourios Bassae—Interior order.

insistent regularity might interfere with the freely grouped sculpture in the frieze. The cornice, therefore, consisted merely of a decorated bed-mould and a thin, shelf-like corona, which presents to an even more striking degree the defects previously noted in the Doric cornice, whenever this cornice is used without the white background of the roof tiles above. There are, unfortunately, to be seen many instances in modern work of the use of this order for the lower portion of a large building, where the thinness of the cornice is most unhappy, unsupported as it is by the sculpture below, and emphasized by the unnatural recession of the plain frieze.

In the use of this order in the Erechtheion, there is a curious and interesting example of the method of the Greeks in improving the proportions of their order by comparison with the executed work. Thus in this temple the proportions of the columns in one of the porticoes is much slenderer than the other, showing unquestionably that they were built at slightly different times, and that an improvement in proportion was sought for in the design of the second portico. It would be interesting to know from the contemporary records whether the Erechtheion as we now find it is a completed building or only a portion of a larger scheme, and whether the marked irregularities in plan and in level were fortuitously caused by the site and by antecedent conditions, or whether it was a carefully planned effort to obtain unconventional and picturesque grouping. However it may be, there is no doubt that while the ruins in their present form are eminently picturesque, the result cannot be claimed as a

masterpiece of planning, the junction of the lower portico with the side wall being extremely crude. The same crudeness is found in the Propylea in the junction of the portico in front of the Pinacotheca with the wall at the side of the main portico. In point of fact, it does not seem as if the art of planning had ever been either recognized or developed among the Greeks as it was by the Romans. Building their temples practically upon one simple plan, they seemed to lavish all their care and attention upon the exterior, the temple lacking that monumental quality of interior and surroundings which is necessary to a perfect work of art.

Another remarkable and interesting type of the decorated Ionic is found in a fragmentary capital in the Lateran Museum at Rome. It also had a decorated necking (Fig. XVII.), but with a more virile treatment than that of the Erechtheion. The spiral of the volutes has a forward projection which is extremely vigorous, and the junction of the echinus and the volute is handled in a most interesting manner.



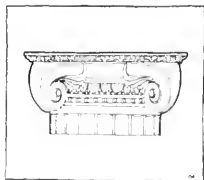
XXI. Plan of Pylæan Cap

The third type of Ionic cap is the four-cornered or symmetrical, which is interestingly shown in the capitals of the interior columns at Bassae (Fig. XVIII.). Here, unquestionably, this type was forced upon the architect by the peculiar buttresslike conformation of the interior columns, and the volutes are very cleverly worked out to cover the intersection of the column with the buttressed wall. A peculiarity of this cap is that while perfectly appropriate in the place for which it was designed, it is not very successful when used for a four-sided cap.

the volutes in that case appearing too heavy and seeming to have a too great projection, the intersection of the undersides of the corner volutes being difficult of treatment. It almost seems as if this cap was reminiscent of a metal form, and indeed for a small metal column it is singularly graceful and appropriate. In Rome, or rather in Pompeii, there are several examples of four-cornered caps which, as has already been noticed, are distinctly Greek in character (Fig. XIX.). The Romans themselves did not develop this type, probably because of their preference for the Corinthian, but it has been very successfully used by Renaissance architects and also in our own graceful Colonial types.

In general, it would seem that although the Ionic is one of the most beautiful of all the orders

(Continued on page 244)



XIX. Cap from Pompeii



The seeker after furniture to-day is rewarded by the "discovery" of many decorative pieces of exceptional charm

THE GIFT OF HAPPY SELECTION

A Plea for More Careful Thought in the Choice and Placement of Incidental Furniture

By MARGARET MEADE

THE wide-spread adoption of a number of very good general rules in relation to interior decoration within the past decade, excellent as their effect has been, sometimes threatens almost to obliterate the personal element. There are such a number of safe and sane neutral tinted walls, so many plain-toned rugs fairly bristling with "quiet good taste," such a splendid array of "period rooms," complacent in their historical propriety. The standard of taste in largely varying classes of homes is undoubtedly on a higher level than ever before and the knowledge of a few basic principles in the matter of backgrounds, desirable simplicity, and the like is more general. But with what amounts almost to the standardization of fundamentals and essentials the bane of monotony and "sameness" grows space, and if the owner is to express anything of himself in his room, he must give more than common care to those tremendously important smaller things which will convey an impression of his own individuality and taste.

In Victorian parlors the reliable old "parlor suite" was supposed to solve the major part of the furnishing problem. There is something smug and self-sufficing about the very term "matched suite" and about the people who announce they have "a

suite all bought." They seem to feel that this fact disposes of the whole question, and it is a sorry fact that such a purchase often does dispose of the possibility of charm. Somewhere between the slavish subjection to convention which entails the suite and the determined originality which would dispense not only with two chairs of the same pattern but with even a single chair of any recognizable style, there is the truly happy medium of genuinely inspired selection.

The presence of this inspiration is most often seen in the smaller articles of furniture, the incidental and occasional pieces, which, more than any other factors, determine whether a room or a house shall have individuality and distinction, or shall be commonplace, banal, betraying either lack of thought and interest or lack of taste in its furnishing.

Often there is a very good opportunity to observe just how essential are the so-called non-essentials in the homes of newly married and thrifty-minded young people who have not been burdened with a surfeit of wedding gifts. The rooms are often comfortable enough; the living-room will number among its possessions all the larger pieces—a sofa, perhaps two armchairs, a



A small oaken hutch, with a mirror hung above it, effects an arrangement which is quietly pleasing.

large table, and usually a bookcase; the dining-room is likely to be resplendent in the polished new glory of a mahogany suite, presented by the parents of one or other of the young householders. Doubtless this determination to put the money into the bank instead of buying the things they gravely assure each other they "can get along perfectly well without" is a wise one. Meanwhile they will have to resign themselves to the meagerness and bareness, the want of homelike charm that can be dis-

sipated only by a few of the non-essentials they affect so gallantly to despise.

At the other pole from meagerness, however, there is the very real danger of overcrowding, one of the cardinal crimes in the category of decorative pitfalls. Odd bits are an ever insistent temptation to the lover of interesting furniture, and his home, unless he constantly represses his inclination to buy this and that captivating piece, of which there are so many in the modern markets, will inevitably assume the appearance of a museum or a furniture shop. Because odd pieces are more often than not "picked up" at long intervals there is a grave danger that they will be selected indiscriminately and with only the loosest sort of plan. Planned buying is no less important in small things than in large if one is to avoid becoming the possessor of a nondescript and heterogeneous collection, quite out of harmony with the other furnishings, and crowding every available space in the room.

It is true that most people have too much furniture in their houses and at the same time make shift with a dearth of the kind of things they really need and could enjoy—things which add to the comfort and livableness of the rooms as well as to their decorative interest.

The writer has in mind one living-room in which space was given to an elaborate "curio" cabinet whose glass doors shielded the usual collection of worthless trinkets and trilles, a huge leather-covered chair in which no one ever sat because the seat was too deep for comfort, and a massive pedestal upholding a rather sickly fern in a jardinière many sizes too large for it. No one of these three articles of furniture could by any stretch of charity be called beautiful, none of them was useful or added anything of comfort or attractiveness. In this same room the monthly and weekly magazines—and various members of the family subscribed to quite an unusual number of them—were invariably to be found strewn about in all manner of inconvenient places. They were heaped in untidy piles on the one usable table in the room, and it was no uncommon occurrence to have to remove various stray copies from chairs or sofa before the unexpected visitor could be made welcome.

Such a small and inexpensive piece of incidental furniture as a magazine rack would have saved all this annoyance; it would have done away with the disorder and confusion, and would have made the magazines always available and easily located. There are various styles of this extremely useful little piece of furniture, and they are made in all sizes from the tiny, slender rack that takes up almost no room at all to the tier of broad and roomy shelves that will not be crowded with a whole year's collection of magazines. It is not impossible to find them in period styles—necessarily adaptations, for the magazine as we know it is essentially mod-

ern—but more often in attractive non-period designs in oak, walnut or mahogany which harmonize easily with the more markedly stylistic pieces in the room.

Another piece of incidental furniture which the room already spoken of lacked was a tea-table. A tea-table is a small thing in itself, but in the power of its suggestion and associations it is more important. Laden with the cheerful paraphernalia of the tea-service, it is almost sufficient in itself to banish the chilly, impersonal and uninviting aspect that some rooms seem to maintain, do what you will to humanize them. The tea-table is the sign and symbol of hospitality. In its selection the scope for individual taste and preference is almost limitless. One of the most popular styles, suggestive of the home-like cheer of old American Colonial houses in which it was almost always to be discovered, is the tripod table with tilting top and scalloped or pie-crust edge. These tables are to be had in very simple or in quite elaborate forms with the pedestal carved with acanthus leaves or other decorative motifs, and the feet showing the claw and ball form of Chippendale or late Queen Anne design. The tops of these tilting-tables are often cut from superbly-figured wood, and when not in use they may be placed almost flat against the wall or near the fireside where the richly-grained surface provides an unexpectedly decorative incident.

Small gate-leg tables made charming tea-tables, as do also other types of drop-leaf tables, which accommodately expand to comfortable dimensions at the tea hour without being too much in the way during the rest of the time. If the living-room is furnished in walnut, the problem of the tea-table will be happily solved, for there are many types of Queen Anne or William and Mary design which are suitable for the purpose.

Nests of tables are useful when much entertaining is done in the house, and in common with most of the incidental articles mentioned, they make delightful wedding-gifts. A bit of extra furniture is certain to be welcomed in the new home, and almost more than any other gift, it serves as a pleasant and permanent reminder of the giver's thought. Some of the smaller pieces of lacquer are excellent in this capacity and carry an element of distinction that sets them apart from the usual gift.

Aside from the table-table, there is need in almost any living-room for a number of other small tables, particularly for the accommodation of the reader. There are, of course, the reading-tables, made expressly for the purpose, with a support to hold book or magazine in position; the slender-legged little "kidney" tables are graceful and may also conveniently stand beside sofa or easy chair with the one or two books in immediate use. A pleasant



The placement of wall furniture and the use of attractive mirrors will accomplish many small decorative effects

and "lived-in" atmosphere is sure to be created by the presence of several groups consisting of one or two comfortable chairs, a small table with reading-light and books, and perhaps a footstool or floor cushion.

Smoking-tables and stands and sewing-tables or sewing-cabinets are made in adaptations of the various periods, and so designed that they can dwell harmoniously with more formal pieces of living-room furniture.

Chests are one of the most decorative of all articles of furniture, and carry with them a romantic tradition woven of their use as money coffers in mediaeval castles, treasure chests and dowry boxes and their exceedingly ancient lineage. Some of the modern adaptations of the very antique Gothic



Much of the charm of an informal interior lies in the selection of unusual incidental pieces of furniture

chests are especially interesting, and make a splendid incident in the hall, or perhaps the living-room. Any room, indeed, affords some suitable use for the chest—in hall or living-room they are especially at home; in the informal dining-room they may be used for nappery; in the bedroom the old dower box finds its old-time use and place; and in the upper hall it is pleasant to come upon a roomy old Colonial chest which yields up treasures of fresh linen sweet with the time-honored scent of lavender.

Cabinets of various sorts were highly prized decorative assets in the eighteenth century when home furnishing was cultivated as a fine art by amateurs as well as by professionals, and with the present reproduction of many historical models once more are coming into their own. In style the cabinet or cupboard ranges all the way from the heavy but richly decorative creations of oak made in the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras, through the sturdy Dutch cabinets of William and Mary and Queen Anne's time to the delicate beauty of Georgian cabinets, culminating in the painted and gilded cabinets of the Brothers Adam.

The lacquered chests and cabinets from the far East or in imitation of Chinese originals which enjoyed such a vogue in the early years of the eighteenth century, may be very effectively used in rooms which need accent and a dash of the colorful and unusual to save them from being commonplace. High-boys and low-boys, though not to be included in a rigid classification as cabinets, are of

the same family and partake of the same decorative nature. They are especially at home in a Colonial background or in rooms which have the simple dignity and homelikeness which was the early American ideal.

Attractively-framed mirrors are never to be overlooked in a consideration of incidental furnishings. They are useful and decorative in themselves, and often lend a glamor to the rest of the room by reflecting it in vistas which a mirror has the odd trick of converting into something at once familiar and strange and altogether alluring. Care should be taken to hang the mirror so that its reflection will be a tempting one. For exclusively decorative purposes the convex or girandole mirror has a piquant quality of its own.

Among the provisions for comfort, which it is so largely the office of the lesser furnishings to supply, must be mentioned footstools; benches, especially if there is a long library table or davenport table in the room; fire screens to save one's face from the direct heat of the roaring blaze; small light-screens so that the reading-light may be exactly adjusted for comfort; and a goodly supply of cushions including chair cushions, sofa cushions and big, durable floor cushions for the fireside.

Lamps are so important that they deserve fuller discussion than it is possible to give here. The only rule for their number is that there should be enough so that for usual purpose the living-room can be adequately lighted by them. The little circles of radiance created by several lamps placed where their illumination is readily available for reading or sewing, are cheerful and at the same time cast an imaginative glamor over the room in its evening aspect, with unexplored shadows in its deeper corners. Some of the most attractive of the table



Where the seeker for incidental furniture found little inspiration ten years ago, the designs of to-day are many and interesting

lamps are those with Chinese porcelain bases; and a decorative note is supplied in the floor lamp by substituting a decorated lacquer pedestal for the more usual mahogany base.

The variety of incidental and odd pieces which add so potently to the charm of the house is practically inexhaustible, and the selection will vary in every case with individual needs, tastes, preferences and habits. It has been possible here only to suggest a very few of the pieces, and for the most part those which will find an acceptable place in the average home of good taste. Tea-carts, muffin-racks, mahogany aquarium-stands, gorgeously decorative Chinese bird-cages, desks of many sorts including the Colonial spinet and the quaint little corner desk for very small quarters, mahogany or lacquered ferneries for the growing things which lend a humanizing note to the chilliest interior, panelled screens of tooled leather or with Chinese decorations, interesting clocks from the tall grandfather clock for the hall to the dainty little banjo clocks for the Colonial living-room, window-seats to add to the attractiveness of sunny nooks, odd chairs in which the range of styles both period and non-period is so alluring and whose cushioning offers such splendid possibilities for harmonious or striking color schemes—these things and many more will suggest themselves as one falls under the spell of selecting the so important small furnishings. Even the trash-basket, with modern designs to choose from, may be a dignified and beautiful addition to the furniture of the living-room.

Quite as important as the selection of incidental furnishings which are interesting and excellent in themselves is their arrangement. The possibility of small "compositions" which may be made by the aid of one or two pieces of furniture and a few simple accessories is too often overlooked or not understood, and one which is capable of aiding a decided element of distinction. If there is an open fireplace this naturally becomes the focal point for



Accent and interest may be given to an interior by the addition of one decorated piece, such as this modern version of a lacquered William and Mary desk



The phonograph in a period case becomes harmonious instead of unsightly

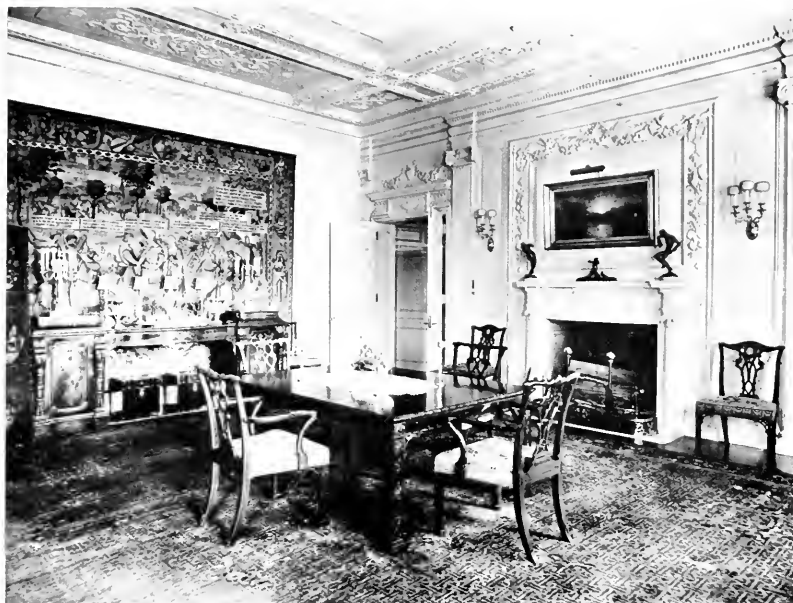
a pleasant grouping of furniture, but the "compositions" referred to have usually a more formal note. An example is the always charming combination of a cabinet with tapestry hung above, and a Chinese porcelain jar or polychrome cast between tall candlesticks affecting the necessary transition. The console group with mirror hung above a console or lowboy which is flanked by formal chairs is a familiar example of the same sort of arrangement, and may be made more interesting if the tapestry is again used as a background, with candle sconces on either side.

Other compositions and pleasing small arrangements, as well as many pieces of the kind of incidental furniture which it is a permanent joy to possess and which constitutes a pleasant means of impressing one's personal tastes and interests upon the rooms one lives in, will be suggested by the illustrations.



Charles A. Platt, Architect

One of the many carefully chosen paintings in the drawing-room is this "French Lady of the 17th Century" by Carl van Loo. Under it are two fine Sevres Empire Vases and a French clock of the same period



Photographed by Gullies

Charles A. Platt, Architect

Over the old Georgian mantel is Blakelock's brilliant "Sunset on a Maine River." The two bronze figures are by Capt. Robert Aitken and the centre group is "Vanity" by Mario Korbel. The tapestries are Flemish, 16th century, and are of the "Gombault-Macce" set. The rug is crushed mullerry in color and like the other rugs in the house is of Persian weaving, following designs of modified Chinese motifs

HISTORIC INSPIRATION AND AMERICAN ADAPTATION

The Washington Residence of James Parmalee, Esq.

By C. MATLACK PRICE

THE interior architecture and decoration of the American home has passed through so many stages in its development that we should be genuinely glad the product of its evolution possesses such distinguished qualities as are evidenced by the illustrations of this article.

Dominated by no one school of instruction, and adhering to no one style for expression, it is greatly to the credit of American architecture that chaos was avoided, and that the evolution of taste proceeded ever in the right direction.

There were mistakes, of course. Many lands and many periods furnished inspiration not only to the architect, but to his client, but the diversity thus occasioned led to a broadening of taste rather than to a confusion of taste.

With French, English and Italian styles enjoying a constantly growing popularity, there was a fine range of decorative possibilities available, and historic styles came to be re-born instead of merely reconstructed. Architects and decorators acquired a

proficiency far beyond mere erudition, and grew to design fluently in many of the distinct styles of French, English and Italian architecture and decoration. They still used names, but the names came to mean something, and to stand for something comparable with the fine old precedents.

Historic styles, in other words, came, through intelligent adaptation, to be a part of modern American architecture, instead of existing merely as fads.

There is a story (old, I believe, but well worth repeating at least once a year) about a *nouveau riche* lady who was displaying her mansion, expensively decorated, to an architect from whom she was bent upon eliciting words of praise and wonder. But when she flung open a door and declaimed, with evident relish: "This is my Louis XV. music room," he exclaimed, mildly and perhaps a little sadly, "What makes you think so?"

The days of such tragic episodes are, for the most part, past. Those who build and decorate houses, and those who live in the houses are better



The 17th century drawing-room in blue and white (the rug is blue and gold) contains many fine works of art. On the right is a rare old Italian cabinet desk of carved black oak. The tapestry panel is 17th century Italian, by Flemish weavers



The living-room is furnished in antiques—Italian, English and Colonial American, with rugs and curtains of a golden tan color. Mr. Parmelee's interest in paintings is manifested in the excellent examples of Pannini, Inness, Mauve, Dessar, Brush, Dewing, Sargent, Reynolds and etchings by Whistler, Cameron and Zorn

educated in matters of style, and with architect, decorator and owner working together in intelligent appreciation of the thing they are endeavoring to create, some fine results are inevitable.

It would be futile to attempt to develop any theory that any one historic style, or even two or three styles are preëminently popular. Many styles are popular, and if any tendency were to be noted, it would be a tendency to lean mostly toward those styles which form the most appropriate background for modern American living.

Thus we find hereditary, instinct and racial affinity turning quite naturally toward the interiors and furniture of the England of Queen Anne's time, and of the great Georgian period. These are styles which, coming over with the colonists, have a logical right on our shores.

They are styles which are appropriate because they are logical, just as Italian and French styles are picturesque or "fashionable" because they hold certain associations. Italian and French styles are not Anglo-Saxon, in which fact lies much of their charm and attraction—for certain purposes. To say that any one of the three styles from which most of our derivations spring—English, French and Italian—is better than either of the others would be absurd and unintelligent.

With our present remarkable facility in adapting almost any phase of the styles of these countries to contemporary American uses (even the Baroque of late Renaissance Italy) we are capable of attaining exactly the right color and shade of decorative expression which we may desire for a given purpose. Our vocabulary is fluent and tri-lingual, and in architecture and decoration we are far more liberally educated than in painting, literature or music. If we cannot enjoy reading Boccaccio in the original, we are nevertheless perfectly capable of enjoying the Italian entrance loggia of our house.

And all this familiarity with many styles has its effect upon the rendering of any one of them.

If modern interior architecture, and the selection of furniture, might be said to reflect any one specific trait of contemporary attainment, I think that trait could be called *surety*—a surety which is the product of intelligence and discrimination.

The illustrations are from interiors created by Charles A. Platt, who is a master of architectural and decorative surety. He has planned and decorated the most distinguished interiors in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and the same talents which have been directed upon these achievements are apparent in the Georgian interiors which are illustrated.

But in these renderings there can be seen nothing of the rigid stylist: there is a fluency which comes only from perfect surety. The most stilted and artificial sentences are those composed by the conscientious man who is afraid he may commit a

grammatical error; his words are correct, but they lack the easy conviction of surety.

The analogy in architecture and decoration is obvious. The master never fears that his departure from precedent may be a *faux pas*: he knows the conventions so well that he is not afraid to turn his back, at times, upon them. But in no case does he offend conventions.

The works of a few of our architects illustrate this quality of surety; we see it always in the work of Mr. Platt, and in the works of H. T. Lindeberg, John Russell Pope, Lewis C. Albro and a few others.

The selection of furniture goes hand in hand with the architectural expression—or, at least, it *should*. Here, too, education has broadened both architect and owner, so that appreciation is the result of intelligent knowledge instead of fashionable whim.

It is true that there are certain rules which should be observed in furnishing interiors which are designed to represent the style of certain historic periods. It is equally true that certain rules may be disregarded, if one possess a measure of that "sense of fitness" which is called good taste.

There is but little artistic merit in producing an architectural or decorative treatment which contains only elements of exactness. It is a curious thing that more architects and decorators do not keep before them the vastly important analogy between architectural and literary expression.

A writer might admire the diction of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, but he would not seek to achieve fame by offering a copy of it for publication. His admiration for the diction might inspire him to better writing, but he would seek to attain not the *form* but the *manner* of the thing which inspired him.

Such, fortunately, is the tendency which is becoming increasingly more apparent in the field of architecture and decoration.

There is far more latitude in the furnishing of a room than used to be supposed, and the best interiors today are not those which are meticulously exact, but those which depart from convention just sufficiently to make both departure and convention piquant and interesting through contrast.

Contemporary architecture and decoration may generally be measured with a fair degree of accuracy through recognition of the three things which produce three types.

Usually there will be ample evidence that the work was undertaken by Ignorance, which makes pathetic mistakes; by Knowledge, which seldom achieves anything interesting; or by Surety, which is capable of departing from precedent without making mistakes, and which is capable of achieving a rendering perfectly congruous and admirably expressive of the whole purpose of architecture and interior decoration.



PORTRAIT OF MARY WOLSTONECRAFT

By John Opie, 1761-1807

Painted by this Englishman for Aaron Burr and owned by him. Later it came into the possession of Miss Ann S. Stephens, by whom the picture has been bequeathed to James Speyer, Esq.

"ORNAMENT" AND THE SOURCES OF DESIGN IN THE DECORATIVE ARTS

TODAY in many of the high schools, and particularly in those institutions devoted to the teaching of industrial design, the study of the development and evolution of styles is receiving a constantly increasing amount of attention, while the various architectural schools have of necessity always devoted much time to the study of certain specialized types of ornament and form. The teaching in all such schools has to some extent been based upon the study and analysis of the various objects in which the several styles are exhibited, and to a far greater extent upon photographic or other reproductions of them, as there seems to be a commonly accepted theory that such objects, whatever they may be, are not only the original things, but the only things in which the art of decorative ornament and form may be studied to the best advantage.

So far as the teaching of craftsmanship, as distinct from design, is concerned, this theory is undoubtedly true, but history shows conclusively that it is only partially true of design. For although design is based upon craftsmanship, it is quite another thing, and the study of the two must not be confounded. The situation is exactly analogous to that in music, where, although composition presupposes the possibility of execution, the training of the executant and of the composer are widely different, and few musicians are able to play their own tunes for the simple reason that they cannot write them.

Whatever the case may have been in the earliest times, the fact remains that since the middle of the fifteenth century, when printing was invented and paper first became an ordinary article of commerce, the craftsmen have turned for their designs not so much to the actual pieces of furniture, metalwork, or what not, that have come from other days, or other hands, as to drawings and engravings which have been made and sold in large quantities for their use. Were it otherwise, the rapid and simultaneous development of furniture-making along the lines of a new style in many widely separated localities could not have taken place, because the objects made in these new styles were immediately absorbed into residences and were not available for study by the craftsmen. Even were this simple historic fact not true, they could not have been produced in sufficient quantities or rapidly enough disseminated to serve as models for the trade, and in any event the elementary problem of expense would have made such a dissemination impossible, as few great metropolitan dealers or manufacturers, even of to-day, can afford to have their private museums of decorative art. Contemporary dress-

makers in the provinces of the *monde couturière* do purchase models from the great initiators of fashion, but their custom has not spread to the other trades, nor even very far among their own craft, as is proved by the notoriously great sale of printed or cut pattern designs. Comparison of the slowness of alteration in fashion prior to the middle of the fifteenth century and its subsequent increasingly kaleidoscopic speed with the development and spread of printing and engraving, compels the conclusion that the printing press has been mainly responsible for the change in tempo since that time.

Again, the situation may perhaps best be explained by a reference to music. The sounds produced by the *clavier* at the piano correspond to the articles produced by the craftsman, while the musical score, the creation of which demands truest invention and greatest constructive imagination, passes from hand to hand in printed or written form just as the engraved and drawn designs for craftsmen did in former years prior to the invention of photographic process reproduction. In fact, a photograph of an *objet d'art* is roughly analogous to our modern "canned" music, and the solar print of a Hepplewhite chair in a museum bears somewhat the same relation to the original engraved designs from which that chair was constructed, that the mechanical player's music bears to the lithographed score of a Beethoven sonata. The original basis in either case being a printed score or design, the chair or the music produced by the executant at the bench or at the piano is but a reading or an elaboration of another man's creation, to be considered and recognized as such, in most cases without further or more exalted claim.

Of the designs from which our forefathers immediately produced by far the greater part of the various things to-day loosely classed as examples of decorative art, many were drawings, but most were prints, and from a cultural point of view many of these are of the very greatest importance. Much of this "ornament," as the drawn and engraved designs for laces, furniture, metalwork, etc., are called in the technical language of the print room, if from the hands of men who have won their greatest popular fame as engravers and etchers of pictorial prints, their ornament being either "original," or variations upon themes found by them in actual objects, or often mere "copies." In any event, in pure ornament there is little difference between the first two classes; for no one in all probability has ever invented a wholly new and original design, while as for the "copies" they

are like two editions of the same musical score, their value not differing materially if the transcriptions be accurate. Moreover, even in the case of a direct copy of the decoration and form of a piece of metalwork, it must be remembered that the craftsman, who works from a piece of paper pinned on the wall over his bench bases his work upon the eyesight, draftsmanship, and taste of its draftsman rather than upon that of the suppositious "original" creator. Large, however, as is the amount of ornament designed by engravers or etchers, most of it has been made by men learned in the several crafts for which they were working, and their designs have been made definitely for the purpose of being engraved by other hands, just as the musical composer intends that the notes in his manuscript shall be stamped into zinc by the music engravers.

As engraving had its origin in the workshops of the gold and silversmiths, so did few of the great print makers of the Renaissance fail to produce their engraved ornament. Thus, to mention but a few of the more popularly known personalities, Schongauer engraved a series of armorial bearings, a crozier, a censer, and several leaf patterns; Dürer not only made his magnificent coats of arms with the cock and with the skull, but produced book-plates and six woodcut copies of the celebrated engravings of "Knots" by an anonymous Italian engraver of the school of Leonardo da Vinci; while the German Little Masters devoted a large part of their efforts to exercises in design for use by metal workers and carvers of wood and stone. To Altdorfer, the Hopfer family, and such later men as Matthias Zundt and Virgil Solis we are indebted for long series of arabesques and designs for beakers, cups, and other vessels, while Peter Flötner and Paul Flindt specialized in woodcut and etched designs for marquetry, furniture, and metalwork. The situation was much the same in Italy that it was in Germany, possibly the most famous and beautiful of all the Italian primitive engravings being the *mielli* and what in English are known as the "Otto Prints" after the name of a former owner, but which in German are descriptively known as *Florentinische Zierstücke*.

Quite probably the large proportion of ornament to be found in the work of the early engravers is due to the fact that many of them were originally trained as gold and silversmiths—the earliest engravings having quite curious technical analogies with the plates by such American primitives as Maverick and Paul Jones, who were both silversmiths and engravers upon copper. The most influential early ornament, however, was that designed by painters—the case of Raphael's *loggie* being a prime instance—as their designs for the decoration of flat surfaces were copied by the engravers and draftsmen and spread broadcast

through the community. After the first quarter of the sixteenth century there rapidly grew up a class of specialized designers for the several crafts, who worked habitually with pen or engraving tool rather than with brush, hammer, or chisel, thus taking over for their respective trades the function previously performed by men primarily known as painters or pictorial engravers. This specialization is noteworthy because, except for the decoration of flat surfaces, the designs produced for the various purposes seem early to have formed the ruts in which future development was to take place—the immediate transference of non-pictorial designs from the medium for which they were intended to another being comparatively infrequent. From time to time as new decorative elements made their appearance they were utilized and adapted by the designers for the several crafts, important instances being the pervasion of the "Moresque" in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and the immediate influence of the discoveries at Pompeii and Herculaneum in the eighteenth century; but their subsequent development seems largely to have been independent.

This condition has lasted well on to the present day, the great succeeding styles in any class of "work of art" being in almost every instance either initiated or disseminated by the specialized designers. Thus the several great styles of the English eighteenth century are known not after the actual cabinetmakers who made the furniture but by the names or the manners of the creators of the pattern-books. Chambers, who, with Chippendale, was responsible for the "Chinese" furniture, was an architect, as was also Adam—neither of them being a cabinetmaker. Of the three most famous English designers, Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton, all were trained as cabinetmakers, but pieces made or actually designed by them are practically unknown—the greater part of their fame and influence having been due to their published pattern-books. The Louis XIV. style seems to have been due mainly to the popularity of the engraved work of such draftsmen as Charmeton, Jean le Pautre, and Jean Berain; the styles of the Regency and Louis XV. are attributed in large part to the group of designers of pattern-books at the head of which stood Oppenort and Meisssonier, while Louis XVI. is summed up in many respects by the plates of Salernbier. Piranesi, who on his copper always described himself as architect, was probably more than any other man responsible for the initial impulse which brought about the so-called Empire style. Space forbids mention of the great designers for jewelry, except perhaps Benvenuto Cellini, one of whose masterpieces has now found its final resting place in the Metropolitan Museum, or of the many men who have invented the designs in the

countless pattern-books for laces, embroideries, metalwork, and generally for schemes of interior decoration—but the same thing is true of them that is true of the furniture designers, they were primarily ornamentists and only secondly craftsmen.

The decoration of flat surfaces had rather a different history than that of ornament intended for specific materials, as here there were not the same controlling physical limitations. Despite the great beauty and celebrity of such work, for instance, as that of Raphael and Watteau, designs of this type are perhaps to be found in greatest abundance in the decoration of printed pages—from the Florentine arithmetic of 1490, which so obviously inspired the ornament of Hans Sebald Beham and Aldegrever, and the *Hyperotomachia* printed by Aldus in 1499, through the various editions of the classics and other popular books produced at Venice and Lyons during the sixteenth century, and winding up with the head and tail pieces by such very great masters as Eisen and Choffard in the eighteenth-century editions of the French classics. The reason that the most charming and graceful designs of these non-specialized types so frequently occur as book decoration is that it was possible, as a general rule, to secure the services of much greater and more delicate artists for that purpose than for any other—and it therefore happens that if one would see the greatest abundance of perfect examples one must turn to the fine editions of the favorite authors to find them.

The importance of the collection and study of drawings, prints, and book decoration, not only for a proper understanding of the functional growth and development of ornament but as the source for inspiration of new design, therefore, can hardly be overrated. The most intelligent students of design and the most artistically enterprising master craftsmen of Europe have been keenly alive to the actuality of the situation for at least a generation, and such very intelligently conducted institutions as the Kunstgewerbe-Museum at Berlin, the National Art Library, which is one of the departments of the South Kensington Museum at London, and the Bibliothèque d'Art et d'Archéologie at Paris, have been assiduously forming collections of printed and drawn "ornament" of all times and periods; the impulse in Berlin coming from a group of great merchants under the leadership of Dr. Lippmann, for many years the head of the Royal Print Cabinet, and at Paris being carried on through the generosity and public spirit of one of the greatest living couturiers. In this country there seems as yet to have been no concerted movement for the formation of such collection in any place, save in so far as books of specialized interest have been gathered at the several architectural schools. The museums here for a generation have been aware that the whole of art is not to be found in sculpture

and painting, and most important and valuable collections of furniture, woodwork, pottery, plate, and textiles have been formed at many places, notably at the Metropolitan Museum, the collections of which have been made extraordinarily rich through the generosity of the late J. Pierpont Morgan and his son. These collections are having a most gratifying effect upon the prevailing standards of craftsmanship in this country, such an exhibition of contemporary American work as was held at the Metropolitan Museum in March of last year showing clearly the inspiration they have afforded. But as yet the current production of the craftsmen throughout the country, however good from the point of view of craftsmanship alone, is disappointing in so far as it still has a decided tendency to fail in design. Much as the collections of decorative art have done and are doing, therefore, it would seem as though the development of design in this country must of necessity fall behind the development of craftsmanship until such time as those collections are supplemented in our public institutions by collections of the drawings, prints, and book decorations made by the great masters of ornament, and the public is taught their use and value. Not only should the *objets d'art* and the "ornament" upon which they are based be placed in juxtaposition and their relationship explained and interpreted so that the craftsmen of the country may realize the manner in which their forerunners worked, where and how they obtained and compiled their designs, and how most successfully they may do the same thing for themselves; but the museums should be active to establish great collections of ornament to which the craftsmen may turn for inspiration and aid when they have learned the art of its use from the study of the juxtaposed examples. Unfortunately the fine ornament of past times has to a large extent been worn out in the workshops, just as the other tools were, and to-day it is becoming so rare and expensive that it is quite impossible for any but the wealthiest worker or manufacturer to form a good collection of it. The making and utilization of such collections therefore have become matters for collective effort, and like all other collective effort in the field of the fine arts it should find its leaders and its focus in the museums, because from a broad point of view it is perhaps doubtful whether any other extension of present institutional activities could be so valuable to the cause of art in the communities they serve. At the present time the collections of decorative art educate more connoisseurs and collectors than they do craftsmen, and until and unless they are supplemented by "collections of ornament," the education they afford will largely continue to be that which is useful in the acquisition rather than in the creation of works of art. (*Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*)



THE STORM
By AVASÓVSKY



The Black Sea—By M. Tkatchenko

SOME PHASES OF RUSSIAN ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By FRANCIS HAFFKINE SNOW

Author of "Ten Centuries of Russian Art"; "Isaak Levitán, the Painter of the Russian Soul"; "The Seasons in Russian Painting," etc., etc.

THE eighteenth century waned and the tradition of official art was dimmed and finally extinguished; but the advent of the modern School of Painting was long delayed. We find occasionally, it is true, in some Russian painters of the early nineteenth century bits of good landscape painting, if only in the background; but this is the exception, and not the rule. In another study I have already intimated that the reputation of Briúillov (a Classic "doubled" with a Romanticist) was by his contemporaries very much exaggerated; and that Ivánov, volcanic, powerful, inchoate, was an abortive genius; Prince Gagárin, to my mind, rarely transcends mediocrity.

Not till we study the paintings of Venetsiánov, his "Summer," for instance, do we find eagerly a trace, perhaps more than a trace, a definite impression of what we seek—the "mooding" of the Russian landscape, and that not in its most typical manifestation. It is the Russian landscape seen by a Russian realist of the post-Napoleonic period, who has, if only unconsciously, a tinge of idyllism, of Romanticism; of *Gogolism*, if I may coin the word. Such painters as Venetsiánov and Fedótov (that audacious satiriser of the bureaucratic and militaristic circles of his time), the first in rural scenes, the second in interiors, herald the advent of that new school of Realism and "Tendentiousness" which arose in the eighties of the nineteenth century, and

of which Verestchágin and Riépin were the supreme representatives.

The importance of Venetsiánov, it should be said, has been very much exaggerated in later times by the Tolstoyans, who see in Venetsiánov's genre-portrayals of peasant-women gazing on the wind-swept gold of the harvest field that fusion of Art with Reality, that deliberate descent of Class to Mass, that Religion of Humanity in a suggested Fraternalism of all mankind, which to them is Art's only apologia. The fact that the sane and jovial Venetsiánov painted only what he saw around him on his own estate, his peasants, his granaries and harvests, and was no moralizer, has not prevented these Utopians from using his name as a buttress to support their theory, which is, beyond all question, extremely weak.

But Venetsiánov, after all, was only an isolated phenomenon. One would have expected that with the arrival of Romanticism in Russian Art in the first half of the nineteenth century, at least the essence of the mood of the modern Russian school of painting would have been developed; for the three elements of this mood, mysticism, poetry and religion, are all components of the modern School. Classicism (the coeval and rival of Romanticism), which spread its chilling breath over all, would naturally be sterile to the development of such a mood. But Romanticism seems to have been quite as sterile. Kiprénsky, Tropínin, Varnek,



WINTER, A PASTEL
By Shiskin

were no landscapists; Orlóvsky's landscapes are dull studies from Nature, crude and commonplace; Briúillov, as well as his disciple, Count Gagárin, have sometimes been felicitous in backgrounds, tho' even here they achieved nothing noteworthy (a few landscape studies may be excepted; Gagárin's Caucasus studies bear the stamp of craftsmanship); K. Makóvsky, one of the greatest masters of the Russian school, was interested wholly in figure-painting on a large scale, and not at all in landscape; and the splendor of Semirádsky's still-lives is lavished on themes of pagan antiquity, not even of Russian, but of the Hellenic past.

Only one painter, the romantic Aivasóvsky, who stands out among the Russian landscape painters for his passion for the sea, may be said to have brought the symphonic school of Levítan nearer. For the seascapes of Aivasóvsky, which some of the Russian critics delight in dismissing airily as poor copies of Gudin and Louis Isabeiy, of Turner and his follower John Martin, stand out for two reasons; they are with all the wild splendor of their imagery symphonic and they are depictions of Russian nature. No Russian painter, certainly, has ever equalled Aivasóvsky in his renditions of color of the Russian sea; no one has ever seen more deeply its beauty or expressed it more suggestively. His colors blend and dazzle; the whites and greens and golds and purples are woven into color-harmonies of an imposing grandeur, not copied, but *vue*. Aivasóvsky's *Ninth Wave* or his *Black Sea* are, I maintain, against Benois or any other of Aivasóvsky's detractors, examples of great art; and in full knowledge of the cause I venture to assert that Aivasóvsky is one of the most magnificent depicitors of the sea in its most fascinating moods, whom the artistic world has known; a poet in color; endowed with a romantic love for the object of his life-long labors; with the most intimate knowledge of the Black Sea, one of the most mysteriously beautiful bodies of waters, which Stephen Graham, in one of his books of Russian Pilgrimage, has tried so ineffectually to paint in words.*

As a symptom of the growing interest in Realism, Aivasóvsky, with all his passionate, romantic temperament, is significant. It is curious to see how these two elements, Realism and Romanticism, seemingly so antipathetical, combine, if they do not fuse, in the character of the modern Russian. Sometimes we find them dissociated; the Russian may be all Realist, or all Romanticist. Of the former variety are the two landscape painters of the fifties and sixties, Baron von Klodt and Shishkin, the latter of whom, at least, represents Realism at its best. And the appearance of these two is

noteworthy, for they have no ancestry: Venetsiánov, as I have shown above, was an isolated phenomenon; Aivasóvsky was a painter not of the Russian country, but of the Russian sea. Not one big and independent genius had appeared from the forties onward. Not until we come to the decade falling between 1850 and 1860 is the dynamic power—I will not be afraid to use the term—of Russian realism revealed. And here, as I have intimated, von Klodt and Shishkin are epoch-making; to a lesser degree, Bogoliúbov, Lagóriu and Giún.

Von Klodt, be it said to his honor, abandoned study abroad to return and study Russian nature. And a certain Russian mooding of thoughtfulness and poetic feeling is at times the inevitable result. But technically his works are rough, and many of them show an almost intolerable vice of "shablonism" of the usual Munich-Düsseldorf stereotypification. It remained for Shishkin to show what a real Russian painter of the realistic school who loved his Russian nature could do.

It is very much the fashion among the trenchantly intolerant German art critics such as Muther, and even, I regret to say, among some of the Russian critics themselves, influenced by adverse German criticism, to depreciate the value of Shishkin's art creation. Benois, at least, makes an obvious effort to do Shishkin justice; but even he damns him with the faint praise of such epithets as "conscientious"—"painstaking" and "photographic." Benois, however, was too keen a critic to lose sight of Shishkin's historical importance. He realised fully that Shishkin, more than any other painter of his time, put light into the eyes of the younger generation, who gazed astonished upon the neglected Russian landscape and found it fair. And Benois even admits that Shishkin might have become one of the great masters of Russian landscape painting, as he is today one of the best-known painters of Russian woods and fields—if his undoubted talents had been turned in the right direction. I am free to confess that I miss the spirit of Barbizon in many of his paintings; and that I recognize reluctantly a certain inexpressiveness—I will not say neutralism—of coloring; but it must not be forgotten that many of his pictures depict winter and forest scenes. Perhaps the most serious, as it is the most penetrating criticism of Shishkin's work—notably of his forest landscapes—has been made by Rosa Newmarch, namely, the odd and oppressive lack of atmosphere; I have myself felt sometimes, as I studied some of Shishkin's woodland scenes in the Russian Museums, the definite impression of lack of air; an impression produced mainly by the curiously metallic quality of Shishkin's greens. . . .

And yet—some of Shishkin's forest scenes, hung in the Museum of Alexander III. and in the

* Other Russian painters have been lured by the beauty of the Russian sea and the Russian river: a striking painting by M. Tkatchenko, "The Black Sea," is reproduced above; the Volga also has been beautifully depicted by N. S. Dubovsky in a painting hung in the Tretyakov Museum in Moscow.



Tretiakov, still haunt my memory; the mysterious gloom, the sombre, druid-like suggestiveness; the brooding spirit of the encompassed glade, intensified by the dull blue whiteness of the heavy snow, leave an impression which no mere mechanical shablonism, no Germanophile systematisation could ever obtain. It is not without reason that the Russians are so extremely fond of Shishkin. Let us say that Shishkin was hampered by foreign tradition; we should also admit that his achievement was both real and permanent; for the Russian landscape mood was in him, and he knew how to evoke it in his contemporaries; this is surely no mean achievement. Let us be scientifically explicit and dispassionately fair; let us say that no painter of the modern group (not even Klever, one of whose woodland Scenes is here reproduced) has rendered more accurately the external aspects of the Russian woods; his canvases are admired by every Russian for their fidelity to Nature; some of his forest and snow scenes are grippingly suggestive; he paved the way and blazed the trail for Savrásov and Levitán, whom I shall discuss later in a special study.

But of all the movements which I have discussed, none, I suppose, has had such a momentous influence on the trend of Russian art as that which for convenience sake, may be classified as didacticism. A form of realism, fused with a didactic or moralizing tendency, it arose in the early twenties of the nineteenth century in Western Europe, and was transplanted to Russia about a decade later.

It is astonishing to watch the rapidity of its development in the world of Russian art. Here, as everywhere in matters Russian, there is a special explanation—in this instance the sufferings of the Russian people under the iron yoke of the Románoffs. In art, as in literature, any theory which included in its consequence and in its application a form of anti-governmental propaganda, even in a disguised and non-specific form, could not fail to be attractive. The whole of the next generation was affected by it; already in the forties the tendency is clearly and unmistakably defined. Only one painter in the three decades falling between the forties and the seventies remained faithful to the principles of Art for Art's sake; I refer to Peter Sokolov, who in his sad, typically Russian landscapes, shows himself even at this early date a real forerunner of the symphonic school of Levitán; the mood of the modern Russian school is in him; he is all pure artist, and didacticism is farthest from his thought and his intent.

But Sokolov in this devotion to the direct aims of landscape art stands apart from his contemporaries. At the end of the forties, P. A. Fedotov begins a brilliant series of oil paintings in which he satirises the government, the bureaucratic society, the merchants, the petty gentry. Some of his work is pervaded with a certain melancholy, but these pictures do not fall within the sphere which I am at present studying; if I mention him here, it is because his still life pictures are comparable to those of a Rembrandt or a Teniers, in mood, if not always in execution.

Perov, born in 1833, carries the moralizing tendency even further than Fedotov. The precepts of the Petersburg Academy had long since been relegated to oblivion; dazzled by the spirit of emancipation of the fifties and sixties, Russian art now begins to vie with literature, by which I mean that it seeks no more the specific ends of art, but the expression of ideas; the artists of this didactic period endeavor to make the colors of their palette perform the function of words. All Perov's paintings are anecdotal or narrative in character; their very titles (The Arrival of the Commissary of Rural Police—The Village Sermon—The Village Church Procession, etc.) are significant. . . . Realistically faithful and daringly psychological, they are beyond question extremely important as documents of the Culture-historical conditions both preceding and following the reforms and repressions of Alexander the Second's reign; but as art they are, like much of the work of all this realistic and didactic school, both cheerless and depressing.

In the Tretiakov gallery in Moscow there is a considerable collection of the paintings of Perov and his fellow-workers in this field, a collection

(Continued on page 242)

A TAX ON SALES OF ART WORKS

By GEORGES LECOMPTE

President of the Société des Gens de Lettres

Director of the École Estienne (Applied Arts in Book-Making)

Translated from "Paris L'Information"

AT the time the Minister of Finance and the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts—not long ago—made a demand upon the Parliamentary Committees that entrance fees should be exacted at the doors of art museums, we supported their request from the side of the public. . . .

But always with this proviso indispensable: that the public should be received without charge on Sundays and Thursdays, and that entrance cards should be generously distributed among artists, artisan decorators, writers on art, pupils of all our art schools! Under those conditions we resigned ourselves good-humoredly to the ligature which, without hurting the education of Frenchmen, would drop no small amount of money into the strong-boxes of the Treasury, postponing matters until later, when, the ruins replaced and restored, this income should enrich the particular strong-boxes of our art museums for the benefit of acquisitions to come.

Thus have we proved, in the clever hunt for new taxes forced upon us by these sorrowful times, that we shall never belong to those who, in order to please everybody, at one and the same moment proclaim the patriotic necessity for new imposts, but in practice give support one after the other to various categories of taxpayers who may be trying to pass the burden over to a neighbor.

Already—after 1871—we have had this spectacle of a unanimous because inevitable acceptance of the totality of imposts to be created and yet a harmful tendency among the greater number of interested corporations to put a quietus on that particular tax which threatened each one of them. A struggle it was without giving quarter, which for several months nearly drove M. Thiers to despair—Thiers, the reorganizer with Puyet-Quartier of our finances, as he was of our army under the most disquieting menaces from the Germans.

We very much hope that on the brink of the dangerous gulf—which it will depend upon our perseverance and good morale to cause to be filled in large part by the criminal aggressor—this overplus of an underhand robbery will not be reproduced on the day that follows our deliverance from the foe. It is useful that the patriotism of professional men of all kinds shall show itself without whining by a valiant acceptance of their quota of the "sorrowful." A sorrow feeble enough, in comparison with those that are irreparable!

But likewise is it necessary that our Ministers and the Chambers should have the wisdom, in this headlong pursuit of money, to refrain from establishing imprudent taxes, unpondered and excessive, which run the risk of hurting the industries upon which they weigh, compromising the manufacturers which have to support them and rendering the existence impossible of the creators and workers who gain their bread from them.

Well then, it really seems that this is the danger of the impost of ten per cent. on the sales of art objects and collections which M. Thiers, recently Minister of Finance, asked Parliament to establish in his proposal as to new taxes. It is a proposition that M. L. Klotz, the new Minister of Finance, has already had time to consider, and perhaps to discuss with himself and his colleagues on the Budget Commission, during the fifteen days he has presided over their labors.

I understand quite well that this tax on the sales of objects of the arts (paintings, sculptures, engravings, ceramics, ironwork, etc.) is only a part of a whole, imposts which it is desirable to establish upon all kinds of expenditures for things of luxury and without exception.

I understand well enough that in the spirit of the former government and in accord with its hope, it would be the purchaser who ought to support the new taxes as the beneficiary of this luxury or pleasure.

But let us not dissemble to ourselves that in practice, at least in so far as concerns the contemporary works of painting, sculpture, engraving and decorative art, it is the artist and the artist alone who will receive the counter-blow. In reality it is he and he alone who will pay this new impost.

Even well along before the war the life of the artist, taken all in all, was neither brilliant nor comfortable. While abandoning himself to his whim, the buyer never lost his coolness. How often did he not prove himself an irresistible *virtuoso* in bargaining and lowering values! Besides, he did not lack his own reasons for so doing! It is not only as a matter of the present that life is costly, complicated, exacting. Before giving oneself the joy of owning a work of art, what a list of primary needs to satisfy! What other luxuries to be distributed about one!

Well then, what will be the situation to-morrow under the constant augmentation of costs of daily
(Continued on page 240)



An ecclesiastic at his writing desk

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE Metropolitan Museum has just received as gifts from Felix M. Warburg and Mortimer L. Schiff a number of very important wood cut books, among which are such things as beautiful copies of Dürer's treatises on Fortification, Mensuration and Proportion, the *Heroswitha* and Celtis's *Quatuor libri amorum* and a *Life of Saint Jerome*, all illustrated with woodcuts by Dürer, and the *Revelations of Saint Bridget*, some of the illustrations in which may possibly be by him. There are also two copies of Dürer's *Apocalypse* in book form, one in a seventeenth-century binding, and another in which unfortunately the prints have been slightly cropped but of great interest as containing the only known impression of a woodcutter's monogram, possibly that of the man who engraved the blocks. In addition to this most interesting lot of Dürer items, there are copies of the first part of Brunfels' *Herbal*, with woodcuts by Hans Weiditz, which with the Fuch's *Herbal*, already in the Museum library, is the most important and beautiful German Renaissance botany book, Plintzing's *Theurdank* illustrated with many woodcuts by Schaufelein, Burgkmair, Beck, Weiditz,

and others, the *Biblicae Icones* of Hans Sebald Beham, Altdorfer's *Passion* set in book form, the *Hortulus Anime* containing woodcuts by Springinklee and Schön, Cicero's *Officia* illustrated by Hans Weiditz, and Goltzius' curious collection of chiaroscuro portraits of Roman emperors.

Any attempt to do justice to such a list of books as this is obviously impossible in the restricted space available, each item being worthy of prolonged study and most careful examination, and although there is a voluminous literature about all of them, as a whole they still afford material for investigation and discovery of the most interesting kind, presenting not only difficult and intricate questions of attribution but many problems of a more general variety. The one thing which is most important about them is their artistic interest, entirely aside from the wheres, whens, whos, and hows with which students go to them, for, fascinating as such inquiries are, the cardinal thing that stands out from them for us in America is the fact that their illustrations are beautiful and original works of art, by the most important artists of their time and country.

Here to-day the illustrated book is on every



Belitia presenting his book to Maximilian I.
Wood-cut by Dürer

table and in every hand, hundreds of men and women of industry and ability devote their time and their talents to illustration, and yet not one book in a thousand of those we produce will ever be saved more than a few years for its illustrations. The reason is apparent; it is not that there are not good draughtsmen among us, for there are many clever ones, but that the illustrations which appear in our books are not real works of art. Our most prominent artists paint and draw and "sculpt," but they do not "illustrate" except by adverse chance. Our artists who have not arrived "illustrate" as a means of livelihood, always looking forward to the time when they may be financially able to stop the grind for the "art editor." The "art editor" in turn, and naturally enough, regarding his "illustrations" as merchandise, to be produced as cheaply and quickly as possible, turns to the photoengraver for information about the easiest and cheapest and quickest methods of production. And the photoengraver not only dictates how the drawings shall be made, their pigments, and their size, but is careful to retain as closely as possible all information how the process blocks after them are made. The result is that the draughtsman makes large and intricate drawings, and that done washes his hands of the matter, quite frankly regarding the "illustration" that appears on the printed page as merely a reproduction. And that is all it is, it is not an original work of art with the indefinable something

about it which causes original works of art to be regarded seriously where mere reproductions are not and in the nature of things cannot be. Until the present-day artist and his editor can be brought to see that his drawing is not an "original" but merely a step in the process of producing a picture printed on a piece of paper, and that the printed picture is the test of his work, the "original" in the fullest sense of the word, the thing itself, the matter cannot be remedied. And the artist cannot be brought to see this until the art editor permits and encourages him to foregather with the photoengraver and printer and learn something about their techniques, their difficulties, and the qualities that are inherent in their technical tasks, so that the artist may work with understanding of each of the steps that lie between his finished drawing and the final printed picture and may intelligently adapt his designs to them.

Now Dürer and Burgkmair, Weiditz and Beck knew about these things from very force of circumstances, they made their drawings directly on the plank of wood, and those drawings were destroyed in the very process of being cut, so that the only thing there was to judge their artistry by was the eventual print from the block upon a piece of paper. Being all there was, it was original and it became a matter of the greatest moment to them to understand precisely how to draw so that the cutter might least distort their lines and the printer best print the blocks. In consequence they adapted their work most carefully to the limitations and most eagerly availed themselves of the qualities inherent in the crafts of both cutter and printer. It was a matter of life or death to them as artists to do so.

So far as the modern artist is concerned, if he will, he can find out about process and adapt himself to its requirements—it is largely with him a psychological matter, the shifting of emphasis from his drawing to the little printed picture. But the editor and the photoengraver, too, must be willing and ready to play their part, to make allowances for each other, and to adapt their methods to the requirements of team play.



Wood-cut by Hans Weiditz



Wood-cut by Dürer

It is frequently said that the modern decline in illustration is due to the substitution of process blocks for woodblocks, and to a certain extent it is a true statement, because prior to the introduction of process the designer was obliged to make his drawings with the woodcutter's technique in view—he could not depend upon the photoengraver's skill in reproduction. But though such an attitude may be natural, in view of the universal belief in the magic of process, it is neither a necessary nor a true one. More than ever before, if the artist desires that his illustrations should be works of art, must he know about the process and work with its exigencies constantly in view—because the photoengraver is quite incapable of jacking up his drawing, of *making* it, in short, as was so often the case in the old days. To-day the most that the photoengraver can do is not to spoil a drawing—he can't help it or make it something other and better than when it left the artist's hand.

Moreover, it is frequently said that process is something inherently inartistic—but such a point of

view if logically carried out would debar from the "artistic" the woodcuts by Dürer and Holbein, every engraving and mezzotint not made from an original design by the engraver himself, and many of the best-known etchings. The mere matter of how many hands are concerned in the making of a print from the inception of the design to the final impression upon the pages of a printed book has nothing to do with artistry—otherwise what would become of buildings and bronzes, music and the drama? The fact that the camera is interjected into the sequence of events in the technical progression is equally immaterial—it is nothing more than a mechanical transfer of the design from paper to metal plate, a thing which it does far more accurately than even the most trained hand. In short, logically there is no reason underlying the feeling that "process" is inartistic other than the simple fact that "process" is almost always used inartistically, and to damn a technique as such solely because it is misused is to forget what technique really is, to mix it up with something else—a confusion of thought which would dismiss charcoal from among the proper tools of an artist because it is most frequently used by naughty boys upon blank walls.

The short and simple fact is that a process block is an etching, and, if used understandingly and with care, capable of exactly as "artistic" results as any of the older techniques, in fact, of results which except by the expert cannot be distinguished from the results of those older techniques. And this being so, the responsibility for the difference in quality between the illustrations in the books of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries and those that appear in our current books can easily be brought home.

If the very great artistic merit of the old woodcut book as exemplified in these venerable volumes just added to the Museum collection can even a little be appreciated by those who to-day make books, their presence in that collection will have done far more than is necessary for justification. They are eloquent and weighty evidences of the great and forgotten facts that the large majority of beautiful prints were made as book illustrations, and that "prints," with all that the word implies, are the only proper kind of book illustrations.

W. M. L. JR., in the *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum*.



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A TAX ON SALES OF ART WORKS

(Continued from page 235)

existence, under the necessarily heavy weight of the new charges—even along with the tribute in reparation from the Roche? It is to be feared that the artist will sell badly and with difficulty. In general he will not make a sale unless it is he himself and not the buyer who takes the burden of the ten per cent. of the tax on the sale.

It is not the duty of the Government and the Chambers to occupy themselves a little, along with their work on the finances, with the lot of the French artists and the situation of French Art in the future?

These artists of ours have been passing three terrible years without Salons, almost without small exhibitions, without purchases, in almost complete neglect. An indifference, to be sure, that is very understandable! What anguish weighs upon their spirits and hearts! So many things to intervene between the thought and the work of art! Those who suffer, those who weep are not master of that serenity which is needed to ponder long before a picture, to will that it shall be made the ornament of its maker's life. The great majority of artists know what financial embarrassment is; many of them know misery. And this exists despite the American aid, discreet and cordial, which has done wonders during the past three years—despite the admirable effort of the *Fraternité des Artistes* which, under the impulse given by men of generous hearts like Bonnat, Roll, Bartholomé, has known how to do so much good, while preserving intact the dignity of every one. Is it necessary that on the eve of victory the artists, so sadly treated by the war, shall find their restoration compromised under the peace?

Is not this the moment to recall what France owes to its artists, what it may expect to-morrow? At a time when our science was unjustly neglected outside France, our literature misunderstood, our industries attacked, our French art—to the richness of which, its originality and brilliance, the art of no other country, however proud the land, could be compared—our French art never ceased to be admired! The copying of it which took place are proofs of our prestige. For the greater number of peoples it was and remains the inspiration in art. Almost everywhere and in the most interesting works one discovers its influence.

After having brought to us great glory but yesterday, to-morrow it will give us still more. Let us think, to about the wealth that it may bring to France!

Let us fear besides to find that in consequence of such new taxes—very heavy ones—placed upon old and modern objects of the arts, this so fruitful market for artistic works shall have migrated from Paris to certain foreign capitals.

These then, are a few thoughts which we submit to the consideration of Parliament, whilst at the same time taking due note of the harsh necessities of the present.

We are very sure that M. Dalimier, Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts, has only been brought by main force to consider this proposal. As to Mr. Klotz, who has a taste for beautiful things, he has merely to question his own mind, ask information from amateurs and artists round about—very

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much disquieted, as we know, and greatly excited in their various groups—in order to establish the actual psychology of the sale of art works and to lose all doubt as to the serious damage which this tax will bring to the artists and the future of French art. So then, let us live in hopes of an amendment of the proposal as it stands!

Georges Lecompte.

SOME PHASES OF RUSSIAN ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

(Continued from page 234)

gathered by the great founder of this truly national museum. This group of didacticists were welded into a compact and conscious organization by a movement of revolt within the walls of the Academy, which, as I have intimated, had lost its old authority, and was helpless to stem the new artistic currents which were swept up upon the surface of Russian life by the new trend of ideas of the post-Emancipation era. . . . In 1863, 13 contestants for Academic distinction revolted against the Academy's imposition of mythological themes, and, headed by the pietistic painter Krámskoi, left the Academy in a body. Speedily they formed an 'Artel' or Workmen's Association, the importance of which, the first private artistic community in Russia, cannot be overestimated. . . . Its influence, indeed, in the next seven years so grew and ramified that in 1870 it was expanded into the famous *Society of Moving Exhibitions*, which became the headquarters for the propagation of the most serious and advanced theories of Russian art.

It is only to be expected that a Society whose main aim was to show the gigantic misery of the Russian people, should not incline to landscape painting. The theory of Art for Art's sake, by which, of course, is meant but Art for Nature's sake, was scorned and flouted. Any artist, in fact, who loved to reproduce the color-beauty of the world for Beauty's sake, was openly attacked. The artistic temper of Society was, as elsewhere, nihilistic; such critics as Pissarev even reach the insanity of denying all Art. All Beauty, an apostasy which the modern Russian artist has ardently repudiated. Theory, the *parti pris* and stumbling-block in Russia, then, as now in this post-Revolutionary period, was an obstacle in the path of progress. Here was a manifestation of splendid patriotism, which, if continued, would have rung the doom of all true art. For the time being, certainly, it meant the neglect of landscape-painting; the great masters of the movement, Pérov, Répin, Verestchagin, as well as the lesser luminaries, Savitsky, Yaroshenko, Bogdanov-Bielsky, V. Makóvsky, Príanishnikov, turn all their artistic creative talents to figure-painting and didacticism.

But already some of these moralizing anecdotalists, dissatisfied with the sterility of this purpose-painting, strive to free themselves from the fetters of the Wanderers' artistic theory. While Répin and Vladimir Makóvsky were trying to make painting do the work of narrative prose, Príanishnikov turned deliberately to the depiction of Reality. . . . From the sixties on the desire not to moralize in color, but to paint life and nature under their true aspect, grows stronger and stronger, and in ten years the principle of pure Realism is the rallying cry of the younger generation of Russian artists.

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THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

(Continued from page 216)

and impressive when used in a properly conceived colonnade, yet it is the one order that has been carried to the last degree of perfection in its logical development. The Greeks were just beginning to appreciate the beauties of the Ionic when the decadence of Greek architecture set in, and the Romans unfortunately never gave it its proper recognition, nor were they interested in its development. In Renaissance and modern times, there have been many attempts, and some successful ones, to develop it along original lines, but these attempts at best have resulted only in slight modifications of detail. The general principles have remained unchanged. In one of our buildings for the Government a slight variant was used, by making the National coat-of-arms an integral part of the cap, the wings of the eagle forming the curved line connecting the spirals, and these wings being bent forward slightly, give an interesting shadow which emphasizes this dip in the line. I have also found that when used as a pilaster cap (Fig. XXI), especially if the projection of the cap can be increased by giving the volutes a concave curve in plan, this curve contrasting well with the slight convex curve of the echinus, the abacus naturally in this case following the curve in plan of the volutes.

OLD AMERICAN PORTRAITISTS

(Continued from page 206)

figure of the prophet Jeremiah. Samuel F. B. Morse was a pupil of Allston, one of the founders and the first President of the National Academy of Design, who became famous by inventing the method of making electricity speak. He lived long enough to see the electric cable laid between America and Europe. An illustration shows his portrait of Lucretia Walker Morse.

These are only a tithe of the early American portrait painters whose struggles for existence form useful lessons to modern artists, the chief one being: "Never say die."

Under the auspices of the British Government, an official exhibition of lithographs by Frank Brangwyn, Muirhead Bone, Charles Shannon, Edmund Dulac, Augustus John, and other prominent artists depicting "Britain's Efforts and Ideals" in the great war, will be on view at the Jesup Memorial Library, Bar Harbor, Me., July 31st to August 14th.

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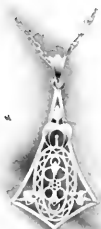
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ART INSTITUTE NEEDS HELP OF MANY

The following is clipped from the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* and published because of its clear exposition of the use of art museums in war time.

It is a deplorable fact that all too many Chicagoans are neglecting both the privileges and the sustenance of our Art Institute. More than 2,000 annual members have withdrawn their support since the United States entered the war.

These friends continue their magazine subscriptions, church subscriptions, visits to theaters and orchestra concerts, and would mentally rebel if it were suggested that the schools close and contribute the expenses saved to the front trench.

The Art Institute is one of Chicago's assets. It not only has an aesthetic value to Chicago and has turned the entire world-gaze this way, but it has a commercial value as well. Many of its pupils are making designs for interior decorations, public buildings and bridges, which have been made practical by the foremost Chicago firms. The alumni exhibition last winter proved the practical value of the great school of the Chicago institute to America.

If the institute were to close its school and museum now it would be difficult to re-establish it after the war, and business conditions after the war will be as vital to America as the war is to-day. The museum offers pleasure, inspiration and relaxation to those whose nerves are tightened by reverses and memories of boys at the front. It offers also education and religious suggestion, for religion is experienced from pictures as fully as from music or the church pew.

Last winter during the heatless days, when firms throughout America were asked to suspend business, the government asked the Art Institute to continue its work for the benefit of the people. The galleries were opened free and a large attendance resulted.

The museum is opened free every day to soldiers and sailors and the institute is doing its utmost to entertain the boys by music and other programs, assisted by the members of the Chicago Woman's Aid, who act as hostesses. As many as 200 boys are given supper every Saturday evening.

Chicago is appealing to its citizens to continue their support to the Art Institute. The annual membership ticket is only \$10, while a life membership is \$100. During the exigencies of the war the trustees have created a new form of membership, the holders of which may contribute \$25 or more and are termed sustaining members.

Such assistance has enabled the museum to continue its work and contribute daily to the winning of the war. It provides galleries for exhibitions of war interest and halls for meetings, and its employees are giving un-tinted efforts to every phase of war activities the Art Institute is called upon to support.

One of the employees of the Art Institute was asked, "Is your position classified as 'work' or 'fight'?" The answer was, "Work, and work is fight." The war has taught us that the work behind the front trench is as necessary as the trench, which cannot be held without proper support from the home base.

To the unthinking man and the man who has not habitually frequented an art museum, there is no connection between the front trench and art. Such a



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The ART WORLD & ARTS & DECORATION

For SEPTEMBER, 1918

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A SUMMER AFTERNOON
By ARTHUR QUARLEY
(See page 257)

EDITORIAL

AESTHETIC PROPAGANDA

IT is a compliment to the race to say—most people are unsuspicious. It is a proof that most of us are still honest. Hence very few persons look upon a book with suspicion. The Chinese even venerate the printed page.

Therefore, printed ideas are more penetrating than when merely spoken, above all when they are new. When somewhat older and spoken by a brilliant orator, in his own verbal form, and backed by altruistic passion, these ideas are more penetrating than shells.

But however justifiable may have been, in the past, our habit of not suspecting printed books, in the present—it is profoundly dangerous. Why? Because Satan has created *The Science of Propaganda*.

On the 15th of August, 1534, Ignace de Loyola, a fanatical Spaniard, and six others, met in a subterranean chapel in the Church of Montmartre, in Paris, and laid the foundation for the "Society of Jesus"—to counteract the Reformation, to convert the heathen and to reinforce the power of the weakening Catholic Church. It was an independent society. But in 1622 Pope Gregory XV. made Loyola a saint and instituted a society of Cardinals to coordinate the missionary work of the Church and its faithful and which has since been known as the *Congregation de Propaganda Fide*. However noble may have been the motives of Loyola, his basic maxim: "The end justifies the means!" was gradually made the excuse, by his successors, for a line of conduct which was not only condemned by various parliaments of the world but by the Church itself. So that the word "propaganda" has, for a couple of centuries, had a bad odor.

Only well-read historians have suspected the possibilities of propaganda before the present military machine of Prussia reduced it to a diabolic science. What ordinary man would have dreamt that Italy—yesterday victorious on the Isonzo against monstrous rifles, is to-day routed beyond the Piave by propaganda? How it justifies Bulwer Lytton's making his "Richelieu" say: "In the hands of men entirely great—the pen is mightier than the sword!"

That newspapers are written to mold the thoughts of men is now suspected by most people. But that books on religion, philosophy, even on art, are written with the sinister motive of misleading people into a certain direction—for the purpose of exploiting them—is not generally suspected. But there are still foxy hyenas, not only in the Prussian military camp but in the Church, in the University and, since the last fifty years, such have bobbed up in the world of Art, the last place one would

look for them. The field of art is no longer an innocent, Sacred Elysium, in which each artist, critic, and aesthetician labors for the greater glory of God and the salvation of mankind, as when the classic and medieval "art-guilds" built the Parthenon and Strassburg and Rheims Cathedrals. The vast increase of millionaires, many of whom laudably use their wealth to encourage art for the beautifying of the land, alike for rich and poor; museums in every town of the world, have turned so much wealth into the world of art, opened up to the unscrupulous so many avenues of gain, that it has transformed a once sacred field of ideal and poetic aspiration to a sordid mart of financial speculation. The money-changers have invaded and are desecrating the Temple!

These soulless traffickers, who would sell the ears of the Almighty as cheerfully as those of a Bear and would negotiate with the Devil to get them, have, under the stimulus of greed, developed a cunning for the profitable disposal of works of art, from poetry to pottery and from Damascus rugs to the drama that is amazing! The cynical hypocrisy, duplicity and deception these have injected into life in the world of art has so spoiled it, for all decent artists, that one's only consolation is to agree with Beaumarchais: "We must laugh at it—in order not to weep!"

Of course, there are still honest men in the Church, the University, and the Academy—else this warning would not be written. But now it behooves all those who are even slightly anxious for the creation, in this country, of a finer life, and of that which is not only beautiful but also enduring in art, to nail down on the floors of their memory the fact that, in the world of art, a selfish, commercial propaganda, of twisted and misleading aesthetics, is skilfully carried on in printed books and in the press by men who, fifty years ago, would have employed their energies in selling clothing or in running pawn-shops.

To aid in the clarifying of our language let us agree with the fiery Voltaire: "If you wish to converse with me—define your terms!" Of course, every book offering a gospel is, in a certain broad sense, "propaganda." Every church has its Committee of Propaganda. Every man who offers a message to mankind is really a propagator of ideas. But if he is an honest man and uses honest means, above board—he is a preacher; when he is dishonest and hypocritical and uses vicious, foxy means—he is a propagandist. All Machiavelian missionary work is propaganda. It is so because it is dishonest, and conducted for power—with the

object of gain, by someone directing the propaganda, whether it be the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope at Rome, the Kaiser in Berlin, or the President of which it forms the principle and life."

The point we wish to emphasize is—that, while we suspect the Churches and the Aristocracies of having been the great propagandists, ever since the Brahmanic caste enslaved the Hindus, and the Mohammedans lacked up the "Koran" with the sword, to the endless misery of mankind, people have not suspected that dishonest, subterranean propaganda has invaded the world of art, as it has.

But even honest missionary work is as dangerous as the dishonest kind—when it is based on fallacies. For it helps to "muddy the waters" in which the trafficking squids of propaganda always find their safety and gain. The world of art is full of honestly launched fallacies which flit about like fire-flies and mislead the unsuspecting and easy-going, to whom hard-thinking is labor.

These honest fallacies are usually injected into the various fields of art by well-meaning, even altruistic men and women, but of immature judgment who, over-eager to shine in literature, and before they are wise, "rush in where angels fear to tread." These writers, meandering through life, catch an alluring idea; it glitters for them; and, powerless to analyze it to a finality, they shout, "Eureka!", hug it to their breasts and lose themselves in a jungle of aesthetic ruminating. They act like short-sighted carps who, while lazying down some stream, are attracted by an artificial fly-bait twirling in their path and, without examining it carefully to see whether it is a real fly or a death-trap, gulp it down!

If these writers would take the consequences, as the carps must, they would not live to litter the libraries of the world of art with their fallacies, which other carps may swallow and spread, because made brilliant by pretentious and false reasoning and by a "fine writing style." But, having gulped down their glittering bait, they nurse the thought that the gods have vouchsafed to them a new idea—a message, which they must needs deliver to save the race. So they become inflamed with travail and build up a pompous system of thought, all based on the cornerstone of their fallacious ideas, and then we have another exasperating book—to bewilder the public when it goes in quest of sound notions about art.

In the introductory chapter of their book they lay down their fundamental new idea—the "Joker"—and the propositions they have deduced therefrom, the fallacy of which they cannot see and the

truth of which they, therefore, try to establish by some apparently close reasoning but false—because based on pure assumptions.

An example of such a book is a celebrated set of "Sermons" which has added many converts to a certain church. Through this book one of the most brilliant women of America, author of novels, dramas and poems, was converted to this church from that of her fathers. It made of her a missionary for her new church. An American artist, on the eve of his departure for Europe, discussed the new church with her. Finally she gave him a copy of these sermons, insisting that if he would read them carefully he would also be surely converted as she had been by the stern logic of the preacher. He promised to read it.

On the fourth day at sea he tucked himself in his steamer chair and began to read. On the very first page he saw the "Joker"—a mass of pure assumptions. But this Joker was offered so gently, gradually, and adroitly that it was bound to glide into the mind of anyone lacking perspicacity and as gently as opium carries one into the land of dreams! He smiled at the author; he saw that whosoever swallowed that bait would be lost. He looked at the three hundred pages of effort the preacher had made to convert a world and fell into a reverie which ended in a melancholy mood as he reflected over the number of people—too weak to see the casuistry of that "Joker"—who had, no doubt, been misled to accept the doctrines of that book built up on that Joker and which had oriented them in the wrong direction forever. And with a feeling of weariness at the slow growth in the race of intellectual lucidity and, without reading another page, he flung the book in the sea!

No adult person, seriously bent on finding out the real meaning of life and of art, should fail to closely scrutinize the first chapter of every book on Art, or Aesthetics. It is good citizenship to do so. For every citizen owes it to his weaker neighbor to avoid being led astray himself and to keep his neighbor from falling into the quagmire of fallacies. For the results of error are cumulative, costly, communal waste.

A great writer has said: "Manners are more important than religion." So we can say: Art is, next to Liberty, the most important thing for our happiness—on this earth at least. Therefore, a book on aesthetics should be read, not as a pastime, as we justly read a novel, but as seriously as we read a book on Government or Religion—in order to lead to a wise orientation of our own life as well as that of the state.

In one of our late issues we exposed the fallacies in a deliciously casuistic book on "Art," by a pinchbeckian English author, a book seemingly written

to mislead the unwary and with a shrewdness that smacked of a Bowery business man bent on unloading an overstock of art goods too old or too new.

And now we have before us another faulty book, not quite so fallacious as the other, and seemingly sincere: "Form and Color"—also by an Englishman—Mr. L. M. Phillips. It is not as dangerous as the other book and is interesting, in spite of its errors. It was printed by the Clarke's of Edinburgh and sponsored by Scribner's Sons, here.

On its first page the author makes statements which show such poor reasoning power that they weaken the whole book, because they put in doubt the soundness of his judgment, a suspicion that hangs over one throughout the book. In his very opening lines he says:

"Knowledge comes to us in two ways: it comes to us by way of an inward, immediate vision, or instinct, as we call it (he means intuition), which perceives the end without perceiving the steps by which it is attained; or it comes by way of the more matter-of-fact action of reason and of thought. In all ages the difference, even the rivalry and opposition, between these two methods of perception has been recognized."

Here he speaks of knowledge and perception, and as coming to us by instinct. But instinct is a *physical* act, or impulse, moving us—without reasoning—toward *actions* essential to our preservation and development. But truth, such as twice two are four, could not come to us by instinct—that comes to us by intuition—which is a *mental* act, or process, by which we grasp truths without a resort to reasoning. The perception of knowledge does not take place through instinct, but perception does take place through intuition and reasoning. Either he has here confounded instinct with intuition or he talks nonsense.

Then he goes on to say: "Mystics and Rationalists, distinguish between the *emotional* and *intellectual* standpoints (sic) between the interior and the exterior vision, or as is so often said, 'Between the things that are without and the things that are within.' . . . Thus the teachers of mankind, the mystic, the seer, the prophet, the ascetic, on the one hand, and on the other, the philosopher, the scholar and the man of science speak to the world."

These lines contain the fundamental fallacy of his book. Where he says: "Mystics and Rationalists distinguish between the emotional and intellectual standpoints," he meant to say: "The Mystics and Rationalists distinguish between the *intuitive* and intellectual standpoints." When he here used the word *emotional* instead of *intuitive* he used the wrong word. He first erred in using the word instinct instead of intuition and here again in using the word emotional instead of intuitive. For emotion is neither instinct nor intuition. Hence we can correctly ascribe to the Rationalists the

claim—to reach knowledge through intellectual reasoning processes, and to the Mystics the claim—to reach knowledge through intuitive and non-reasoning processes; but we should not say—one can reach knowledge through *emotional* processes, since emotion is not a process, is only a commotion in us—a result—from the operation of some emotion-stirring cause.

We say again, no one will ever know exactly what takes place in our brain, or in our centres of sensation, thought and emotion. But, pragmatically speaking, what takes place in us is something like this: we are made up of a body, a mind and a soul and this trinity is dominated by a reasoning and a judging entity which we call our Ego—others may call it Will, Consciousness, Spirit, etc. Descartes said: *Cogito, ergo sum*.—"I think, therefore I am!" Thinking, means to cogitate, to meditate, at a given time, over the value of one thought compared with another, and to choose the most desirable thought. The Ego does this choosing.

Our Ego is always on the alert to experience pleasurable, and to avoid painful, agitations or commotions in our organism. For ease of clear thinking we call these commotions in our body—Sensations; those in our mind—Excitement; and those in our soul—Emotions. Sensations, excitements, emotions are not *processes*, they are *results*—following the impact upon us of the things and facts of life and nature. Therefore, to divide the functions of the mind into two processes:—that one by which the *intellectual* faculties reach a result by reasoning, and the *intuitive* processes—by which we jump at and grasp a result with one single act of vision and perception—is correct. But to divide the mental functions into intellectual and *emotional*—one a process, and the other a result of some process or cause—is freshman thinking.

Where this thinking leads Mr. Phillips is shown by the following: "Form has dominated art whenever and wherever the intellectual faculty was dominant in life; color has dominated art whenever and wherever the emotional faculty has dominated life. . . . Every spiritual impulse which has quickened the soul of man has come from the East, just as every practical invention or intellectual conception has come out of the West. Mysticism is as commonplace an affair in an Eastern life as science is in Western. Form, therefore, is the art idiom of the West; color the art idiom of the East." This is all very amateurish and hazy.

In the first place—there is no such thing as *one* intellectual faculty. The mind embraces various intellectual faculties—memory, perception, reflection, invention, composition, etc. These form tools by the help of which the Ego finally arrives at a judgment or conclusion. The result of such judgment may produce an exalting or depressing *emotion* in us; but there is no such thing as *one* emo-

tional faculty or *one* intellectual faculty. Hence life never was anywhere "dominated by the emotional faculty." There being "no *sich thing*."

As for form being the idiom of the West and color that of the East—it is a fallacy. For, long before Phidias was born the Hindus had already carved on their temples nearly every fundamental architectural form and ornament used by the Greeks. The Greeks did not invent most of the forms they used, they did nothing but refine and perfect them, after borrowing them from the East, and they brought them back to nature. Moreover, the Greeks loved color so much that they colored not only their marble statues and temples with strong colors but their greatest statues—"Minerva" at Athens, and "Jupiter" at Olympia, by Phidias, were made of ivory, gold, and colored stones! And what about the extraordinary lavish use of violent colors made by the Western Romans, as testified to by the remains of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Cumae and Rome? That the Hindus used more color in the temples of the Deccan, than the Greeks did in Athens is even now questionable, and the wonder-palaces of the Mohammedans of India are certainly as sober in color as were the temples of the Greeks. And as for form, could anything be more intellectual and precise than the sublime Taj-Mahal at Agra? What is true of India is true of the East as a whole.

The fact is, both the East and the West love a combination of both form and color—the varying degree of the use they made of both depending on the slow changes of mood, gradual longing for an escape from the boredom of the eternally the same, also as a result of the religious injunction, in Judea, not to imitate the living forms of animal or man—so as to abolish idolatry.

Hence it is not wise for Mr. Phillips to say: "The best of Greek thought is recorded in the columns and architraves of a Doric Temple. The best of Hindu thought is recorded in the apses and dome of a Byzantine interior." and then: "The East developing its spiritual mysticism with concentrated fervor ignored with equal completeness the claims and gifts of the intellect. (Go tell that to the Brahmans if you want to hear them ha-ha!) The West cultivating, under Greek auspices, the fruit of intellect, had scarcely a thought to spare for spiritual insight." How this will make a follower of Plato smile!

Color never did dominate the life of any people at any epoch. Form always did and always will. Because color is of no consequence—until varied and brought into relief by form. Example: The cloudless glow of an aurora is merely attention-attracting, it does not become emotion-stirring until interspersed with varied cloud-forms, the contours of which impose lines upon and variety to the color of the aurora background glow. And as the eyes

and mind follow these cloud-forms and lines, they are cradled and delighted more by the forms and lines than by the color, and it is this *cradling* back and forth of the eyes and mind which gives us pleasurable emotions. The following, by the eyes, of the lines of the silhouettes of the endless forms which surround us, is an ever-present function. We are enmeshed in a labyrinth of forms and their contours and lines. We cannot escape them. Hence the importance of having about us beautiful forms with beautiful lines and contours. As for: "every practical invention comes out of the West"—that is simply not true.

We repeat, having lost himself in a jungle of mystical reverie (Mr. Phillips seems to be a believer in the superior intuitional power of the mystics) he gulped down a fundamental fallacy and expresses it thus: "We shall find, if we consult Nature, that, in her operations too, Color is emotional and Form intellectual." One would suppose from this remark that Form has no power to stir the emotions and that Color alone has that power! The absurdity of this remark becomes apparent when we bear in mind that our emotions are stirred more by the beautiful combinations of lines and forms of things, even though uncolored, than by beauty of color. Moreover, the art of Japan and China is almost entirely one of forms and lines. The marble "Venus de Milo," in Paris, is certainly as emotion-stirring, because of her form, as Palma-Vecchio's painted "Santa Barbara," in Venice, because of her colors. A photograph of the "Sistine Madonna," in Dresden, by Raphael, because of its beautiful forms, powerfully stir our emotions, even without color, while the colored "Madonna," by Cimabue, in the Louvre, does not stir our emotions, in spite of its color—because the forms are not beautiful.

The best works of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Corregio; of Veronese, Titian, and Giorgione, are the greatest paintings in the world—because they are the greatest combinations of form and color ever made; but if either of the two of their elements—form or color—is the more important, because the more emotion-stirring, it is not their color but their beauty of form and line.

What Mr. Phillips really meant to say was: "Color is *sensuous* and form intellectual," not that color is *emotional* and form intellectual." That this is what he meant to say is evident from another fallacy further on: "The arts which deal with form convey ideas. Their appeal is to the mind. Color, on the other hand, conveys no ideas—it is emotional and appeals to the *senses* rather than to the intellect. And this being so, it seems natural that the Western temperament, intellectual rather than *sensuous*, should excel in form rather than in color; While the Eastern, *sensuous* rather than intellectual, should excel in color rather than form." Finally, on page 230, in speaking of Venice and its

color, he says: "To the very core of her being she is *sensuous* rather than intellectual." In some places he calls color emotional and in others *sch-suous*—thus continually confounding the two. All through the book there is such confounding of terms and lack of clarity and precision of thought. This fundamental proposition, of Mr. Phillips', that we have just considered, is stated on Page I, Chapter I, of his book. It is a fallacy, therefore his "Joker," and makes his whole book worthless—except for some interesting talk about Byzantine art and Hindu mysticism, more or less true.

But did the publishers see the fallacious foundation of his book? Or, if so, did they publish it at their expense, or that of the author? At any rate, the book is almost entirely waste, because his conclusions are unsound and it is but another element of bewilderment injected into the anarchy which, since 1850, has been filtering into the augene stables of the world of art, the clearing out of which is such a Herculean task.

Thus far this analysis may not seem important to the reader. But, when we reflect that such statements as we have criticized, if accepted, become slogans, which become directing forces in life and art—it becomes apparent that a publisher who aims to be a good citizen should scrutinize such books very carefully before putting them in print, if he wishes to help stop the spread of bewildering waste or of the Machiavelian propaganda of some money-changers in the temple of art.

At any rate, the serious reader should never go

beyond the first page of a book on art or aesthetics—when he finds that its fundamental premises and definitions are fallacious. For, we repeat, some of these definitions are put forth by men banded together for the purpose of unloading on the public a new kind of art, or violently breaking through some art convention, as when some Impressionist said: "Art is the expression of an impression"; and as when Zola said: "Art is a piece of Nature seen through a temperament!", both fallacious definitions which have misled thousands, not only artists but laymen. The artists, who saw their advantage in the propagation of these slogans, defended them with the most casuistic arguments and the lazy intellectual carps among the public swallowed their reasoning and slogans to the detriment of the production of great art, that is—art that should *endure* in the affections of mankind.

Tolstoi was a great artist, but he became a twisted philosopher and in his "What is Art?" lost himself in a jungle of monastic meditation and uttered many foolish things—with some profound truths. One of these is this: "Some artists, when they invent a new and incomprehensible art, invent a new system of aesthetics—to justify it."

All of these traffickers in Aesthetic Propaganda, and in works of art based upon it, do great harm, but they are all destined to be swept back into the ocean of waste by the inexorable besom of Father Time and lost in oblivion. For, though Nature may allow error to creep into our life—to vary it, it is not in her plan to permanently permit the obstruction of the timely triumph of truth.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

By ARTHUR QUARTLEY

The Frontispiece of This Issue

IN the Babcock Galleries, 19 East 49th street, is a marine painting by the late Arthur Quartley which is a masterpiece of its kind.

It needs no explanation, or esoteric "interpretation." It represents a quiet summer afternoon on the American sea coast under a slight breeze, just enough to agitate the waters and barely fill the sails of the fishing smacks.

It is charming in composition, skilfully drawn, rich in color, with a truth of tonal values that give it extraordinary depths of atmosphere, rarely rendered in its fullness in a photograph of painting. But in this case, the picture is so unusually full of atmosphere that at first view, one would say it is a photograph in color from nature. But, on second view, we note that it has a certain personal quality, a certain individuality, which reminds one of no other painter. Thus it fills the requirements of the "modernists," who accept the definition of Zola: "Art is a piece of nature—seen through tempera-

ment!"—fallacious as that may be as a definition of art, and it pleases the Rationalists because, while it manifests a sufficiently personal manner of painting, it is yet so impersonally true and also beautiful, that it will remain one of the gems of American art. It is certainly one of the finest pictures Quartley ever painted. In reality it should find a place in the Metropolitan Museum, and soon, before being lost to the public for many years in the private gallery of some collector, and then, perhaps, burnt up when his house goes up in flames.

When ordinary pictures burn up, we do not even sigh, but when a masterpiece, lodged in a private house, burns up we regret it profoundly as an irreparable loss to the world. Truly great works of art should find their way into our Museum, for safety, as soon as possible, so that the American people and the world at large should not be deprived of enjoying the masterpieces created by the genius of American and foreign artists.



Reproduction of an early landscape study in pencil—By W. T. Richards

THE IDEAL OF SINCERITY IN ART

Some Notes on the Work of William T. Richards

By C. MATLACK PRICE

IT is an unfortunate fact that much of the breadth of vision which would enrich our appreciation of art in general is destroyed by bigoted adherence to some one school or style. And the appreciation not only of painting, but of all the arts suffers in the same way.

If one is intensely an admirer of the architecture of the middle ages, he is taught by all he reads on Gothic that he must hate the architecture of the Renaissance. The conservatives are little better than the radicals—each, in what he believes to be loyalty to the school he admires, feels he must lose no opportunity to disparage all other schools.

One of the most serious dangers of this kind of narrow partisanship, apart from the individual's loss in broad enjoyment of all things that are beautiful, lies in the fact that he soon comes to give all his thought to the letter and none of his thought to the spirit. He becomes entirely concerned in the *manner* in which a work of art is done, and becomes entirely, or largely, unconcerned about the real intrinsic intent or meaning or value of the work of art in question.

This contention on my part is vividly proved by the vehemence and bitterness of most exponents of the many (too many) radical schools of art which flourish to-day. Their case would be a stronger one if it were more consistent. First they dismiss all the "academic" schools of art as not representing "art" at all; then they declare themselves to be revolutionists, desperately convinced of their revolt from these self-same "academic" schools.

I may be wrong, but I cannot help feeling that there cannot be a revolution unless there is something to revolt from. By their very revolt the radicals admit that there is (or was) some other kind of art.

In these days of so many new and astonishing cults of art, it is interesting to look back at the work of certain older painters, and to discover, perhaps, in such retrospect, whether art is advancing or deteriorating. Futurism, may, perhaps, remain always a thing of the future, ever luring pursuers around the next corner, and vorticism (whatever it may be) will perhaps be engulfed in its own self-created vortex—but what of some of the older art, which existed without any decorative names, and which had, as its inspiration, the old, old ideal of *sincerity*?

For the study of such art, no more conspicuous painter could be found, perhaps than William T. Richards, who died in 1907.

Coming after the old "Hudson River" school, and before the general acceptance of impressionism, Richards occupied a distinctive place in American art, and was by no means unknown in England. Known as a marine painter, his earlier work was expended entirely on landscapes—and in these, as in his later work, the key note was sincerity. It is doubtful if any painter of to-day possesses more of the extreme conscientiousness of Richards. Considering just his early landscapes, it is safe to say that he thought of them not as "effects," but rather in their real sense, as marvelously intricate fabrics in which no blade of grass was unimportant, no



BREAKERS

A theme which never lost its fascination for Richards, was the action of breaking waves

leaf or twig an uninteresting part of the study which he was presenting.

Breadth of effect, of course, was impossible with such extraordinary rendering of detail, but one important point is that the breadth which he attained later possessed, as well, a unique quality of *accuracy* which was a direct result of his early devotion to detail.

In painting a landscape Richards made infinitely patient pencil studies of every tree, every bush, and even every clump of weeds and grasses, and with this data he carried out his finished picture. One of these early pencil studies is illustrated as an example of a kind of conscientiousness which is almost entirely absent from the realm of modern art.

In the course of time, and possibly because he had carried the detailed rendering of landscapes to a point nearing perfection, Richards became profoundly impressed with the sea, with the endless, ever-changing action of waves, and with the superb possibilities of cloud formations and atmospheric effects.

To the sea he addressed the same patient and profound study which he had given to the details of landscape, and found a limitless opportunity to exercise his remarkable accuracy of draughtsmanship in the most difficult of problems.

A breaking wave is a thing of short life: to draw it accurately and convincingly necessitates a real study of thousands of waves. Richards studied and painted along the Atlantic coast from the rocks of Maine to the sands of New Jersey. Rocks, cliffs, shoals, beaches—these were not enough, and his eager interest in the sea in all its moods and manners took him painting in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall—from John O'Groat's

House to Land's End, and all about the Channel Islands, the Orkneys, Shetland and Guernsey.

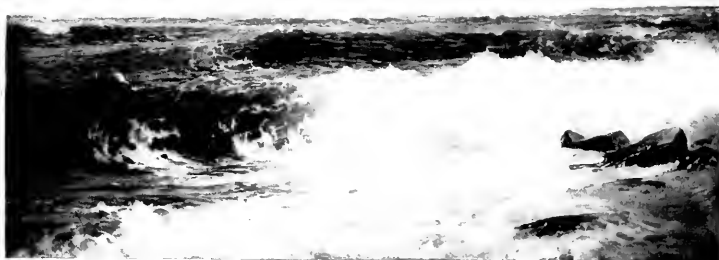
Through all his work, one great, dominating ideal became apparent, and is the keynote of the art of William T. Richards—the ideal of *sincerity*.

A master draughtsman, he never felt that drawing was more than an essential means toward the end: a master technician, he never talked of his technique, which he regarded chiefly as one of his tools. The thing he was doing, or, more properly stated, the ideal toward which he was ever working was always vastly larger and more important to him than the *manner* in which he did it. His art exemplified the complete sublimation of self in the pursuit of an ideal. His was an art sublimely devoid of ego, devoid of "tricks" or "cleverness."

And here a word about the opposite of this, deplorably apparent to-day. Pride in skilful craftsmanship is justifiable, but something seems sadly amiss when you drop into a studio and hear two artists commenting upon a new canvas on the easel. Have you not often heard the painter, approaching his canvas closely, say "Oh yes, the whole thing's rotten, and I know the *drawing* isn't there, but *don't you like the way I put the paint on right here*."

Not only is there rank hypocrisy in this sort of thing, but an utter lack of artistic conscience which is appalling, an egotism which would be revolting if it were not so often naïve.

What is art coming to if we are to believe that a painting as a whole is not so important as the "clever" manner in which the painter has put the paint on some small part of it? Who should care how he puts it on, if it is done in an honest way, and with thought only of the degree to which



A Heavy Sea off Beaver Tail, Connecticut



Breakers on a New England Shore

Two characteristic Richards marines, exemplifying the remarkable veracity and sincerity of his work



A Pennsylvania Landscape
An interesting example of the earlier work of W. T. Richards

technique can contribute toward the merit of the picture as a work of art?

In studios where drawing is discounted, where simulation of reality is scoffed at, where technique and cleaner *mannerisms* are the end and not the means of the artist, you will not find the one thing which is essential in a work of art—*sincerity*.

To any who are familiar with the art of William T. Richards, it must be apparent that his landscapes and marines could not have been created without sincerity. And closely allied to sincerity was another conviction on the part of the artist, an attitude toward his work which can only be called humility.

The hills, the skies, the oceans—these were things too vast, too sublime to be trifled with, too beautiful to be made to serve as subjects for egotistical canvases. Twitting a great actor, a critic once spoke of having seen "Shylock" as Richard Mansfield. But are not the rôles too often reversed in much modern painting? The Atlantic Ocean, for example, is bigger than anyone who may essay to paint it.

I do not mean, by this, to discount the painter's personality as reflected by his work—I mean rather, to bring out the far greater importance of his work coming first, his personality second, and only in its natural and proportionate measure.

It has often seemed to me that the criticism of art is an undertaking far more delicate than might be supposed from reading a good many contemporary criticisms. Very little art criticism seems to occupy the middle ground between unqualified eulogy and equally unqualified damnation, and for the most part there seems to be little if any effort

toward the kind of helpful and constructive criticism which is a product of analysis and synthesis.

Critics write, for the most part, for each other or for the artists; seldom for the public. The result is that the public is inclined to believe that art criticism is either cryptic, a mystery for the initiated, or is nothing more than some one's personal opinion, which may be right or wrong.

This leads directly to a prevailing doubt as to whether or not there is any such thing as intrinsic merit in a painting.

It has always seemed to me that there is one positive standard by which to measure the merit of works of art, and this is a standard which may be applied equally to the works of any period or any school. It possesses the additional advantage of requiring, for its application, no technical knowledge of painting.

Does a given painting show evidences of *vision* and *sincerity* on the part of the painter?

Neither quality is difficult to detect if it exists or possible to feel if it does not exist. The theme of this essay has been sincerity, but it has not been the intention to imply that sincerity *alone* will produce a work of art.

An artist must possess other attributes as well, and of these one of the most essential is vision. He must be an idealist to the extent that he glorifies reality. There is no art in a rendering which is nothing more than literal, for an unimaginative portrayal calls for nothing but skill—and there is a great difference between art and skill.

The essential of vision in a work of art is so simple that it is difficult to exactly define. If, upon looking at the painting "Mid-Ocean," for example,

you feel that the painter visualized and *felt* the immensity of the boundless waste of water, you feel that he possessed *vision* of the thing he meant to paint: if his painting succeeds in enabling you to share his vision, to see the same thing that he saw, to experience the same impression which he experienced, then it is evident that he possessed the necessary degree of skill to record his vision on canvas.

Exactly as a writer is unable to convey an idea to his readers without conviction on his own part, so a painter is unable to convey a vision which he does not himself possess. It might be said of much modern painting that it lacks vision, and consequently fails to convince. Too many modern painters are more concerned with superficial and extraneous consideration than with what they are painting.

And here the question of vision joins hands with the question of sincerity. How, without a high degree of artistic sincerity, is a painter to become sufficiently imbued with vision to hand that vision on to the people who are to see his picture?

It should not be difficult to recognize the element of sincerity in any work of art, and if sincerity is apparent, the narrow consideration of this or that school or period or style becomes trivial in comparison. A painting does not possess merit because it represents the work of a certain school or of a certain painter. To go on this supposition is to reverse cause and effect. Certain schools and certain painters have become famous because of the intrinsic merit of their works.

Richards, strictly speaking, belonged to no school

or group of painters. His school was his own conscience and his ideal was sincerity. Add to this, his vision of nature unobscured by the personal equation, his abiding vision of the infinite variety and the infinite beauty of nature, and there must result a fairly accurate basis for the understanding and appreciation of his work.

That his manner of painting never became a widely fashionable one in the sense of being practiced or imitated by many contemporaries is readily understandable. It would be no easier to copy a Richards than to paint directly from nature, for there were no short cuts or technical tricks in his work, no "effects" produced by superficial mannerisms. Technically, Richards' pictures consisted of extraordinarily accurate draughtsmanship and unusually skilful handling of paint, whether oil or water-color. Having, himself, copied the "manner" of no master, he had no "manner" to hand on to pupils or to imitators.

Always his own identity was merged in the bigness of the thing he was doing.

In this the paintings of Richards are remarkable. They are not impersonal, they are distinctively the work of his hand, yet they are splendidly devoid of the ego of much modern art. One must feel, always that he thought first of his subject, then of the most faithful and sincere manner with which *to do it justice*, and lastly, if at all, of himself as the painter. This was a fine ideal which lifted his art far above the careful literalness of the painters who immediately preceded him, and which will carry it far on and beyond the superficial egotism of the modernists—the immortal ideal of sincerity.



"Mid-Ocean"

It is interesting to observe in this painting the entirely different character of wave motion from that of the sea near shore



Portrait of Miss Sparrow—By Gainsborough (1727-1788)

THE PORTRAITS IN THE FLETCHER COLLECTION

By ELIOT CLARK

THE portraits by the Dutch, Flemish, English and French painters are not only exceptionally interesting examples but clearly illustrate the predominating characteristics of the schools of which they are the accepted masters.

The manner of Rembrandt is particularly sympathetic in rendering the "Head of Christ." We feel not merely an individual being but a supreme type. The expression is tranquil, sad and resigned; the inner spirit serene and clairvoyant. The shadow suggests more than it reveals, the luminous lights bring out only the essential elements of form and expression. The intention of the painter and the manner of expressing it are one. It is not merely a head placed on the canvas, it is a romantic vision of the Man of Sorrows, a contemplative reverie in which is revealed the sorrows of man. One does not think of the painter but becomes lost in the subject.

In the "Portrait of a Man" by Rubens we change at once to another world, a world which it is difficult to understand was so little removed in time and

place from the world of Rembrandt. Here we see the professional portrait painter, a master of his craft, clever, facile and fluent. Subjective speculation has not clouded his vision or made his brush hesitate. It is precise, exact and insistent. We read from his pictured character as we would read from life, we note the style of collar, the cut of the beard, the parting of the hair, we see his station in life and have before us an historical record of a particular man of that time. The painting is very thin over an absolutely non-absorbent ground. The semi-shadows are warm and transparent, the lights are painted with a full brush and modeled with precision, the darks are given depth and quality by the free use of varnish as a medium. Note the painting of the collar: a complete representation of the form with the minimum of means. There is no concern about subtle differentiation of color or variation of values, but just the essential form making a miracle of method—a thin, unctuous semi-opaque wash of gray giving the contour, over which is dexterously touched the high lights with full



YOUNG WOMAN, KNITTING

By Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin, 1699-1770

opaque pigment. The picture is in a perfect state of preservation.

In Reynolds we see the eclectic. A profound student of painting in Italy and the Netherlands, he combined the methods of both schools and added his own temperamental vision. The portrait of Elizabeth Reynolds is a particularly happy example. Freed from the trials and inconveniences of professional work, the painter seems in this portrait more luxurious with his time in an endeavor to reach a consummation of his ideal. The style reflects Titian as seen in the head of his "La Bella" in the Pitti Gallery both in the modelling and the color. In the painting of the robe, however, he has adapted the method of Rembrandt. The form is simplified, the underpainting is heavy and freely glazed with warm browns. Reynolds was more intent on quality and sumptuous effect than upon characterization. Thus his brushing is not as definitive and precise as Rubens. Following the Venetian method in flesh painting, he first rendered the form in cool monotone using black and white with Indian red in the shadows, and applying the paint with body pigment to give a foundation and a texture for the later painting. This "dead coloring" was then painted over with semi-transparent warm flesh color, allowing the cooler underground to show through. The second painting was in turn refined and enriched by transparent glazing. The result of this method is seen in the rich quality of the present example, although the painting of the head has lost something of particular characterization in the painter's endeavor to achieve this quality.

Gainsborough was more direct in his painting and more intimately responsive to his subject. Not so conversant with the earlier traditions he was governed more by immediate impulse and artistic intuition. In consequence his touch was lighter, his brush freer and more spontaneous. Yet he was an excellent craftsman, and measured exactly the relation between the means and the effect. His portrait of Miss Sparrow offers an effective contrast to the head by Reynolds. Rendered in a much cooler key, the painter has not endeavored to emulate the rich hues and glowing quality of the Italian Masters. He, however, observes an exquisite relation between cool and warm contrast which is the secret of fine color. If in Reynolds we see something of the pose as in a portrait by Titian and the use of a somewhat similar head-covering, in Gainsborough we find a frank imitation of his charming sitter, composed and arranged in a most artistic and effective manner. Gainsborough makes a delightful use of contemporary costume; Reynolds wishes to forget it in his dream of renaissance splendor. The portrait of Miss Sparrow is seen in an oval shape, echoing the contour of the head and the high coiffure. A delicate lace grays the hair, the over-jacket trimmed with ermine, is a most beautiful

cool blue, the bodice is of a delicate gray deftly painted, with a madder color pendant making a precise and effective note of contrast. The flesh is painted directly, without glaze or scumble, the shadows are kept very thin, the paint being scraped with a palette knife revealing a warm tone by contrast to the lights which are painted with a fuller brush and solidly modeled. The background is a deep brown.

The French portraits hanging on the opposite wall, although different from each other in treatment, show at once the greater difference in conception from the school then practising across the channel. We note at a glance the absence of the ingratiating charm of *chiaroscuro*, the magical effect of diffused shadows. The Frenchmen are more graphic and less romantic. Their portraiture was an integral part of their social fabric as it was a happy ornament of a decorative interior. We see a background of cool grays, of mirrors reflecting the silvery light from long windows, of polished parquet floors, rich satins and sparkling gold.

The portrait of Mme. Favart by François Hubert Drouais painted in 1757 is a most precise and professional achievement, executed with complete knowledge of the craft, and conceived in a spirit which did not transcend its limitations. The scheme is in blue, gray and flesh color. The background is of a neutral gray which has become mellow with the delicate hues imparted by time. Mme. Favart sits by the piano. She wears a lace head covering, a blue silk waist trimmed with exquisite lace, while a blue band encircles her neck in effective contrast to a well cared for complexion. Everything is painted with most fastidious exactness, the brush is never allowed to forget the form in an endeavor to become too facile or expressive. Sound painting brings about its own particular finish, there is no desire to attain an extra quality for its own sake. The picture is an historical document, and to be seen to the best advantage should be placed in a room of the period.

Chardin is never quite as intimate in portraiture as in still life or genre. Although the "Young Woman Knitting" does not come to us with a special appellation it is evidently a portrait, but one in which the physiognomy is not particularized with the same masterly touch and conviction as the painting of the dress and still life. The costume is of green blue with deeper blue cross stripes over which is a white apron with small check of blue. A white cap covers the hair while a kerchief of warm white with reddish design is draped over the shoulder. Although intricate in its design and form the costume is treated with great simplicity and with a fine sense of solidity and volume. Chardin always evinces his great delight in the manipulation of paint, and although he does not endeavor to achieve that kind of superlative beauty which we

see in the Italians, he invariably produces a pigment quality which endears him to his fellow painters. Note the marvelous way in which the mantle over the shoulder is painted. It is done with heavy pigment but manipulated with the utmost regard for form and texture. Choosing always subjects at rest, his costume and still life become more animated than his subject, being more fully imbued with the spirit of the master.

This painter-like quality is not so happily realized in the portrait by David of Charlotte du Val d'Ogues. Lacking the perfect craftsmanship of his predecessors and the enthusiasm of his followers the painter of the Empire has become cold and colorless. Bold in composition and conception the picture is, however, painted in a timid and perfunctory manner. The light comes in from the window at the left, placing the figure in shadow outlined by a silhouette of light. The dress is white, the hair blonde, the mantle over the chair a neutralized warm red. Essentially a problem in

light and color, presenting the subtle variations of hue and value in the shadow of the dress and the effect of direct light on neutral local colors, the painter has seen in it only the form. The white dress in shadow is in a heavy uniform gray, the background flat and vacant. The monotony of the color is fortunately relieved by the beauty of the pose wherein the classical flow of line echoes the glory of the past as seen in the present. The picture is, I believe, one of the few examples of David's work in this country and provides an historical link heretofore vacant on the walls of our Museum.

The other examples which complete the collection are: a small portrait of a lady by Francois Boucher; portrait of a lady by John Hoppner; portrait of a young woman by Franz von Lenbach; Grandmother's Treasure, a very fine example by Josef Israels; Going Home, by Fritz von Uhde; and a portrait of the donor, the late Isaac D. Fletcher.



Portrait of a Man—By Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640)

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

A Definition of Art

THE most important thing for any group of National leaders to do, after they have established the independence of their country and its political constitution, is to encourage the acceptance by their fellow citizens of that definition of art best calculated to produce the noblest results in the construction of future public buildings and in their decorations and also in the general art of their country. This could not be done for America in 1778. It should be done now.

Therefore, since, as Delsarte said: "To know what he ought to seek in a work of art the artist needs an exactly-formulated definition of art, of its objects and of its aim and its means. This definition, to be practical, should carry the irrefragable character of a demonstration."; and, since Voltaire said: "If you wish to converse with me, define your terms!" We offer the following defini-

tion of art—as a foundation for the great art movement that is sure to follow this war:

Every human work made, in any language, for the purpose of expressing—or stirring—human emotions is a work of art; and a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

That is to say: Art being an expression of emotion, the artist who, even in the most awkward form, and without even thinking of his fellowmen, expresses emotions that are pure and lofty, merits our respect; but the artist who loves his neighbors enough to strive to give them emotional joy, he wins the affection of his community, and therefore immortality, in ratio of the force and sublimity of the emotions he arouses in his fellowmen.

"TWO MEN" By EASTMAN JOHNSON

*"To raise portraiture to the level where it is Art,
is the most difficult task a painter can undertake."*

—Theophile Gautier.

THAT portrait-making is an ancient practice is proven by a Greek legend: "A soldier, named Polemus, visited his sweetheart to say good-bye before going off to the war. She was the daughter of a potter of Sicyon. In conducting him to the door, she noticed that her fiancé, being between the lamp and the wall, threw a shadow upon it, and, wishing to preserve this image of him, she traced the silhouette with a piece of chalk."

But portrait-making was not common during antiquity, above all in paint. Those who did paint portraits, and as a side-issue, were usually historical painters. But there was one who painted nothing but portraits and, strange to say, it was a woman, Lala of Cysicus, who lived in the last century B. C. Those who wanted portraits preferred almost entirely busts or statues in marble. We know of no Greek or Roman *master* of portrait-painting. No painted portrait of any man of celebrity has been found in Pompeii or Herculaneum and, during the middle ages, the human face was reproduced only rudely.

Albrecht Durer (1471-1528) was the first to paint really great portraits. The story goes that Raphael had in his studio the celebrated portrait of Durer, painted by himself, and now in the Museum

of Munich. Julio Romano, Raphael's assistant, who inherited this work, said that it was the most beautiful thing in his possession.

The more one reflects over portrait-making, the more it appears to be an art by itself, requiring special talents. Properly speaking, it comes under the head of Historical art, and the best portrait artists of the past have generally been also historical artists.

To make a masterly, expressive portrait requires a higher order and a great combination of intellectual faculties than any other kind of art, whether the portrait is painted, carved or written. Therefore, there are few really great portraits.

The public must not forget that a portrait may be very beautiful, as a picture, like Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons"; or very clever, like Sargent's "President Wilson," without being a great portrait like Velasquez's "Innocent X," Raphael's "Julius II," or Ingres's "Monsieur Bertin." There are in reality three kinds of portraits:

First: There is the Decorative portrait, so much favored by women who, if we are to believe a French writer: "wish the painter to be untruthful and the portrait a likeness," like the beautiful but heavily be-painted Marquise who, when the great



TWO MEN BY FREDERICK JOHNSON

R. Johnson 1900

Riquad, court-painter of Louis XIV., did not paint her to her satisfaction, said: "It seems to me that you do not use colors beautiful enough when you paint the face. Where do you buy your red?" He calmly replied: "I believe, Madame, we buy our colors at the same place."

These "display-portraits" are a kind of portrait which forms the hope and fortune of the man who, when asked to consider the interests of the historian and the public of the future, says: "The public of the future be hanged! I want to make money, with which to live now; when I am gone—let the deluge come!" Not that all artists who make such portraits are thus selfish. Some do consider posterity. Rubens, Lawrence and Hopner are the arch types of the decorative portrait-maker.

Second: Then there is the Clever portrait, made by the artist-painter or carver or writer—who regards clever craftsmanship as the highest thing in art, and who will sacrifice exactitude of likeness, even beauty, for what he considers a new and clever kind of "surface technique," or who will not hesitate to go to monstrosity in a portrait, as Rodin did in his "Balza" and Gauguin and Cézanne, in their self-portraits, in order to exploit what they call a new style or manner of working. These men are often interested only in making what they call a work of "art," and for whom a portrait serves only as a pretext for parading their finger-skill and ends in much cleverness but in little portraiture. These also care little about the historical interest or value of a portrait—as a precious human document and as a revelation of a person and of his time.

Third: Then there is the really great historical portrait made by an artist who insists first of all upon an absolute likeness; second, upon the expression of as many of the leading traits of character of the subject as is possible in a realistic portrait—so as to enable the searcher of the future to read the characters of the leading actors taking part in the activities of a given epoch; and, lastly, who insists on as much beauty as possible—after the other requirements of a great portrait have been met.

The truly great historical portrait is the only one worthy of our anxiety, for if such a portrait is lost it is a real loss to the world. Carlyle admits that the portraits in paint and marble that he found in Paris, of the leaders of the French Revolution, were of inestimable value to him in writing his history of that immense upheaval. And, talking over the matter of portraits with the painter, Holman Hunt, he said: "Think of the priceless value of a plaster mask of the face of Jesus, made from life!"

It is the inextinguishable truth of Leonard Volk's plaster-mask of Lincoln, made while he was alive and shortly before his election to the Presidency, that makes it, for Americans, the most precious piece of plaster and of portraiture on earth, because

therein we have Lincoln, revealed to the sympathetic, and protected against the calumnious writers, as well as against the ego-maniacs and degenerate artists who would use him to "put over" on the world some monstrous "interpretation"—in picture or statue.

What a loathsome word "interpretation" usually is when used in the world of art! We do not want interpretations in a portrait—we want facts, again facts, ever-more facts! The artist has no business to "interpretate" a great man. He should record and reveal. Record first of all the truth about the physical part of a man and the more prominent the man the more need of rigorous truth. Cromwell showed his common sense in demanding the inclusion in his portrait of the wart on his nose. Then the artist should reveal as much of the psychic side of his subject as possible. Lincoln's mask not only reveals much of this side of him, but it proves the truth of the fundamentals in the ideas of both Gall and Lavater, on phrenology and physiognomy, as means of reading character.

Some one said: "If Cleopatra's nose had been a quarter of an inch longer, the fate of the world would have been different." Therefore the length of the nose, in proportion to the face, is a most important fact for the historian and critic.

What makes the portrait of "Innocent X." by Velasquez, so precious? Because we know that he earned his appellation—"El pintor del Verdad"—the painter of truth. His stubborn insistence upon all the truth possible, at all hazards, make his portraits precious human documents; and that he did not neglect cleverness in painting is proven by the fact that he is the idol of the "clever men" of to-day; and that he did not sacrifice decorative beauty is proven by this—that some of his portraits are as decoratively beautiful as those of Rubens and Van Dyke.

What we say of Velasquez's portraits is true also of Holbein's. So insistent was he also on as much truth as possible that it is related of him that, when he painted the famous portraits of "Erasmus" and "Thomas More" he counted the hairs on their faces," which joke only sustains the internal evidence in those portraits as in that of his wonderful "George Gisse," in Berlin,—that absolute truth was his first aim. And what a revelation does he give in his "Henry VIII." of the ignoble nature of that monarch! The same may be said of the portraits of Van Dyke and the earlier works of Rembrandt. Later in life the latter sacrificed truth to "virtuosity" in painting and lost his customers among the Dutch lovers of fact and truth.

It is difficult to tell to what extent Raphael, Titian and Tintoretto made truth the first desideratum in their portraits. Great as some of them are as *painting*, they do not radiate the same devotion to rigorous truth that we find in the portraits of Velas-

quez, Holbein and Van Dyke. Style was so much insisted on in art, during the height of the Renaissance, that we sometimes feel that those masters made sacrifices of truth for style and beauty. Also to avoid making too great a revelation of the true character of the subjects of their time, many of whom had reputations which did not bear a very close scrutiny.

At any rate, we are safe in saying that, no matter how important a portrait may be, as a beautiful work of art, it is worthless as a *portrait*, in ratio of its lack of truth—as to the actual size, proportion and shape of the features of the subject. So that the artist who will deliberately “play” with those features through contempt for the claims of the public, above all when the subject is a man largely in the public eye, and does this merely to show off his peculiar cleverness in painting, carving or writing, is a trickster with a diseased ego and deserves the ridicule such as the world poured out on Rodin when he exposed his grotesque “Balzac,” in the Salon of Paris, as poor Rodin who, like Narcissus, fell in love with himself and his absurd notion—that expression in art is obtainable only through the exaggerated “deformation of the form!”

There is in the “Jardin des Plantes,” in Paris, a large collection of plaster-masks of American Indians, cast from life. They form a priceless human document, enabling us to see what magnificent character-material the American Redmen had, and still have, in their make-up. There should be in Washington a similar collection of masks, made from life, of all of our Presidents, and of such men as have helped to shape the evolution of their country. These masks, supplemented by photographs—from all points of view of the head of the subjects—and un-retouched in the negatives, should be housed in a special building and open at all times to the artists of the world. To this institution should be attached a painter, a powerful draughtsman, and realistic artist like Eakins—not to mention other, living, artists—who would make a portrait in color which would be recognized by most as true in color. Thus the historians and the artists of the future would have the necessary documents to help them in their work of making a portrait.

Is there anything more exasperating than the difference between the busts of “Caesar,” in the National Gallery in London, and the “Caesar” in the Louvre, in Paris? The one in London is such a powerful head that it looks as if it might be a true likeness of Caesar; and how it does resemble, in general structure, the mask of Lincoln, justifying Gérôme’s remark, when he first saw Lincoln’s mask: “Why, he looks like Caesar!”

Of Lincoln there have been produced too many slipshod, slap-dash, badly-drawn and utterly inept portraits, in painting, statuary and history, even

with all the documents needed by a serious artist being on hand, to enable him to make a first-class likeness. This is because such artists never suspected the truth of what the brilliant French critic Houssaye said: “Is it not a splendid privilege to perpetuate the life of men of celebrity? I’ve often said: ‘The portraitists are the first of historians.’”

This is because artists have allowed to grow up during the last fifty years the pernicious theory—that a portrait should be more of a clever picture, or beautiful “interpretation” of the subject, than a rigorously true and expressive portrait and revelation of an individual.

But let us ask—how many artists have the faculties needed to make what they call an *interpretation* of a great man? Have they the intuition, knowledge of physiognomy and of phrenology, of the art of reading character; have they the historical perspective and grasp of the meaning of passing events, to enable them to interpret the character of a powerful contemporary figure? There may be half a dozen of such men in the world to-day, if that many. A prominent French historical painter said: “Do you know why I do not paint portraits? Because they are too difficult.”

For the average artist, therefore, to deliberately depart from truth through incompetence, or through indifference, and, then, defend it—on the score of “interpretation,” is insolent contempt of the public, of to-day and to come, and calling for his casting out from the ranks of the historical portrait-artists who, in the last analysis, are on a par with the great ideal, poetic, decorative artists. Unless an artist is a sufficiently great man to really be able to interpret a great man, he had better content himself with making a faithful likeness of the physical traits of the man and let others interpret the man from his sincere portrait.

Among the great portraits of modern times is Eastman Johnson’s portrait of “Two Men,” now in the Metropolitan Museum, here reproduced on page 208.

This is one of the greatest portraits ever painted and worthy of any artist. It is life-size and represents, on the left, Robert W. Rutherford and, on the right, Samuel W. Rowse, painter in crayons of children.

To make a long analysis of this masterpiece is needless. It is so true in drawing, in color; and in expression, so life-like, so perfect in composition, that it speaks for itself. We wish to call attention to only three things:

First: Notice the wonderfully true drawing of the *movement* in the two men. One would think they actually had been photographed in the positions they occupy. No artist ever did anything better than this. Second: Note the marvelous expression of the man on the left, who is talking, while the other, on the right, is listening. In no

portrait in the history of art is this most difficult feat performed with equal success, not even by Rembrandt. In fact, few artists ever attempted this particular feat, that is—to make portraits of two men, alone, and engaged in actual conversation. We can recall only the picture by Titian, in the Dresden Gallery, showing Jesus discussing the question of the "tribute money" with the man sent by the Pharisees to entrap him and saying to the Pharisee: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." And, after comparing the two photographs, we do not hesitate to say that, in this matter—*of one man talking and another listening*—Eastman Johnson more than holds his own with Titian.

Finally, note how perfectly the *hands* are drawn and painted! What a contrast to the stupid fashion of to-day, of neglecting the hands, on the plea that one should not draw attention to the hands—by doing them too well, when the contrary is true! In Sargent's first portrait of "Rockefeller," we see the hands too much, simply because they are not sufficiently well painted—to enable the eye to quickly pass them by up to the face. Their incompleteness attract the eye too much. None of the great masters of portraiture neglected the hands. Note the wonderful hands in "Monsieur Bertin," by Ingres, and in Titian's "Man With the Glove" in the Louvre. The French critic, Arsène Houssaye, already quoted, said of the great Rigaud: "He always seeks the eloquence of line; he is very careful in not hiding the hands. The hands, that touchstone of the portraitist. For the hands also have their physiognomy. How few paint the hands well!" Let this be a lesson to our American painters who slouch the hands of their subjects. The fact is, as Thorwaldsen said:

"Hands, feet and hair,
They are the devil's ware!"

To draw and paint a hand is extremely difficult and takes effort and time. But it is a final test of the endurance and power of an artist, which forces him to patiently finish his job to the finish. Therefore, mediocre painters, above all, many women painters, neglect the hands in their portraits, thus exposing either their artistic incompetence or weakness in following a fashion. All of this is avoided in this magnificent portrait by Eastman Johnson.

Most artists and critics confound *manner* in art with *style*. They do not know that style is a matter solely of fundamental composition, and manner a matter solely of surface painting, or carving. The petty artist perhaps thinks "style" is a more stylish word than manner; and, not being a poet, capable of conceiving grandly and composing beautifully, he tries often to impose himself by a manner of surface painting or carving so peculiar and personal as to ally him to the fantastic men on the vaudeville stage.

Great artists worry only over the style in their compositions; surface technique is to them of no special concern because all great artists are born with a manner, all their own; they need not chase after a manner; do not believe that any artist should wriggle after a peculiar manner, hence do not worry about it—proof: they often have a number of manners. Velasquez, and our own Inness, had a different manner of painting for nearly every picture they finished. And logic suggests that a surface painting that would suit a picture of one size will not be compatible with one of another size. Beruette speaks with special emphasis of the contempt with which Velasquez regarded "virtuosity" in surface painting, especially in his portraits. In those he aimed at a profoundly true representation of the person and let the technique of manner take care of itself. Could there be a greater difference between the technique of his two most wonderful portraits—his Pope "Innocent X." and the sculpture "Montanes"? No one would ever guess they were painted by the same man. The same may be said of Leonardo in his wonderful portrait of "Mona Lisa" at Louvre. It radiates truth from every inch of the canvas. However much we may admit a personal and peculiar manner in the painting or carving of a poetic picture or statue, we should frown upon it in a portrait, above all in one of a prominent personage, since all peculiar "stunting in paint" interferes with the life-likeness of the portrait, and so we see the artist's hand-writing, or brush-handling, more than we see the person portrayed.

In his portraits, Velasquez made no sacrifices whatever of truth of representation and life—in the interest of style or manner, and no common-sense artist will do so; but, then, common sense is only a synonym for profound wisdom. So that, over the door which admits to the field of portraiture, we might write: "All those who enter here, leave worry about technique behind!"

In this portrait of "Two Men" Eastman Johnson—true to the eternal verities—followed unconsciously or consciously, yet strictly, in the footsteps of Velasquez that this work, if signed by the great Spaniard, would at once be accepted as one of his best works, though painted in another one of his numerous technical manners.

Johnson, in this picture, no doubt did worry over the style of the composition of the picture until he had it perfect; but, as for the manner of painting it, he so evidently did it in the interest of truth that we can feel he never thought of any kind of manner or technique. Therefore, his style is personal and his manner impersonal and universal. Thus, without aiming to do so, he elevated his work into the realm of a Greek classic in which the personal temperament of an artist is forgotten and never

(Continued on page 294)



Forum of Trajan

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

By EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

THE CORINTHIAN ORDER

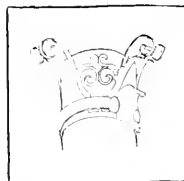
AS has been shown in the preceding article, the Corinthian cap is structurally a Doric form, the difference merely being in the delicacy of the column and the applied decoration to the bell of the cap. Vitruvius in his quaintly interesting volume repeats the old fable attributing the origin of this cap to one Callimachus, who was struck by the graceful appearance of a wild acanthus which was growing up around a deserted waste basket, the latter being covered fortuitously with a fragment of tile. This sight was so inspiring to Callimachus that he rushed to his studio, and immediately evolved the Corinthian cap. I need not say that this pretty little fable is on a par with another idea of Vitruvius, which was to the effect that while the Doric order was typical of the vigorous beauty of man, the Ionic typified the matronly form, the volutes being reminiscent of the treatment of the hair, and the flutes of the folds of the robe. As a matter of fact, it would seem evident that the origin of the Corinthian cap must be sought in a metal form. One of the earliest and most beautiful Corinthian examples to be found in Greece is the little cap on the choragic monument of Lysicrates, which gives every evidence of this metal origin. (Fig. I, a, b.) The pierced volutes and the thin excessively-curved abacus, and the peculiar conformation of the leaves, are metal forms, as is also the peculiar rosette between the leaves, which is

undoubtedly reminiscent of a bronze rosette used to fasten the leaves to the bell. Although, of course, there are no bronze examples to be found which would substantiate this statement, still it is known that articles of a considerable size in bronze formed a great part of the interior fittings of the temple. There is a record of a bronze funnel in the shape of a tree and a golden lamp, which were used for some ritualistic purpose in the Erechtheion, and which, according to report, were made by Callimachus. It may be possible that some portion, at least, of these ornaments was in the shape of a bronze column, the cap of which may have been similar to the Lysicrates cap, and this might account for the fable mentioned by Vitruvius.

Whether or not the origin of this cap is in metal form, as above suggested, or whether as is sometimes held, it is a development from the Ionic form of volutes, there can be no doubt whatever of the purpose for which the Corinthian order was developed in Greece; it was undoubtedly due to the necessity of providing a four-sided cap which would be more pliable than the Doric for use in a round colonnade or temple. In the early part of the fourth century, B. C., there was built a circular structure which is known as the Tholos of Epidauros (Fig. II). This had an external Doric colonnade, but the interior order was Corinthian. There had been before that time a circular structure in Athens called the Odeon of Pericles (Fig. III), which had an external peripteral Doric colonnade and an internal Ionic order. The exterior colonnades of both of these structures were Doric, probably from some conventional reason, although it early became evident to the Greeks that on account of the uncompromising square abacus the Doric was not suited for circular work, unless indeed the radius of the circle was of a very considerable extent, so considerable that the square

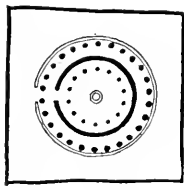


a. Cap in stone.

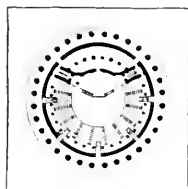


b. Metal derivation suggested by Chorrý

I. Lysicrates Cap.



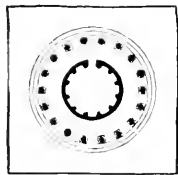
II. Tholos of Epidauros.



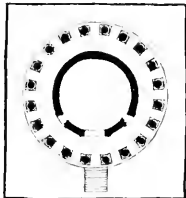
III. Odeon of Pericles.

abacus did not interfere with the curved architrave above it. Of the interior order, however, the radius was necessarily much smaller, and it was, therefore, impossible to use the Doric in this position. The simple Ionic also presented almost equal difficulties, and this undoubtedly led to the adoption of the Corinthian order in the interior of the Tholos of Epidauros. This same internal treatment is found in a slightly later structure, the Philippeion at Olympia, the order in this case consisting of half engaged Corinthian columns (Fig. IV).

In Roman times also this order was invariably used for their circular structures, in the temples of Vesta at Tivoli and at Rome, and also for a rather



IV. Philippeion at Olympia.

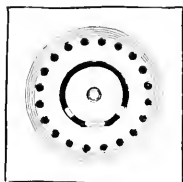


V a. Temple of Vesta-Rome.

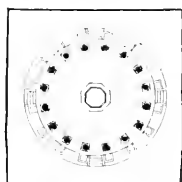
curious open circular colonnade in the so-called temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli (Fig. V, a, b, c). Although the national fondness of the Romans for the Corinthian would probably have precluded the use of another order for these temples, still the peculiar development of the Tivoli cap gives a striking instance of their appreciation of the adaptability of the Corinthian order to circular work. An even more pronounced example than at Tivoli is to be found in the monument of Lysicrates. In this case the radius of the circle is so extremely small that the use of any other order would have been an absolute impossibility because of the consequent conflict in shape between the straight abacus and the curve of the architrave above. It was, therefore, to overcome this discordance that the Lysicrates cap was so broken by the projections and curious conformation of its leaves and by the extreme delicacy and convex curve of the abacus, and this feeling was carried even further in the necking of the shaft. Just exactly how this necking was ornamented no one knows, because the bronze of which it consisted has long since been stolen, but it probably had certain projections which possibly alternated with the curious terminations of

the flutes directly above it. The reason for this ornamentation of the necking and the termination of the flutes is easily understood if one tries to imagine how unpleasant would be the effect of the simply molded customary necking, contrasted with the sharp curves of the architrave and cornice above. This evidence of the extreme care of the Greeks in matters of detail is a most positive indication of their use of models, as in no other way would such an idea have been thought of.*

While, as has been shown, the development of the Corinthian order in Greece was in circular structures, the earliest existing remains are to be



V b. Temple of Vesta-Tivoli.



V c. Temple of Serapis.

found at Bassae in the temple of Apollo Epikurios. Among the ruins of this temple was found a very curiously-shaped and primitive cap (Fig. VI), which is generally conceived by restorers to be the cap of a column directly on the axis of the temple, at the end of the naos. While it is possible that this cap may have been some relic of further antiquity, retained in this temple as an object of special sanctity, still it seems very probable that when it was found necessary for structural reasons to have a support in this unfortunate position, the architect rightly felt that the engaged order along the side walls of the naos would be too heavy for this central location, and especially that the curiously-shaped, four-cornered Ionic cap would have a very clumsy appearance on a free standing column and, therefore, this rather crude Corinthian shape was necessarily adopted as a lighter and more graceful development of the Doric order. Between this primitive prototype and the cap of the Tholos of Epidauros, some fifty years later, there is a wide difference in architectural development, the Epidauros cap (Fig. VII) presenting clearly-defined Corinthian characteristics. The leaves around the bell have attained their conventional position, and

* This peculiarity of detail was called to my attention by Mr. Kenneth Baldwin.



VI. Corinthian Cap-Bassae.

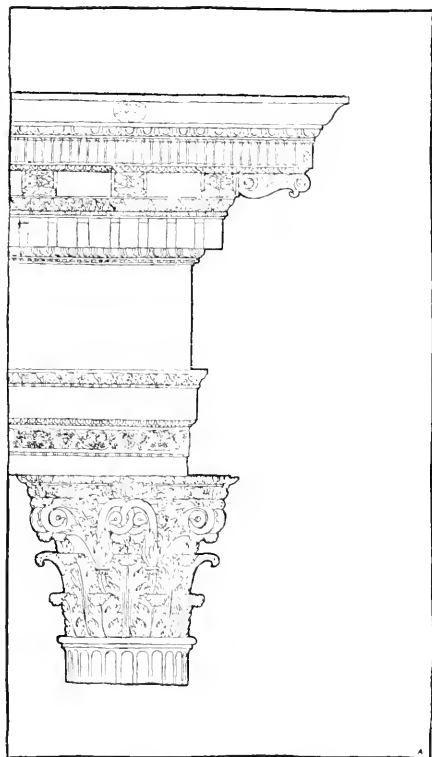


VII. Tholos of Epidauros Cap.

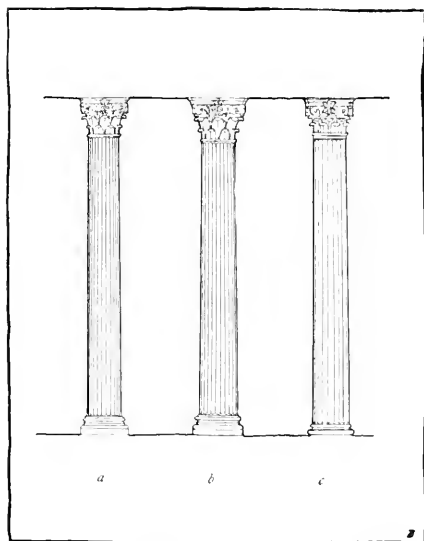


VIII. Jupiter Olympius Cap.

are well-developed specimens of the Greek acanthus, although the volutes are a little small and thin, and are still reminiscent of their metallic origin. Indeed the development of the Corinthian order was not carried much further in Greece, the cap of the gigantic order of Jupiter Olympus at Athens (Fig. VIII) being a very slight improvement on the *Epidauros* cap. This temple, although it was completed by the Romans and usually is known as a Roman temple, is distinctly Greek as far as the column and cap are concerned, although the entablature is Roman, the cap having undoubtedly been modeled, and probably a sample completed before the work was abandoned by the Greeks. It is rather generally held that this cap, when taken to Rome, formed a prototype from which the glorious Corinthian capitals of Rome were developed, for it is in Rome that this order attained its maximum. Hundreds of examples are to be found in a fair state of preservation, all slightly different in detail, and all extremely good

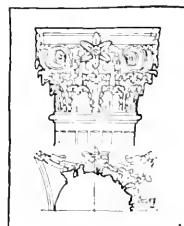


IX. Cap and Entablature Jupiter Stator.

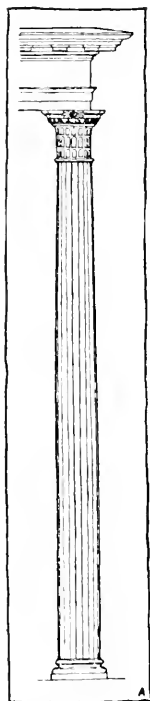


XI. Correct (c) column and incorrect (b) column, method of increasing proportion of columns.

in proportion and graceful in outline. Probably the finest example of the complete order is to be found in the temple of Jupiter Stator (Fig. IX), in the Roman forum. There has been generally a disposition on the part of architectural critics to decry the Roman work as vulgar and over-ostentatious, although it is universally admitted that in magnificence their architecture has never been approached, even by the Egyptians. While it is true that Roman work was carried to completion with a speed which almost rivaled modern execution, still it must not be forgotten that this result was obtained because of the superior structural ability and powers of organization of the Romans, and while there probably was no single Roman temple that in its perfection rivaled the exterior of the Parthenon, still their temples and palaces, considered as a whole, both in regard to their interiors and to their environment were generally superior to any attempts of the Greeks. Similarly their favored order, the Corinthian, was unquestionably carried to as great a point of perfection as the Greek Doric and to an infinitely greater variety: an instance of the careful consideration shown by the Romans for the exigencies of site and form being shown in the extremely interesting little circular temple of Vesta at Tivoli (Fig. X). The location of this temple, on the verge of a steep ravine, necessitated the employment of a stur-



X. Vesta Tivoli Cap.



XII. Wooden porch column and entablature, Rochester, N. Y.

dier order than the usual gracefully proportioned Corinthian; also on account of the circular conformation of the temple it was found advisable to develop the capital to fit the circle, and consequently, the corner volutes were not given the usual projection, while the rosette between the volutes was enormously increased, both in projection and in size, so that a plan just below the abacus of this cap approaches the circular; and by these breaks and projections a perfect consonance between the capital and the circular architrave was obtained.

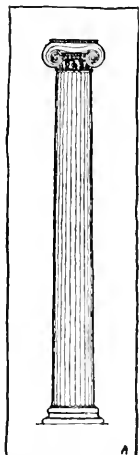
Another point that is especially worthy of notice and which could with profit well be studied by modern architects, is the harmonious relation of the cap to the shaft. In the Corinthian order, as well as in any other order, there is a general relation between the height of the capital and the height of the shaft, just as the head of a well-proportioned human being has a general relation to his height.

This is a point that cannot be too strongly emphasized, for unfortunately, due to the modular dimensions found on the plates of architectural restorations, the height of the capital is expressed, or is considered, invariably in its relation to the modular diameter of the shaft, and not to its height. The consequence is often that when it has seemed necessary to increase the diameter of a Corinthian column, for such reasons as dictated the sturdy proportions of the temple of Vesta, the Corinthian cap has been designed and modeled, not in relation to the height of the column, but in relation to the lower diameter (Fig. XI). The result is that there is found a properly proportioned and graceful Corinthian cap upon a short, thick-set, clumsy shaft; the general appearance of strength that was desired is lost, and the columns have the unfortunate appearance of being buried one-fifth or one-sixth of their height in the pavement below. The Romans, on the contrary, as is so well shown in the Vesta Tivoli order, were not guilty of such banality. Whenever they increased the proportions of their columns, they did not increase the cap in height, but kept it in the same relative proportion to the height of the shaft as is found in the slenderer columns of ten diameters in height. This same principle applies

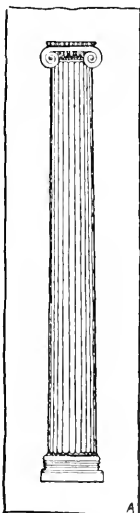
naturally to all orders, and has been universally recognized in the past. It is only to us modern architects who are favored with an embarrassment of riches in the way of books and documents that there is denied the privilege of thinking out these problems of proportion for ourselves. The plates of Vignola and D'Espuoy are unfortunately in too common use and are copied slavishly without consideration or thought. If a Corinthian cap is to be drawn in full size, this important work is usually left to an immature draughtsman, who, not knowing any better, divides the diameter of his column into modules and parts, and lays out the cap according to the formula he finds in the book, and the result, as shown before, is deplorable, and yet is to be found in some of our most prominent and expensive buildings.

An interesting commentary on this crudeness of modern work is to be found in the rational treatment of the wooden order by the early architects in this country (Fig. XII). Very properly they reasoned that it was not necessary to make a wooden column or its entablature of the same proportions that would be necessary in stone. The column was made very much slenderer than in the Corinthian order, even though the Doric cap was used, but invariably when this was done the cap was not proportioned in reference to the upper diameter but to the height of the column. It is also probable that this same feeling induced the Attic Greeks to introduce a necking below the Ionic volutes in the order of the Erechtheion, and a comparison of the beautiful proportions there shown with the thick and shapeless column surmounted by the customary simple Ionic form in some of the later temples in Asia Minor, is an easy proof of the superiority of Attic culture (Fig. XIII, a, b). The Romans also felt this, and when they attenuated the Greek Doric order they introduced a necking and lightened the abacus by the application of a mold at the top.

NOTE: The balance of this article will be continued in the October issue of THE ART WORLD AND ARTS AND DECORATION.



XIII-a. Erechtheion Order.



XIII-b. Apollo Didymus Order.



Photographs, Courtesy of Arthur Todhunter
A colonial fireplace with fittings of wrought iron after old patterns

THE ROMANCE OF WROUGHT IRON

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

*"Saint Dunstan, so the story goes,
Once pulled the devil by the nose,
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar
That he was heard three miles or more."*

IT is a long thought from the world's monster foundries and rolling-mills of today back to the rude huts in the forests of Surrey and Sussex, in England, where the virile craft of the iron-worker met its first reception in that country. Distinctively English in its initial application, it is one of the older art-crafts. It arose in attractiveness and usefulness from the first crude straps of inferior iron to the beautiful and splendidly worked defensive gates, fences and balustrades of the seventeenth century, a few types of which are preserved today.

There was a time in the history of the old world when the smith was important to an extreme. The integrity of nations as well as the lives of individuals depended paramountly on the products of his hammer and anvil. He protected the vulnerable spots of cities as well as of men, furnishing for the former stout bands of iron to strengthen the oak doors of fortresses, and for the latter, impervious breast-plates of steel; and later, when

his skill had been furthered, body-length coats of mail, helmets, swords, horse-trappings and other implements of warfare.

Caesar believed the Britons possessed little iron, but money and weapons of this metal were in use long before his conquest. At the end of the Roman occupation, smithing was a definitely established trade. It thrived as a craft with the Anglo-Saxon, when no army entered the field without its body of "ferriers," the farriers of our day. The manufacture of weapons, agricultural implements, tools and other useful articles provided ample occupation for the smiths of the time. Of necessity the work was rudimentary and unfinished, and strictly utilitarian. Of ornamental wrought-iron there was none, though embellished metal-work was more or less in demand, as displayed by the inlaid swords and daggers of the early Christian era.

A step upward from the prosaic task of producing weapons and protective covering for the body was the employment of these relatively highly

trained vassal-smiths by the feudal kings and robber barons in the making of chased and inlaid grills, locks and hinges for the masters' castles. And the Church, then a worthy rival of the wealthiest among royalty and robbers, demanded skilled design and workmanship in chancels, grills, altar-rails and other ornamental work for ecclesiastical purposes. Another forward step found the workman engaged in the delicate undertaking of jewelry-making. Frequently they were engaged for months, and years, sometimes, on a single precious flagon or necklace, for the same kings and barons.

While France furnished the earliest specimens of decorative iron-work, England can reach back to the year 1350, when a grave-stone of cast metal, bearing a cross and the simple wording, "Pray for the soul of Joan Collins," represented her infant steps in the new industry. As early as the tenth century a beautiful rood-screen, made for the Cathedral of Auxerre, in France, was described by an appreciative monk as possessing "marvelous, delicate workmanship". And in the ancient chronicles at Westminster Abbey may be found authentic records of master-smiths who worked at their trade in that famous English church. In 1250 Master Henry Lewis made the iron-work for the tomb of Henry the Third. Thomas Leighton, 1294, worked on the tomb of Queen Eleanor, and in 1431 Master Roger Johnson was detailed to secure smiths to complete the work on the sepulchre of Edward IV. There is a certain decorated fragment of iron designated only by the indefinite signature, "Gilibertins." But far out-aging all of these types of ancient metalwork is the earliest Christian grill, a pierced bronze screen, in the Church of Nativity at Bethlehem.

Looking at the history of wrought-iron in England from a nearer aspect, it is learned that her superior attainments in the art are now mostly echoes of a once splendidly representative era, replete with endless examples of masterly craftsman-



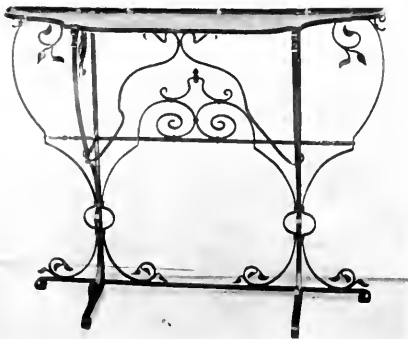
The early use of iron strap-hinges is being revived to-day

ship, the vigorous metal artistically relieved and enhanced by backgrounds of scarlet, blue and green. Today there are few of what once were many. Time and the scrap-heap have effectually carried out the thoughtless work of irreverent hands, so that today comparatively few specimens of old iron-work are preserved, in tardy respect to a genuine art.

Throughout the early centuries of medieval history iron was used in the form of strap-hinges attached to oak doors. The first attempts at decoration came when these were usurped by straps in scroll form, in various degrees of elaborateness, which embellished as well as bound the stout planks of the door. Decidedly rich effects were obtained by painting or gilding the iron after it had been laid over colored skins. Some of the specimens now in museums exhibit faint traces of red pigment. Later, doors were further decorated and strengthened by adding iron scrolls inside as well as outside.

The skins that were used as colored backgrounds offer interesting evidence as to their origin. Tradition has it that human skins were not exempt from this practice, particularly those of sacrilegious Danes. Doors have been found with human skin so used, one now existing in Worcester Cathedral, and four included in those at Westminster Abbey.

The thirteenth century saw wrought-iron applied with increased skill in decorative value. From the



The iron table permits of exceptional decorative effects



Mott B. Schmidt, Architect

The quaint lanterns are now used for many country houses

plain iron bar on window and railing it moved to wider bars, split like a feather and the silver curled up in simple design. Then sheets of metal were beaten out and the cold iron cut with hand-chisels and files into leaf and flower designs. The work was arduous and soon was abandoned for the metal in its heated state. This called for spontaneity of composition as the red-hot bars took form under the smith's blows and bendings, and such work was believed superior to that wrought from formal outlines. In the scroll designs there were many variations of the beautiful C and S motifs, and as the work advanced in quality these were incorporated with leaf-forms and the separate details welded or banded to each other, securing a uniform series in design.

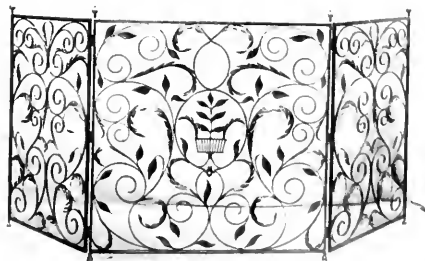
England's progressive leadership in iron-work came to an end in the fifteenth century and continued through to the end of the sixteenth. The Wars of the Roses at that time drafted the smiths as indispensable additions to the armed forces, so that at the close of hostilities few native workmen were to be had. And, contrarily, after the Tudor peace the feudal fortress passed away and in its stead royalty patronized the iron-workers anew, instituting for the first time in England magnificent dwellings and country-seats, with attendant extravagance in decoration. All of these workers

were foreigners, who continued to monopolize the industry for the next two hundred years.

But conditions were opposite abroad. With the exception of France where the craft lay dormant save for locksmithing and other practical work, all of the other countries made rapid strides in iron-working. Spain, Italy, Germany and the Low Countries raised the art to its zenith. Italy, in particular, supplied her conceptions to the rest of the world, and Spain triumphed with her exquisite *rejas* or choir screen. In England the art sank to its lowest point in the days of Henry VIII. Exotic artisans did all of his work in armor and weapons. In 1539 at a festival he honored workmen who came from the larger cities in Spain and Italy. They enjoyed special privileges in their industry till Elizabeth called a halt in 1626 by closing the steelyards because of their excessive use of wood in the smelters, thus turning many out of employment.

With the accession of William and Mary richly wrought iron-work again came into fashion with greater luxuriousness than ever, and remained so throughout the reign of Queen Anne. Across the Channel, Louis the Fourteenth set up a gorgeous patronage of the arts, establishing an enviable precedent which the rest of the world was quick to admire and strive to emulate. Every important country dwelling and town-house was adorned with brilliant specimens of the iron-worker's art: beautiful and costly entrance gates, screens and balustrades, painted in bright colors and gilded, made this the representative era of ornamental iron-work, never before or since equaled on so large a scale. In England, this new stimulus served as the reviving potion for the failing art. The French Protestant refugee, Jean Tijou, a master-worker himself, crossed over and found much talent to assist him in his ensuing brilliant career, yet, strangely, none of his new smiths had received training in the art commensurate with the skill they exhibited, so that their abilities as iron-workers must be con-

(Continued on page 290)



This fireplace screen is a fine example of decorative possibilities



Piecrust tea table of about 1740 with lacquered top

LACQUERED FURNITURE OLD AND NEW

By WALTER A. DYER

Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen," "Creators of Decorative Styles," etc.

AMONG the revivals of antique fashions, lacquered furniture stands in a class by itself. Indeed, it always did. Even when the vogue for lacquer was at its height comparatively few enthusiasts went so far as to furnish a house entirely with it. It is too strong in its individuality, too insistent in its decorative quality to be allowed to dominate a furnishing scheme. Yet there has never been a time, for the past two hundred and fifty years, when lacquered furniture and smaller objects have not enjoyed a certain amount of popularity, when art lovers have not enjoyed the possession of a piece or two in the same way that they treasure a bit of Venetian glass or a rare Japanese print. They add a highly decorative touch of the exotic, when used with moderation, which is like a clump of flaming meadow lilies in a quiet pasture. And now that old lacquer is being sought more eagerly in the antique shops, and American manufacturers are putting meritorious reproductions on the market, it would seem worth our while to know a little more about it.

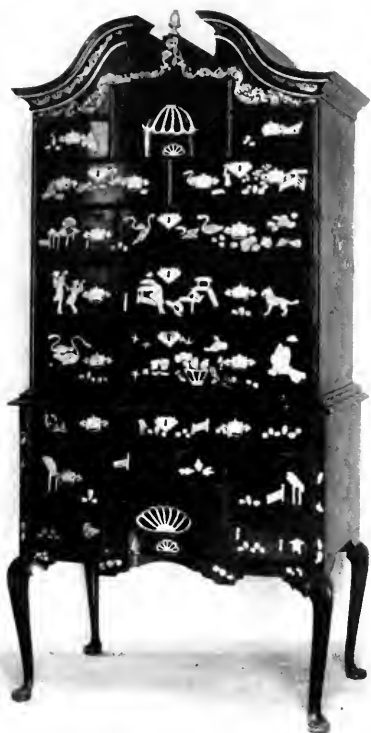
In a way, it would be more accurate to speak of

most of it as japanned furniture, since the only true lacquer is the Oriental, made since time out of mind from the gum of certain varieties of the Sumac that grow only in Eastern Asia, and applied with a painstaking patience possible only to the Oriental workman.

The art of lacquering reached its height in China and Japan during the seventeenth century, and the Oriental products of that period are now highly valued by collectors and connoisseurs. The art probably had its origin in China and, like many of the other arts, found its way to Japan by way of Korea. Just how ancient it is no man knows.

In general, the Chinese made flat lacquer, the Koreans cut lacquer, and the Japanese raised lacquer. In other words, the ornament in China was traced in low relief in gold; in Japan the figures were modeled in raised gesso and then gilded, while in Korea the black lacquer ground was incised and the gold or colored lacquer then applied. It is known, however, that the Chinese made some cut and raised lacquer as well as the flat.

The vogue for Oriental lacquer began in Eng-



Late Queen Anne high boy with broken arch top
The ornamentation is raised gold on a black ground

land about 1650. It offered a relief from the dull oak and walnut, and during the succeeding century it was thought to harmonize with the polished mahogany and satinwood. At first the imported pieces were little more than ornamental curios, for the Oriental furniture proved to be ill-suited to Occidental needs. The next step was the importation of lacquered panels which were made into cabinets and screens by European workmen. Such pieces were popular in England between 1670 and 1695, though the Oriental decorations were often spoiled by cutting the panels to fit the piece. Occasionally complete pieces of Dutch or English make, such as cabinets or tall clock cases, were sent to the Orient to be lacquered, though this was a time-consuming, expensive, and hazardous undertaking.

Toward the close of the century Oriental lacquer had become very popular in England and the Oriental craftsmen made some attempt to manufacture furniture suitable for the European market. Most of this trading was done in Dutch ships engaged in the East India trade and the Oriental lacquer was brought into England by way of Holland.

But this imported lacquer was very expensive and the demand exceeded the supply, so European workmen set about the task of producing an imitation. To reproduce exactly the Oriental lacquer in Europe was impossible, partly because the European workmen lacked the patience of the Orientals, but chiefly because the true lacquer gum was not obtainable in Europe. As a matter of fact, European lacquered or japanned ware never did measure up to the Oriental standard, either in the quality of the lacquer or the beauty of the decorations, but it is not lacking in an interest and beauty of its own.

A Dutch cabinet-maker named Huygens has been credited with the invention or discovery of a varnish preparation which possessed many of the characteristics of Oriental lacquer, and Dutch workmen began to supply the markets of Holland and England, at some time after 1670, with so-called lacquer furniture of their own.

When William of Orange ascended the English throne in 1689, he imported many Dutch workmen, who introduced the art of making japanned furniture, and the English product dates from about 1693. As the century drew to a close, japanning became a craze in England, not only among the professional cabinet-makers but also among amateurs of both sexes. Most of the English work was of poor quality at first, so that good pieces dating prior to 1695 may safely be identified as of Dutch manufacture.

The English product improved, though it never showed the sharpness of detail or the transparency and permanence of the Oriental lacquer. In the best Dutch and English work raised decorations were usually made of gesso, after the Japanese method. Many thin coats of hard varnish were applied on an oil ground, each coat being rubbed



English lacquered jardinière or flower stand
About 1750

down with felt. The polish was put on over the ornament, with a tendency to fill the more delicate details and leave them less distinct than on the Oriental work.

Square japanned cabinets on carved or gilded stands remained in fashion till after 1700, decorative in effect though plain in outline, with ornamental metal hinges, corners, and key plates. As the vogue for carved walnut followed that of Dutch marquetry, the forms improved, and japanning was done on cabinets, highboys, tables, chairs, mirror frames, and other pieces in the prevailing styles of the Queen Anne period. In many respects the art of japanning in England was at its height at this time.

The early Georgian pieces were the best of the japanned furniture in form, but the quality of the lacquer and of the decorations had begun to deteriorate on all except clock cases. Japanned clocks of the tall, "grandfather" kind had become extremely popular, and it was on these that the japanners did their finest work about 1730-35.

The art of japanning declined under Chippendale's influence, with the increasing popularity of mahogany and of carving, in spite of Chippendale's fondness for Chinese forms. In a measure it was revived by Adam and Hepplewhite in the form of a hard varnish on painted furniture, which they called japanned. By 1780 the fashion for japanned furniture had largely died out, though it was again revived about 1800 in a degenerate form, when



Modern lacquered secretary in Queen Anne style

there was something of a fad for flat drawings in gilt on a black varnished ground. Ever since there has been a moderate demand for lacquered furniture, of English, American, or Oriental manufacture, but more especially for Oriental lacquered boxes, bowls, and other small pieces.

In France, meanwhile, the art was undergoing a somewhat different development which culminated in the more showy and distinctly French *vernis-Martin*.

There was not a little japanned furniture in this country in Colonial days, brought over from England, and later the Salem sea captains began bringing back the Oriental ware direct from the East. From 1700 on japanned furniture appears frequently in old inventories. Then American cabinet-makers took up the craft and during the first half of the eighteenth century japanning, after the English manner, became a thriving trade in this country.

These old pieces of Oriental, Dutch, English, and American lacquered furniture are now bringing high prices in the antique shops, and many a home is graced by an ancestral piece. Modern manufacturers of reproductions of the antique have not



Red lacquer cabinet on a carved teakwood stand, made before 1700

been slow to take advantage of this revived interest, and a number of firms are now turning out japanned furniture in the old styles, both English and Oriental, but especially the latter.

These modern reproductions deserve recommendation, for they are for the most part worthy revivals, possessing more merit than many of the reproductions of period furniture now on the market. For one thing, the cheaper houses, manufacturing the more slipshod type of so-called reproductions, are not equipped to produce the rather expensive lacquer, and the manufacture of japanned furniture has thus far been confined largely to furniture-makers of the better class. American manufacturers have again proved themselves to be resourceful, for this modern lacquer, while it cannot be compared with the genuine Oriental lacquer, is, as a matter of fact, as good in every respect as the very best that was produced in England two centuries ago.

While discussing a particular type of furniture it is just as well to emphasize the fact that furniture alone is not sufficient to furnish. To well-chosen



English corner cupboard in black lacquer with gilt decorations



Modern lacquered gate-leg table, Jacobean period

furniture must be added well-chosen fabrics and decorative accessories, and because the exigencies of the problem may often restrict the quantity of these, it is necessary to exercise the greatest discrimination in selection. Every detail in the decoration of a room must not only contribute to the whole scheme, but must also stand upon its own merits.

It should be apparent that the placement of furniture is of vital importance, for every wall-space is a problem in design, and the utmost is often required to be made of floor space.

One aspect of the placement of furniture seems largely to have escaped attention: the importance of the vista. When rooms open one from another, as in most apartments, and where the views from windows are seldom of importance equal to those from country house windows, it is doubly important to effect pleasant glimpses through doorways. While the logical arrangement of furniture in a given room should never be sacrificed for its effect as seen from another room, care and ingenuity may achieve the double result and devise an apartment which affords a charming vista in every direction.

As in the case of architecture, it may be said that the average individual makes one of two mistakes when he is confronted by a problem in interior decoration: he sets about the matter with intent to carry out inflexibly some rule, or set of rules which he has read or been told will apply to his particular case, or he sets about the matter with no coherent ideas of any kind, no clear vision of what he wants, no knowledge or belief in the principles of interior decoration. Needless to say, neither one of these courses will achieve any happy result, for furnishing and decoration constitute a problem which, like any problem, must be studied in order to be solved.

A certain thing is to be done, and the observance of certain reasonable steps in procedure form, or should form, the logical manner of doing it.



B. Altman & Co., Decorators

The period of Louis XIV. is recalled in the dining room furniture—The period of "the grand manner"—The dining room in the residence of Mrs. Julius Kayser

THE HERITAGE OF HISTORIC STYLE

A Brief for Period Decoration

By A. T. COVELL

SO strongly entrenched in general esteem are the historic styles that the "anti-period" agitation in the field of decorative art is nearly forgotten. The exponents of arts and crafts and the mission style took the stand that the period styles were "meaningless," that they were pretentious and that they were entirely unrelated to the life of to-day.

It might be interesting to inquire as to whether or not it is true that any theory stated without intelligent contradiction becomes an established fact. Setting this, for the moment, aside, what became of the creed of simplicity which asserted itself as destined to take the place of the historic styles? That creed to-day is almost a dead letter. A dead letter, at least, in the sense that its forms have fallen into almost general disuse, even though its spirit is manifested in different and perhaps more logical forms.

The art-craft and mission type of interior decoration did not last simply because it did not solve the many problems which interior decoration is called upon to solve. No one of the historic styles—English, French or Italian could solve every decorative problem.

Inherently there was nothing bad and much that was good in the non-period style of decoration, yet,

if it was a happy expression for the living room of a bungalow or an informal cottage, how could it hope to effect an intelligent expression for the boudoir of a formal city house?

Essentially right in some applications, the non-period idea was essentially wrong in others. It was right in that it came about as a protest against the *meaningless* use of historic styles. It was right in that it was a protest against pretention when the specific decorative problem demanded simplicity. It was right in that it was related to the times which created it, while much contemporary period decoration was not.

But on all three of these counts it was also wrong. Few styles are meaningless if rightly applied—even the art-craft style, even the "art nouveau." The question is almost entirely one of application, and an intelligent decorator will concede more of merit to non-period decoration *for certain purposes*, than the "simple life" decorator will concede to the period styles for any purpose. Of the meaning of the period styles, rightly used, I will speak presently.

The charge that period styles are pretentious may be similarly answered. In the large, formal house, whether in country or city, the styles of great his-



The period of Louis XV., in a finely wrought marble mantel is expressive of the spirit of an imperishable episode of French art and life—Detail, residence of Mrs. Julius Kayser

toric styles are a necessity, not an affectation. They symbolize certain things. There are illustrations of a stately dining-room and an exquisitely appointed bed-room. Are they pretentious? It all depends upon the house and upon the people. The styles in themselves recall certain periods of French life which are an important part of our heritage of civilization.

Louis XIV., recalled the furniture of the dining-room—the period of “the grand manner,” of the noble lords and ladies of the old *régime*, the expression of an essentially French magnificence.

Louis XV., recalled in the mantel-piece of the dining-room—the period of profuse elegance, of the fantasy of rococo extravagance in art and life. Louis XVI., recalled in the bed-room—the period of classic restraint and dignity, of Marie-Antoinette and her court.

These styles have each a host of associations, of meanings, a wealth of symbolism and suggestion. But, on the third accusation of the art-crafters, we were almost convinced that historic styles should be discarded because they are unrelated to the life of to-day. Unrelated to the life of to-day? By no means. Is the heritage of civilization, so gradually and so painfully accumulated by past centuries unrelated to the life of to-day? No. Everything that makes up that heritage is a part of our life to-day—indeed it is more—it is the *substance* of our life to-day, and we could not discard it if we wished to.

We are older than we thought, more closely

linked to the lives and the tastes of our forefathers than we realized. We cherish the things which they cherished. Civilization preserves and hands on—it does not destroy and obliterate. *Kultur*, that ghastly, mechanical travesty on civilization denies all that went before and seeks to set up something new, a product of laboratories and machine shops. It seeks to deny the continuity of human aspiration and achievement, and to set up a soulless mechanism which blasphemes the past and all that most of us hold to be the best in life. Wherefore civilization has risen up in all its might to preserve its continuity, and to carry on the “meaningless” beauties which centuries of artistic consciousness evolved.

The advocates of the new styles, too much preoccupied with such merit as these styles possessed, sought to invent a new life to fit their new styles. As it happens, styles are the outgrowth of life—and we found that we were still far too close to the tastes of our ancestors to forsake them overnight for new and strange things.

The Germans, looking across at certain utterly new and quite mad originalia of the Viennese Art Secessionists, tried to invent a new architecture—and built monstrous nightmares. They denied the world's heritage of beauty, and in place of the beautiful, set up the *Kolossal*. And *Kolossal* means not “great,” but “monstrous.”

Such secessions must fail because they deny an incontrovertible fact—the continuity of the human

(Continued on page 294)



The period of Louis XVI, in a latter day rendering which carries with it an unchanged feeling of classic restraint



Courtesy of R. C. & N. M. Vose

"MAIDENHOOD"

By George Fuller

NOTES *of the* STUDIOS and GALLERIES

Boston is now enjoying an art exhibition whose importance is national in character. Ten paintings by George Fuller and seven by Albert P. Ryder are grouped in a display at the Vose Galleries which has drawn forth much admiration from connoisseurs who have been passing the summer in New England. The works shown have especial consonance from the fact that these painters rank together as the first romanticists that American art produced. Both are colorists of the highest order, and their work in this respect is much akin, so much so that their paintings hung side by side often act as complements to each other. This makes the present exhibition an artistic feast for those who love poetry and imagination in painting.

The pictures run the whole course of the art of both men. Fuller is represented both by his figure pieces, with their Rembrandtian qualities of light and shade, and by his dusky landscapes, in which figures, dimly placed, serve merely to emphasize the poetry of the scene.

A deep and dreamy idealism is beneath all of Fuller's art. His "ideal heads" are the very negation of the objective in art; they are wholly in the realm of the subjective and the spiritual. Typical of this is the "Maidenhood" in this exhibition, a work of glowing golden tone. There is a mystery in this young girl's face which the beholder seeks not to fathom,—he is content with the dream which lies behind her expression. It is like a chord of music that pleases and haunts.

"Mischief" and "Marguerite" complete a trio of Fuller's "ideal heads." The landscapes include "Twilight," which shows how the artist could realize the quiet charm of a mood of nature. The subject is a wood interior, with the dying sunlight falling beyond the trees. A girl's figure in the foreground and two other vague figures dimly seen among the trees serve to emphasize the human loneliness of the scene. Another similar subject is "The Gossips," with two women, their heads together, standing in the foreground of a dusky landscape. Still other interesting works are "Harry," "Arthur" and "Shearing the Donkey."

Ryder's romanticism is of the objective sort, depending on material things, like the art of Edgar Allen Poe. It may rely upon a mood of nature, but it is a nature that is carefully staged; but it loses none of its poignancy because of its dramatic origin.

"Huntsman's Rest" is in this exhibition eloquent of all Ryder's art, and is a most beautiful color harmony. Under the heavy foliage of a knarled tree a huntsman is seated with his hounds while

nearly stands his horse. The picture is in delightful cool grays and green, the light glowing under the surface, as in a jewel.

The exhibition of the painting "Landing of the Vikings" by Mr. Harry van der Weyden at the galleries of A. Kimbel & Son, No. 12 West Fortieth street, calls attention to another artist who is doing his all for the Allied cause. Mr. van der Weyden is a native of Boston who has made his home for many years at Montreuil sur Mer, in France. At the beginning of the war he tendered his services to France and was given a post.

"Landing of the Vikings" is an imaginative subject showing the ancient sea rovers before the rock-bound coast of New England.



The "Kultur" Group by Geo. J. Lober
Designed by this young artist in response to a humorist's request for suggestions for a "monument to the Crown Prince"

THE MUSIC OF LIBERTY

By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

ONE Spring not many years ago, the writer stood on a pine-covered slope watching the sun rise over the Pelopponesus. It poured orange fire over the great black mountains, the blue line of the sea took silver from it, and a long valley of almond and olive trees rose like a cloud from its dewy revelations. A shepherd leading his flock around the corner of a gray half-ruined temple, piped up the dawn; the thin water-brook lift of his reed pipe echoed from the crest of one mountain to the other—and by the accompaniment of that splendid sunrise its three half-tones seemed somehow to play the whole great pageant of history, intellect and poetry that the word Greece has always meant—that Greece means to-day.

This morning the writer stood watching the sun rise on the severe softness of the coast we call Massachusetts, seeing the same sun break on a country where the whole people are confronted with a new and solemn burden. This America of which the writer has the sacred right to be a patriot, where the coasts of white sand are rounded to cold beauty, has no shepherd pipe to play destiny, past and present; and this sea compared to the old romantic emprise of the Aegean is more like the holy sea of Galilee. But the writer, facing the sunrise, is one of the great human element, that to-day must honestly search its own heart by the light of sunrises. He must correctly interpret his excuse for being alive when men are dying in a kind of exultation of an ideal; set pipe to his lips and play notes that shall as surely express the great past and present of this country as did the shepherd who piped the sheep around the temple.

If I were to play my little pipe on this theme of the Fourth Liberty Loan it would be to expand the idea that we who in this country have written and painted to conserve beauty, are brought face to face with the great fact that in America beauty is no longer to be interpreted along purely aesthetic lines! I, a seeker-out and lover of the beauty of the earth, a thing that I thought was free from commercial weights and measures and appraisements, am brought face to face with a new necessity, the necessity of singing the praise of the beauty of my country in terms of *money*. And to-day if I play my little pipe, it must be to lead the thoughts of my reader around the corner of a temple whose step and shrine are for the moment dedicated to solemn financial gods!

For this glorious sunrise by the Massachusetts coast ushers in the beginning of the fourth lap of the great Loan of the people of the nation to the emprise of the nation, the fourth lap of a hot race toward the goal of devotion and unselfishness. The

loan is almost the sole expression of our people as a unified nation; it is watched for by the Prussians, the English, the French and the proud boys bearing our standards with those of the Allies, as the real test of our pure Americanism. We have no other.

To the people of America—and that means the Present and the Future, God has said the word. It is written on the walls of His universe and has been read. We are beginning to understand that if the wild roses back in the hollows of the bay bushes, the sand-piper fluttering along the silver beach, the inscrutable searching purity of the dawn wind and the clear, unbloodied crystal of the waters of the sea are to be preserved, it is to be our money and our resolution that must do it.

How do we know this? (How do we not know it?) Do we not know it by the vanished beauty of Louvain, the ruined beauty of Rheims, the spoiled fruit trees and vines of France, the threatened beauty of Venice?

We have never before thought of beauty in terms of money—we have, some of us, been free enough in our spirits to laugh at money; the pompous stupidities of it, its cumbrous waddle and heaviness and Mr. Wordly-Wiseman gesture.—To-day we, amazed, see it, because of the holy uses to which it is put, purified of an age-old taint, given an expression as soaring as the tones of Caselle Cello, as pure and pastoral as Haydn.

No longer in America will "money" mean shining automobiles full of fat men with long cigars in their mouths, devising new cocktails, in quest of new sensations. No longer will it mean languid feminine consideration of silk stockings and "lingerie." In the cities where it still means these things and any other special foppishness there obtains a kind of moral putrefaction from which the healthily-minded turn with loathing.

What does money power mean to-day? It means a great united song of protest against the miseries engendered by a tragic nation called Germany. It means primarily succor, healing and the setting of eternal standards of mercy. It means also defence, protection, and superb insistence on the great cardinal virtues and faiths and bodily integrities that the world has never truly believed in, until it saw them in danger of being swept away by a sad "efficiency" that was based on autocracy and materialism.

And lastly and supremely, money means the power to preserve, undefiled, the physical beauty and resources of our country! It is to-day as if some great powerful musician were to sit down at the huge organ of our rolling country and strike

imperious dynamics of sounding appeal. The diapason rolls through the hills and sweeps over the rivers; and the organ demand for wealth to protect and guard our yet un-outraged land echoes down the lowest, humblest farmhouse road, or the densest most packed tenement, or the wildest most untrodden trail.

Looked at in the terms of American scenery, what will be our response to the demands of the great Fourth Liberty Loan? For it comes straight to us, — individually, — vibrating along the beaches here, or up to the tops of the mountains or out to the yawl sailing close-handed or to the automobiles spinning along the highway.

This daring "Fourth Liberty Loan"!!!

There are people who say it cannot be launched! But it is characteristic Americanism that those same people insist in the same breath that it shall be done; they gasp as if they were plunged into very cold water—then they look around them and realize what their country stands for in Europe to-day and grit their teeth and insist that it shall be done.

Perhaps the whole thing would be easier if these very people were to visualize their country as a great fertility; if, instead of regarding it as so many cities and municipalities, they regarded it as a great Composite of the most gigantically beautiful and free in God's Universe. The response to the Liberty Loan would then flow from them like a song and the words and music of that song would be the Hudson River dotted with green villages and calm with fertile valleys; the Highlands, where purple and gold clouds hang gorgeous tapestries and the trees carry their black sabres over the rocks; the Jersey Coast, where in summer the children are massed like pink and white confetti along the motherly sands. The great nourishing breasts of the Western fruit and wheat fields, the proud forests of the Rockies, the noble water-powers and "fleuves" of the more Western America. How can these glories best be sung? Surely at this present time by every sacrifice and devotion that this Loan to the nation will prove!

It will be very interesting, as the people pause before they put forth this new effort, to review what has been accomplished in former loans and see how the affirmation "I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills" has proved itself.

In the Third Loan, the Minneapolis district sent up a chant that echoed to the percentage of 172 per cent. Standing at the head of the list the Minneapolis district contains the states of North Dakota, South Dakota, and Minnesota. The people of Minneapolis are full-throated and they breathe deep; they sang in the terms of the navigable Red River of the North and that portion of the Missouri River navigable to boats of from three to six hundred tons. They sang from the Eastward in the terms of their rolling prairies where the sky and

the earth outlaugh each other in vastness. Westward they sang in terms of broad farming and grazing lands. The Loan vibrated like the sweeping of winds through the sensitive chords of forest trees—and they went quite easily to "E in alt" as Trilby used to do!

South Dakota knows how to sing too; her rich contralto was a glorious support to the soprano of Minnesota, who from her undulating plains sang the sweet fugue of rolling prairies dotted with plains and groves of frequent timber belts where thirty-two varieties of marketable timber need to be expressed in terms of song, and where the iron veins are changing in the earth like dumb uncast bells of liberty. Duluth had her own voice—tenor robusto—that roared out what Duluth wanted to sing about her great main port, electric with tall masts and broad keels. Lake Superior sent up a chorus like the rising roar of a tribe of Indians greeting the sunrise.

The Philadelphia district stood highest among the eastern reserve Federal districts. What was this Federal reserve district singing about? The chorus was well trained—visualized it would have made a mighty pageant. The people of the Philadelphia district must have known their song by heart. Their bonds were bought in the terms of those beautiful ridges that are members of the Appalachian system. The pledges were taken according to the greatness of the Great South Mountain and Alleghany Mountain. Here the keynotes of the songs were the valleys and plains that stand first in the production of mineral wells and in the production of coal and coke. As surely as the Greek shepherd down on the Peloponnesus expressed with the magic of his tiny pipe the old-time silver mines of Laurion and the great white marble quarries of Pentelicon, so these solemn districts dedicated to the struggle for democracy celebrated their States by swelling the funds devoted to the protection of these things.

Ever since the beginning of the war it has been noted with satisfaction that the frivolous, "cocotte" days of America are over. We have grown grateful to the war, not because we love war, for we hate war by all the horrors of its supreme stupidity; but because for us it at once necessitated the resetting of fine old standards of simplicity and integrity. When President Wilson declared war on Germany we tasted like the stimulating salt in sea wind, the essential thing that has always been our birthright, but which we had lost in a curious apeing of the supposed customs and manners of "effete" civilization. How far our sophistries were engendered in us by the German systems already at work in our colleges and churches, no one will ever know; but not until to-day do we guess at the possibilities of concrete Americanism!

Therefore the thing for the people to feel who

are faced with the serious responsibility of the Fourth Liberty Loan is that now at least we are "truly" Americans and can do the thing in our old grim, strong way. We stand on a clear platform, we are inspired with an idealism impossible to belittle. For the "melting pot theory" of Israel Zangwill has grown into a great practical possibility along greater lines than that dreamer ever dreamed. America, it seems, has by the sincerity of her own dream become the huge amalgamating and ameliorating focus that shall draw together into some strange and beautiful crystalization the dissevered particles of mankind that have been called by the almost animal name of "Races."

Now the one thing that is firmly ingrafted in American philosophy is the sense of the power in organized money. We have a sort of Litany about the cobwebbed bridges that span the East River.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

(Oh Lord, how much money!)

Williamsburg Bridge.

(Oh Lord, how much money!)

All through the charter of Greater New York there ran an antistrophe in the thought of the people—"—and then—more money". Now, in this magnificent chant we send out about airplanes across the Atlantic, there is the subdominant—"but whence comes the money?". We are not quite stupid nor naïve enough to think that our country is to remain pure and undefiled without money, unless we can be pure and undefiled *about* money.

There are many American poets who are in the trenches now. If they were here they would sing the Paean of the Fourth Liberty Loan from the house-tops. Some of those poets may never sing again; they are living epic poetry, poetry so majestic and engulfing, tragic poetry, so dark and terrible, that the words we use for symbols will never correctly tell it. But if all the regiments of wounded men who must come back to us broken and maimed forever could *sing*, something would happen to us out of that song of horror and denunciation that we would never forget. Before that comes to pass, however, let us *sing to them*, over there—and let us sing lustily and strong.

Some of us sing Niagara—and by our bond-buying let the Prussians understand what *Niagara* means to us.

Some of us will sing the Adirondacks and the Catskill and the mountains of Kentucky—and the *vox humana* of it will rock the worlds.

Do not wait for the challenge to come to you, but go to it! Stand like the Greek Shepherd alone with the beauty of your country and its tradition and play as many notes as you can on your little pipe. "Play up the banks of Bonny Dundee." The one bond that you defy the worst for and *buy* may

be that one that echoes the highest note in the great organ voluntary of your country. Then shall the poor befogged Germans know what it is to be democratic and the American boys leaning eagerly forward to learn how America honors and supports them, will hear you sing, piping, roaring like a true American.

Buy bonds and dare to face Niagara. Buy bonds and dare to look upon New York Harbor. Buy bonds and the little children will trust you. Buy bonds and the mountains shall leap like rams and the little hills like young sheep. Buy bonds and be an American.

For we shall not now on think of ourselves as America only, but as Americans, a new bright, unharassed, unenslaved democracy, a great spontaneous, intellectual and physical energy which shall sweep, is sweeping, on through other lands, proving what democracy is and may be. We are to act in proud and intelligent Unity with other lands and peoples, until like a great law of balance in a disturbed equilibrium of nations we shall all swing out in the harmonies of new planes of equipoise.

And this is to be done by the patient lending of money. Money that no longer is tainted, that sings! Cleopatra, Midas, Croesus, hold up your hands in wonder. We Americans are changing money into music! We are singing, playing, shouting the beauty and strength of the gigantic land of our birth. It is Opus Fourth and it will go down into history exulting as an oversubscribed Fourth Liberty Loan!

THE ROMANCE OF WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from page 278)

sidered a heritage from their schooled forefathers who flourished long before.

Ornamental wrought-iron early evinced itself in this country. The Colonists brought their own workers and presumably included smiths who, once away from the conventional designs of the old countries, introduced styles of their own. Much of the admirable iron-work in New Orleans is the product of Spanish and French artisans, while the old houses further north exemplify English and early American work. There was a brief period of Colonial wrought-iron, vigorous yet simple, and refreshing, as are all the designs of that time, a distinct style fabricated by the newcomers as typically American. But it soon met extinction with the advent of cast-iron, a decided labor-saver, but lacking individuality and artistic value, therefore of no appeal to the lover of beautiful craftsmanship. Thus the lost art has remained for many years, with indefinite probabilities for resurrection, true, but always with the best wishes and hope of the esthetic on this side and the other side of the Atlantic.



Georgian Drawing-room in Mr. Hurlbut's Home

A PLAYWRIGHT'S HOME IN OLD CHELSEA

NEW YORK'S NEWEST LATIN QUARTER

By HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE

OLD Chelsea has flung down the gauntlet to Greenwich Village, its Bohemian neighbor on the South, and has set itself up as the Latin Quarter for professional folk. It has established an exclusive colony of artists, writers and stage folk, who, though leading the busiest sort of lives, yet find time to enjoy a real home, not a makeshift of the gas log variety.

This they found in Chelsea, that section of Old New York below Ninth Avenue and Twenty Third Street where a New England charm still prevails despite the vicissitudes that have visited it since the days when it was a fashionable part of town. It hasn't been heralded as has "The Village" for its homely virtues, yet it lies tranquil and calm in its Colonial simplicity, like a little eddy or quiet pool that has been driven back by the onrush of swift waters, undisturbed by the current of the more turbulent stream.

Row after row of quaint brick houses line the streets, some showing the effects of time and stress, others having ear marks of former glory visible,

such as fine old Colonial doorways, fan lights and brass knockers or wrought iron railings and entrance lamps. One of this type is now the home of William J. Hurlbut, the playwright, the pioneer in the Renaissance of Chelsea as a residential section for professional folk.

Attracted by the serenity of the setting Mr. Hurlbut decided he would make Chelsea his home and in No. 422 West 22nd Street he found a house with possibilities, the very thing for which he was looking. It not only possessed much of the beauty of the early Dutch dwellings in this neighborhood but it had tradition as well, for it once belonged to Clement C. Moore, the man who wrote that famous children's classic *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, and is still a part of the estate.

Mr. Hurlbut obtained a long lease of it and then proceeded to re-model it according to his tastes. Being the grandson of a prominent English artist, on the maternal side, it was perfectly natural he should decide on a Georgian setting. And then, it seemed to go with the house. So,

thus it is when his professional friends enter the drawing room they stand in amazement at the picture.

For, although but a short walk from Broadway and the theatre district, it might well be an ocean's distance between with a couple of hundred years from then to now. He has transformed the interior into a Georgian home of the eighteenth century with all the accompaniments of furniture and setting.

When Mr. Hurlbut took the house it was his aim, not only to preserve the old feeling but to emphasize it in every possible way. He desired to visualize a home of early days, sufficiently convincing to carry his guests back to the Queen Anne or the later Georges and so perfectly has he fulfilled his object that it seems as if he had waved a sorcerer's wand to bring the re-incarnation about.

On entering the candle lighted drawing room to which the old-world atmosphere heavily clings, it seems as though the pages of time had momentarily turned back and one were treading the boards of some fine manor house of Old England. The scene invariably elicits exclamations of surprise and delight from his guests that so complete a transformation has been wrought in so simple a fashion.

The walls of the big front drawing room which is entered directly from the narrow Colonial hall are paneled from floor to ceiling, enameled an old

white to give the impression of its having been there for centuries. The most interesting thing about it all is that Mr. Hurlbut did it himself. At least, if he didn't actually do the work he watched over the craftsman and saw it was done according to his taste.

Mr. Hurlbut knew it was quite possible to secure a cabinet maker to undertake the task but he was well aware how little resemblance the machine sawed wood bore to the lovely hand modeled wood work of that period. Only hand sawn wood could supply the exquisite beauty of the panelling of early days.

So, rashly it might seem, Mr. Hurlbut would have none of it but went out into the highways and hired a good plain carpenter, then proceeded to boss the job. Each strip of wood was laboriously beveled by hand and nailed in place, until the whole big room was paneled from floor to ceiling in a series of geometrical design. At this juncture Mr. Hurlbut took an actual hand in the operations.

He wanted the wood to possess that lovely old white and to get this required a necromancer's skill. First, white lead was taken as a basis and a bit of yellow ochre added, then a touch of black, a suspicion of vermillion and burnt sienna and Heaven knows what else beside, but the result when applied bore that mellow look of age so essential in a room of the period.

(Continued on page 300)



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race, and the continuity of human civilization. This continuity tells us that the arts which meant certain things to our forefathers mean the same things to us. Our language and our social customs should prove this, if we were blind to the continuity of art. We do not feel that we must invent a new language in order to express thoughts of the times in which we live. We have not felt that free love might better take the place of marriage. We find the customs and morals of centuries ago are an accepted part of our lives of to-day. Why do we need to invent new arts?

But, to return to our discussion of the period styles in interior decoration, the exponents of the non-period idea point out that *all* our ancestors were not dukes and duchesses, living in great villas or proud chateaux. Quite so. Some of them were simple folk—even peasants, perhaps—but they did not have queer fumed-oak chairs, made of slats with panels of swirly stained glass in them. They were naturally simple, not artificially simple.

Our more humble ancestors had chests and benches, windsor chairs, hutches and sturdy gate-leg tables—and these are the furniture forms which are now being made for the unpretentious cottage. They are forms which mean something to us—and the meaning is *inherited*, not invented.

And so, on the three counts brought against period decoration, we find that we have a very real right to the historic styles, and that it is their misuse, not their use which is open to adverse criticism.

The decorator must exercise his keenest judgment in selecting a given style for a given decorative problem, and, in carrying it out, he must be consistent and conscientious in both letter and spirit. If he does this, he shares with the entire civilized human race of to-day the right to make the most of the arts of the civilized human race of the past.

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART*(Continued from page 271)*

emphasized. In short, were the picture signed Titian, Raphael, or Velasquez, it would enjoy a world-celebrity now, as it certainly will in the future, if the color holds out.

And to think that Eastman Johnson, who died in 1906, is already almost forgotten! But he is in good company. Velasquez was soon and utterly forgotten after his death. And, as it took two hundred years before he was resurrected and appreciated, outside of his own land; and, as Christ said: "A prophet is without honor nowhere save in his own country!", it may take two hundred years before America will awake and recognize that, taking it all in all, this is the greatest expressive-portrait so far painted by an American.

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THE HOME OF ART IN BOSTON

FOR the "History of The Metropolitan Museum of Art," published in 1913, Miss Winifred E. Howe, its author, added an interesting chapter on the Early Institutions of Art in New York, beginning with the American Museum "under the patronage of the Tammany Society," established in 1791, and taking up in turn the stories of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, the New York Historical Society, the National Academy of Design, the Apollo Association, the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts, and several of lesser importance, the very names of which, long forgotten, seemed in danger of being lost. This essay, so far as is known, furnishes the only complete work on the institutions of this kind, related to one another by a common aspiration, which have come into being in New York.

An interesting paper by Walter K. Watkins, recently published by the Bostonian Society in one of its publications (Vol. II, Second Sec., 1917) under the title, "The New England Museum the Home of Art in Boston," deals with the first museum in that city, and through the courtesy of the Bostonian Society is here reprinted in part in the following paragraphs, for the benefit of those who, with an antiquarian turn of mind, would see what the sister city was doing when our own pioneer "museums" were beginning to make history.

To a citizen of the town of 1820 returning to the scenes of his former life via the East Boston Tunnel exit, or emerging by the opposite exit into Scolay Square, from the purgatory of a rush hour, it would be an unfamiliar locality. Seeking the north star to localize himself, a familiar structure greets him in the building between Brattle street and Cornhill, facing Court street. As it stands to-day so it stood nearly a century ago and so it may stand for centuries to come. It is true its head-gear is slightly changed and its foot-wear is altered into a corner grocery. A capacious pocket, a subway entrance, also appears in its outfit. Still it stands there more lasting than the eternal hills, for have its walls not witnessed the demolition of the three crests of Beacon Hill which gave to the town its first name of Trimountain? Daniel Maude standing in the doorway of his school, the first in the land, which was on the site of the Suffolk Savings Bank, saw a far different view when he gazed to the northward. In the distance across the water stood that most ancient fortified house built by Maverick in 1625, at Wimmisimmet. Nearer were the straggling houses at the north end of the town, skirting the harbor front. In the foreground were a few houses and tan vats, as the area between Hanover, Court and Washington street was early claimed by the leather dressers.

On the path skirting the base of Cotton Hill were a few houses, less than a dozen, on the way between what is now Hanover and Washington streets, the present Court street. The house lots had a frontage of 75 or 100 feet and a depth of 150 to 200 feet. They were the residences of well-to-do tradesmen. One of these was Nathaniel Williams who was in Boston as early as 1639, and ten years later had sold his house, just west of the prison, to move to the other side of Prison Lane, on the site of the

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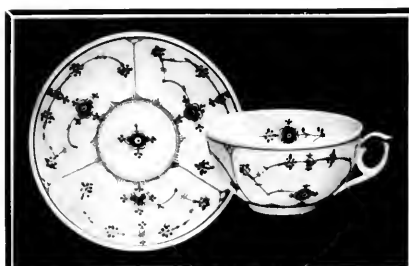
Profit by your experience of the first Thrift Stamp Day to make the succeeding Thrift Stamp Days still more of a success! Redouble your former efforts and you'll double the results! If any of you should still be unfamiliar with the working plan for Thrift Stamp Day, write for this plan **today without fail.** Address W. Ward Smith, National War Savings Committee, 51 Chambers St., New York City.



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* * *

[A descendant of this Nathaniel Williams, Mary,] married 30 July, 1730, John Smibert, a young Scotchman, and was dowered with £400 and went to reside in the west hall of the Williams' mansion.

* * *

The following advertisement appeared in the Boston Gazette for 21 October, 1734:

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An extract from a letter of Charles Willson Peale, writing of his visit to Boston in 1765, is as follows:

"Becoming a little acquainted with the owner of the shop, he told me that a relation of his had been a painter, and he said he would give me a feast; leading me upstairs, introduced me into a painter's room, where there were a number of pictures unfinished and some groups of figures, he had begun a piece, several of the heads painted, of ancient philosophers, these were the last works of Smybert. He had been in Italy and spent a fortune in traveling to gain knowledge in the art. It was at this shop I heard of Mr. Copley, and taking directions, I went and introduced myself to him, as a person just beginning to paint portraits, he received me very politely. I found in his room a considerable number of portraits, many of them highly finished; he lent me a head done, representing by candle light, which I copied."

* * *

[During the Revolution the widow of William Sheaffe of Boston with several charming daughters took the Smibert house as a tenant.] These daughters were an attraction no doubt to a young Yankee officer, John Trumbull, but there were also in the house other attractions—the pictures painted by Smibert and Copley. Thus influenced he hired, in 1777-8, Smibert's studio, and while there formed a club which met, and over a cup of tea, discussed literature, art, politics and the war. Here he painted the portraits of Royal Tyler, Thomas Dawes and two of Mrs. Sheaffe's daughters; also Franklin with a fur cap, after a French print; Washington, from Peale's portrait and from memory; Hancock and others.

* * *

Among the improvements planned for the town, early in the 19th century, was a scheme to extend Tremont street to Cornhill, now Washington street. This necessitated the removal of the school-house, which had stood for a century in what is now Scollay square, and the purchase of houses and lands between Court Street and Market square, now Faneuil Hall square. This included the territory which takes in the present Cornhill and Brattle streets with the land between.

(Continued on page 302)

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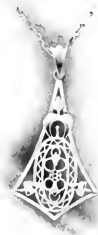
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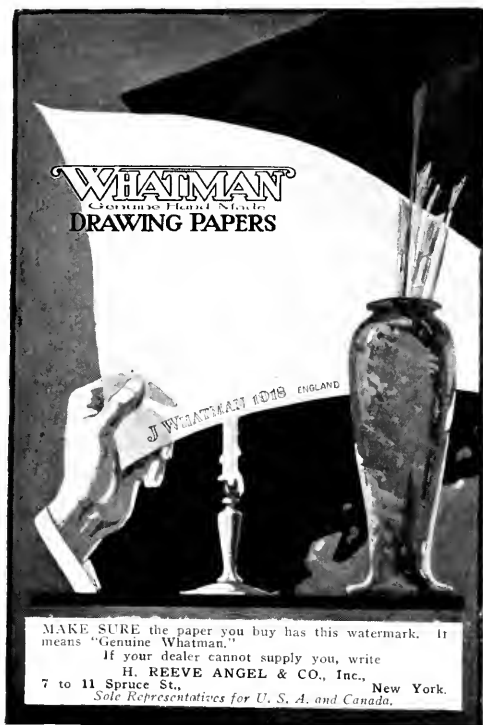
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A PLAYWRIGHT'S HOME IN OLD CHELSEA

(Continued from page 292)

Against this sympathetic background Mr. Hurlbut gathered his treasures picked up to satisfy his hobby for collecting. Among the rarities with which his drawing room is furnished is a Carolean bed suggestive of Flemish influence; a set of fine old English walnut chairs, high backed and distinctive of their origin; several Chippendale chairs of graceful design, oil paintings and ivory miniatures, Menling portraits and silhouettes of the owner's forebears.

Only candle lighting is used, brass sconces of triple lights being placed against the paneling at a convenient height. A particularly happy decorative treatment is an old oil portrait of Mr. Hurlbut's mother which is inserted in the paneling of the over mantel. It is one of a valuable collection of oil portraits, the work of his grandfather.

About the gate-legged table in the dining room, opening off, the playwright's friends and members of the Chelsea Colony who make his home a rendezvous, love to gather. A fair runner of Spanish linen, elaborately embroidered, covers the board. Silver candlesticks and a fruit dish of Spanish pottery decorate it during the day.

Against the wall, a rare serving table of Jacobean design with geometrical paneled drawers and applied ornaments indicating its Flemish trend, holds rare old silver. There is a communion service of great antiquity, presented among the other pieces to Mr. Hurlbut's grandfather, William Hurlbut, at the expiration of his diplomatic service as United States Minister to Peru.

Equally in keeping with the Georgian atmosphere is the owner's bedroom on the floor above where an imposing four poster of Sheraton type with reeded posts, is hung with old English chintz, the same fabric forming the draperies. Like the bed, the furniture is mahogany, as is also that in the front room used by Mr. Hurlbut as a study. It is here he writes his plays.

No detail, however slight, has been overlooked by the playwright in evolving this charming picture of old English days. The cheerful wood fires, burning in all the grates with the added soft radiance of candle light, the only illumination, serves to emphasize the contrast between the days when Chelsea was young and now.

Mr. Hurlbut has fitted his picture to the old environment and in its faithfulness to type, lies its charm. It follows the fashions of other days, but it also marks the Renaissance of Chelsea Village as a residential center for clever folk who "want things different".



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(Continued from page 298)

The Snibbert estate was acquired. It came between the two streets and lost a few feet of its frontage of 80 feet. Two brick stores were built on the Cornhill corner, facing on Court street with a frontage of 54 feet. On the Brattle street corner was another smaller brick store of 22 feet front on Court street and 32 feet on Brattle—with a privilege of a passage to the chambers of the brick store in the rear, which ran through from Cornhill to Brattle street.

* * *

A tenant for the buildings was found in the person of "Daddy Greenwood" as he came to be familiarly called by the Boston public. July 22, 1815, he advertised in the *Columbian Centinel* the exhibition of the "Dying Hercules," a life-size painting, 8 by 6½ feet, by Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, exhibited in May, 1813, at the Royal Academy, London. It had previously been modeled in clay by Morse. It was exhibited "at Greenwood's Painting Room 1 Tremont Street next to the Loan Office between 8 and 5."

* * *

The Columbian Museum, started on State street in 1791, had experienced a varied existence in different locations. It was in 1817 carried on by William Massey Stroud Doyle. In 1812 the New York Museum was started in Boylston Hall over Boylston Market. It was run by Edward Savage, who had painted a portrait of Washington. These were all in the field when Greenwood hired the buildings on Court street and opened the New England Museum on the morning of July 4, 1818.

* * *

[This] must have been a success as it soon absorbed the New York Museum. April 11, 1821, the Columbian Museum, which had been run by John Mix on the east side of Olive street and fronting Court street, in New Haven, was sold at auction by the administrator of Mr. Mix's estate. It consisted of wax figures as large as life, paintings, beasts, birds, fishes, serpents, and reptiles, Indian and Chinese curiosities and 20,000 different species of insects preserved and enclosed in glass cases. There were also three fine organs. In 1804 the Old Boston Museum on North street had been established by Philip Woods. These came into the hands of Greenwood in 1822 and became part of the New England Museum. In 1825 the Columbian Museum was absorbed. The collections of the Linnean Society housed over the Boylston Market were also purchased and the New England Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts was at its best. It consisted of eleven spacious halls and apartments in the buildings on Court street over the store on Cornhill.

The entrance was at 76 Court street. Stores occupied the lower floor, and the stairway led upstairs to a long lobby, thirty-six feet long, now a dining-room. This held 40 cases of stuffed birds. In a middle chamber about 3,000 reptiles preserved in spirits cheered the spirits of the visitors; in cases on the sides of the room were minerals. In a recess in a passage was a great organ, at the other end the pondrometer, for weighing; by sitting in a chair the arm of a lady would point to the weight. The lower hall, in the building running from Cornhill to Brattle street, was 70 by 36 and 14 feet high. In the center was a stuffed

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elephant. Horatio, and the "Vampyre of the Ocean," a nondescript, weight 5 tons. The south side of the hall was covered with large historical paintings, portraits of distinguished individuals, and other pictures. On the north side were cases filled with wax figures, and over them a range of portraits. In front of the wax figures stood 29 small figures of the Incas of Peru and their wives. At the ends of the hall were various pictures, including a full-length portrait of Emperor Alexander of Russia and his empress, painted in St. Petersburg. In this hall was also the "Musical Androids," mechanical panorama, musical clock, stone sarcophagus, mirrors, etc. In a Marine Room on this floor were a variety of fishes and monsters from the sea and curiosities. There was also in this room a camel, buffalo, moose, white bear and serpents, all stuffed. The Cosmorama Room had alcoves of cases containing Indian and Asiatic curiosities, also a Cosmorama exhibiting views of cities, Constantinople, etc. The insect and shell room contained 4,000 insects in cases. On one side was a group of wax figures of Indian chiefs with their weapons and utensils. A gallery around this room had its front covered with portraits and pictures.

The Upper Hall was the size of the lower. On its north side for the whole length were cases of birds. On the south side were quadrupeds and birds. In the center of the hall were cases of minerals, a marble statue of Venus by Canova, and various other full-length statues. A row of portraits went quite around the room. At the east was a stage. A great Asiatic lion was shown in front. "A Grand Military Androids" performed in this hall. Side rooms were all filled with interesting articles. In an upper room were wax figures, two sides of the room having historical groups of wax figures. There were also more cases of birds and curiosities, among them a mermaid. A monkey room had two orang-outangs, Asia bear, opossum, a collection of birds from France, wild ducks, etc. In the center of the room was a great Leviathan turtle weighing eight hundred weight. The Shakespeare room contained a number of elegant prints in frames of Shakespeare subjects, and many fine historical prints, and last and not the least in size was the large painting of the "Roman Daughter in Prison," by Rembrandt Peale, which was a prominent feature in the entrance hall of the Boston Museum of later days.—(*Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*)

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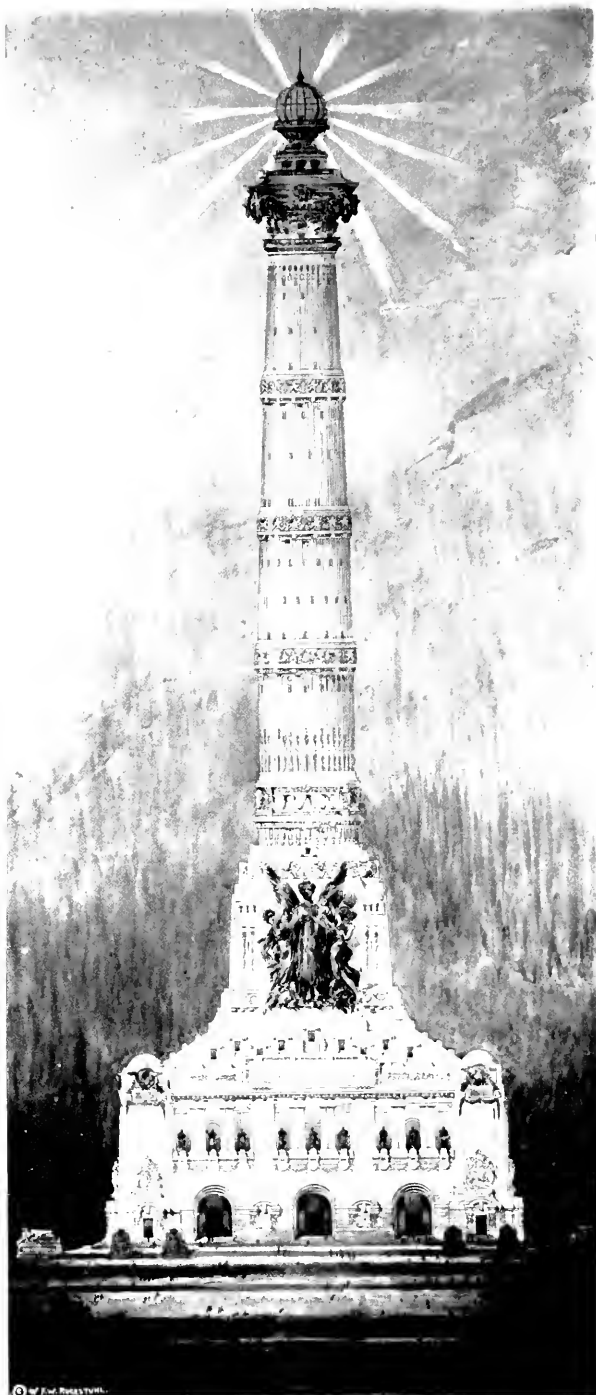
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Invented by
E. W. Ruckstuhl, Sculptor, New York

Drawing by
J. L. Fongerousse, Architect, Paris

A National Peace Monument

EDITORIAL

A NATIONAL PEACE MONUMENT

WASHINGTON said: "In time of peace prepare for war!" It is wise for America to say: "In time of war prepare for peace!"

Peace talk never seemed quite so stupid as now. It would be criminal for America to listen to the fatuous babbling of the "pacifists" for a "peace by understanding" in face of the cunning "peace drive" that will soon be launched by the Prussians.

Civilization means—the progressive departure of mankind from its animal condition, as far as possible toward a spiritual state, consistent with the preservation and perfection of the race. And, Nature's aim being—Variety in Unity, she has decreed that this progress shall inure to the benefit of the *individual*, so as to develop as many and as original and fine types of individuals as possible—in a social structure of order and stability. Therefore, progress in civilization demands that mankind adopt the proposition that—the *State is not an end in itself* to which the individual must be sacrificed, as the vicious Prussian junkers preach, but is—a *means to an end*, the end being the progress and happiness of the individuals of the race; and that the state is a tool, to be improved, as needed, to accelerate social progress. The Prussians have reversed this natural and God-ordained order and are, with ruthless wolfishness, trying to establish their unnatural system.

Hence, all talk of "peace by understanding" with the treacherous Huns—à la Lord Lansdowne and his followers—is incomprehensible. Therefore, those who would "make the world safe for democracy," by destroying the Prussian autocracy and its insane political philosophy, must be eternally vigilant against its cryptic, foxy and premature peace drive "by understanding," which it will surely make as soon as it feels it cannot win this war; this in order to save as much of its power and pelf as possible—by appealing to the natural soft-heartedness and sympathy of the American people—a pity its diabolic military minions treated with revolting scorn while engaged in crucifying Belgium, Serbia and Northern France, and while destroying the men, women and children on the *Lusitania*! There will be danger in all peace talk of any description before we have driven the Huns across the Rhine and made them sue for peace!

But, let us not mistake. A successful propaganda for a "Just peace on earth and good will toward men," and on an enduring basis is the most noble of all propagandas, since it alone makes all other propaganda worth while. We shall, therefore, "do our bit" in this war by making a proper sort of peace propaganda.

SINCE it is now admitted by some honest men of Germany and Austria that the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs started this war—for the purpose of dominating and robbing Europe, and then the world, in order to force mankind to pay tribute into their greedy maw, and that they have been, under a satanic mask, preparing for this war during forty years, there is now but one peace possible for any man who loves liberty for every man on earth, and that is—a peace that will make impossible another Hun assault on mankind. The problem of deciding what to do is simple—the task of enforcing the decision complex. What should be done is this:

First: Liberate every people, however small, on the basis of its nationality, and return every portion of the land of every people and its population separated since 1750 from its parent country, such as Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Bosnia, etc.

Second: Guarantee its independence to every people—within the boundaries of the piece of land upon which the majority of the people speak a certain language—language being a test of nationality.

Third: Guarantee to every people a free access to the sea. This will bring peace on earth.

* * *

HOW can we carry out this policy?

First: The Entente Allies should at once form themselves into a permanent League of Nations, since they are now acting as such and will more and more collaborate as the war progresses.

Second: Defeat decisively the armies of the Central Empires—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, and destroy and punish all four despotic governments who now use their peoples as mere dice and a club to play their game of domination.

Third: Dismember Austria-Hungary, making every people under its despotism free. Make Bohemia, Slovakia and Moravia into a Czechoslovak Republic; Hungary into a Republic; the Jugo-Slavs into a Republic; let Albania vote to join either Greece or Italy or the new Jugo-Slavic Republic; then make the Germans of Austria into a Republic. This would end forever the trouble in the Balkans and the Machiavellian crimes committed there by the Hapsburg gang.

Fourth: Break up the German Empire into its constituents as it was before 1870 and make it into a series of independent states. This would reduce Prussia to her proper position prior to 1870 and

free the rest of the Germans who secretly hated and feared the Prussians in 1870.

Fifth: European Turkey should be made into the Byzantine Republic under the suzerainty of the League of Nations; the Turkish robber-aristocracy to be exiled to Turkistan, whence they came, before becoming the scourge of the West, and the present "Young Turk" leaders punished for their crimes. Constantinople should be made an international Free City, under the control of the League of Nations, and the Bosphorus and Dardanelles made forever free and international; all the East-Mediterranean islands to go to Greece; Palestine to be guaranteed to the Jews; Asia Minor and Syria to be made into the Ionian Republic, and Arabia into the Arabian Republic, both also under the aegis of the League of Nations. Egypt, Tripoli, Algiers and Morocco to remain as they are, under the developing suzerainty of the nations which are now lifting them to a higher civilization and future independent statehood; the Black and Caspian seas to be free. Thus would end the Ottoman Empire, a curse for 500 years.

Sixth: All Roumania to be made into a Republic and take in all the Roumanian-speaking people in Transylvania, etc., under one nation.

Seventh: Poland to be reconstituted, as it was before being dismembered, and made into a Republic with ports on the Baltic.

Eighth: Russia to be split up into Republics—according to the languages spoken by the peoples of the different sections. The Lithuanians, being a radically different people from the Moscovites, should be independent; likewise the Estonians, Finns, Ukrainians, etc.—each Republic to have access to the sea forever, either by river or rail, the independence of each to be guaranteed by the League of Nations.

Ninth: The Tyrol to go to Switzerland, because the people are nothing but foot-hill Swiss, or if they prefer, to be made into an independent Republic. Switzerland to be guaranteed free rail communication with the Mediterranean.

Tenth: Italy to receive the Trentino and the Italian Dalmatia if the majority there are Italians.

Eleventh: Trieste to be an international Free City for all time. From this city a strip of land, running up to Bohemia and Moravia, should be internationalized—to carry international railways to serve those people as an outlet to the sea, and also to serve Austria for the same purpose.

Twelfth: Create the Jugo-Slav Republic of Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, a part of Macedonia, and give to it the district of Durazzo on the Adriatic, also a port east of Salonika, on the Mediterranean.

Thirteenth: France to have Alsace-Lorraine, in-

cluding all the French-speaking people bordering the Rhine as far as Luxemburg.

Fourteenth: Belgium to be reconstructed as it was before being ravished by the robber Huns, and to receive all Flemings and Walloons, and also those who sympathize with them, west of the River Roer up to where it joins the River Maas.

Fifteenth: Luxemburg to be an independent Republic, or to be allowed to join either Belgium or France.

Sixteenth: The following highways to be internationalized and free—the Rhine, from Basle to the Sea; the Dardanelles, from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean; the Danube, from Linz to the Black Sea; the Suez Canal; the Straits of Gibraltar; the Sound, between Denmark and Sweden; the Panama Canal.

Seventeenth: Heligoland to be dismantled and, later, also Gibraltar.

Eighteenth: The Caucasus to be a free republic. The Philippines Islands to be a Republic as soon as possible and free.

Nineteenth: All the Germano-African Colonies, which the felonious Prussians have so frightfully misgoverned, to be internationalized and administered by the League of Nations—in the interests of the peoples inhabiting them, until they can govern themselves and be independent.

Twentieth: Celebrate the delivery of the world from the fangs of the autocratic monsters by making Versailles the Capital of the League of Nations, where should be the Parliament House of the World and offices of the Administration.

We select Versailles—because it is only twelve miles from Paris, the Capital of the World, as Victor Hugo called it, and which is the greatest world-storehouse of learning and the most beautiful city in the world; because Versailles is really only a suburb of Paris, with the greatest historical palace and gardens in the world; because the climate is mild, and because the artistic genius of the French people will make the city the most beautiful on earth, which will serve as an inspiration to mankind to make all cities and towns more and more beautiful—which is the greatest need of every people, next to being—Free.

Should this scheme be carried out, we would certainly have peace as long as mankind did not degenerate and become disloyal to the rights of every man and people on earth.

This is the only peace possible to a sane American; it cannot be obtained by negotiating with the unspeakable Huns for an understanding. They are unworthy of any such condescension. This peace must be dictated, after the complete defeat of the Huns, who have verified the Roman adage: "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!"

PEACE having been signed on the above basis—of the consolidation and freedom of all peoples speaking a certain language on a certain piece of land, and their *boundaries being fixed*, the fundamental laws which the International Parliament should pass are somewhat as follows:

First: Since the boundary of every people is forever fixed, all conquest of land and domination of any European people is forbidden to every nation.

Second: Every man may become a citizen of any other nation than his own—under such conditions as every nation prescribes. This will provide for all overflow of populations until such overflow will have to be controlled.

Third: Every nation to be free to restrict the immigration of people from any other nation, and such restriction may be mutual, without being regarded by either nation as unfriendly discrimination. To-day some peoples are welcome, in a generation there may be too many here for the "fundamental Americans," and a source of the breaking of the peace; then they should be excluded—not because inferior or superior, but because too different and incompatible with our own people.

Fourth: Every man becoming a citizen of another country must know its language and nationalize his name. Thus, in America, a German "Schmidt" may become "Smith"—this to Americanize him. "Brown" will, in France, become "Braun."

Fifth: No nation shall allow any citizen of any other nation to acquire, by any means whatsoever, any land within its own boundaries—unless he becomes a citizen.

Sixth: Travel, study and doing business in every country—for a certain number of years, to be permitted to all and fully protected by the League of Nations.

Seventh: Any nation may expel any foreigner doing business within its borders, for any reason whatever, without being considered unfriendly to another nation.

Eighth: Secret diplomacy to be utterly abolished.

Ninth: In every nation, church and state to be separated.

Tenth: The League of Nations should encourage above everything else, not the creation of evermore factories and material things in and for themselves as an end—but the beautifying by every nation of every corner of its domain—so that one country can be made, as nearly as possible, as delightful as another to live and travel in.

These might be called the International Ten Commandments and the cornerstone of a constitution for the future government of the world. Common sense would dictate the other articles of the new World Magna Charta, to be enforced by the League of Nations.

The effect of the establishment of these funda-

mental laws and principles would be: to discourage all conquest and enslavement of one people by another, either through force, or money, or immigration. Such people as increase too rapidly should send their surplus population to some other countries where the population is more sparse; and, while making their living anywhere in the world, they could always go back to visit their home-land when so disposed; and, since conquest would be ended, each race would certainly strive not to waste its substance on its aggrandizement by war but on the development of its own land and wealth and the culturing of its people and the beautifying of its cities and country to the utmost, than which nothing is higher as a national goal.

When this is done and the four Central Empires shall have returned every stolen work of art of every kind and fully indemnified the countries they have so savagely injured and robbed, and shall have become Republics, they may, after a certain number of years of probation, be admitted into the League of Nations. By-gones would only then be by-gones. Then all nations would be started on a race, not for "a place in the sun," but for the greatest contribution each people could make—to create a Paradise on this earth.

When such a peace is signed each nation should set up a magnificent monument for the celebration and propaganda of peace, its victories and fruits, to allure its people to make eternal peace and its wonderful possibilities the first thought of their lives.

* * *

AS a suggestion for such a monument for America, we illustrate a design for a National Peace Monument 1,000 feet high which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1904, and there received "Honorable Mention";

On a terrace 400 feet square and 50 feet high would rise a double-story sub-base about 200 feet square by 100 feet high, tapered off by a truncated cap of 50 feet, to the base of a bronze group of four figures—"America Commanding Peace"—of 100 feet high to the top of the wings. Below this should be the dedication: "To All the Heroes Who Have Labored and Suffered For Peace." Above this group would rise a column 800 feet high and 40 feet in diameter. The whole would be built of steel and covered with pink terra-cotta plates, and all exterior sculpture would be of bronze, as would the capital of the column.

The first floor above the terrace would be the great assembling hall or foyer, with statuary and pictures, eloquent of the beauties of peace. Here the peoples would circulate freely, seats being provided only along the walls. The second floor would have a hall, with a magnificent organ, and be used for concerts, lectures, congresses, etc. On the outside of this would be thirty-six heroic bronze statues

of such heroes as have labored and suffered for peace.

Access would be had to the top of the second story by a set of elevators, and a second set of elevators would rise to the top of the column; and circular stairs would enable people to descend or ascend on foot.

The interior of the column would be divided into twenty different stories, one for each of the last twenty centuries, and each devoted to the history of the progress of peace during that century, illustrated with paintings, marble reliefs, busts, medallions, documents, etc., thus making out of the inside a Peace Museum.

Inside of the capital of this column would be three stories, each having four observation balconies from which to enjoy the surrounding panorama.

On top of the capital would be a sort of cap, which would serve as a weather-bureau and a wireless station for the United States Government. On top of this would be a circular globe of glass, continually revolving, and showing in day-time the time of day, and serving at night as a revolving lighthouse. Around the base of this monument would be eight bronze lions, in a watching attitude, and at the four corners of the terrace would

be four great groups of America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

As for the location of this monument, that would be a matter of future consideration.

Mr. Cass Gilbert, the eminent architect, and his engineers, have estimated that this monument would have cost, before the war, \$5,000,000. Such a monument, with all its attractions, could be made to earn enough money to pay for its operation and a sinking fund, if necessary.

It is certain that such a monument, decorated by the finest art of our best artists, and lifting its pink mass and beautiful lines to 1,000 or 1,200 feet in the air, according to its location, would be an epitome of our intellectual and spiritual culture and serve as an inspiration to every citizen and to all mankind, and would do more for the happiness and progress of the American people than ten times the \$5,000,000 if spent in any other way.

No one artist would build this monument. It would be built and embellished by a Guild of artists—architects, engineers, sculptors, painters—like those which built the Parthenon and the medieval cathedrals. These would co-operate to execute this work, not for the glory of one, but for the greater glory of all the artists and people of America.

TASTE AND COMMON SENSE IN THE NEW SUBWAY

WE wish to congratulate those who designed and carried out the designation by numbers and signs of the stations in the new Lexington Avenue subway. It is a manifestation of common sense not hitherto displayed in the other subways in this important matter.

How many curses are daily launched by the public against the heads and managements of our subways—because of the great difficulty of recognizing the stations in which one arrives! The women swear according to the rules of Mrs. Grundy and the men accordingly to those prevalent in Turkey, when no police are around. The stupidity displayed in the past in this vital matter was again manifested at the opening of the "H" system resulting in a savage confusion and a suffering that was heartbreaking to see. But the flagellation the management received from the public was such that this nuisance, consequent upon a lack of signs, will no doubt be corrected and the lot of the long suffering and martyred public may be made somewhat more comfortable.

We called attention to this grave inconvenience in our issue of December, 1916, and this seems to have had some effect. For the new departure in

the Lexington Avenue subway is a delight and consists in this: They have put in place many numbers of the various stations and over each number placed an electric light which illuminates the number so that it strikes the eye and is *easily read*—instead of as in the old subways where the numbers are absolutely invisible from the trains, at least in most of the stations. This is a benign improvement and should be carried out in every station in every subway so that as soon as one arrives at any station one can recognize it as easily as one can in the subways of Paris which, in this matter, like in many others, seems to be dominated by common sense.

There are other changes which should be made to increase the ease of reading the signs and numbers in the various stations. The aim should be to so arrange these signs that any traveler can easily see where he is as he *approaches* a station, but above all when he *arrives* at the station. But we will make these suggestions at a later date.

Mr. S. J. Vickers appears now to have charge of this matter. If so, he should be given a rather free hand and supported to the extent of its power by the Public Service Commission.



Head of a Young Girl By François Boucher (1703-1770)

FRENCH DRAWINGS AND PASTELS OF THE 18th CENTURY

By W. G. BLAIRIE MURDOCH

IN one of his delightful little essays about the Barbizon forests, sacred to Corot's memory,

Robert Louis Stevenson observes that the very air of France stimulates a writer, somehow, towards a loving fastidiousness in style. And it can hardly be gainsaid that French authors commonly manifest, in greater degree than others, a keen interest in planning the main outlines of their works, an ardent search for the right word in the right place. A like devotion to form is salient in the nation's composers, while in painting, no less certainly than in music and literature, the French have always evinced a singular, if not unique love of beautiful technique for its own sake, as witness especially their wonderful draughtsmanship. Nor was there ever an age in which, to so marked an extent as throughout the 18th century, they gave proof of this excellent bias; and, of the galaxy of adepts in drawing which France possessed then, Watteau is by far the greatest, the two approaching his skill most closely being Boucher and Fragonard.

Leonardo is often styled the supreme draughtsman with the silver point, and Rembrandt hailed as the strongest of all with the pen, or at least, the strongest of Europeans, for the real home of great pen-drawing is the Orient. But, if these estimates are no more than just, surely it may be claimed that none ever drew so finely with chalk as Watteau. And this bold criticism is not adduced without due pondering on the studies of Dominique Ingres, who describes himself in his diary as *élève sur le crayon rouge*, there being also kept in mind the while the drawings of Rodin and Degas, together with those of the earlier experts with the medium at issue: Raphael and Michelangelo, Holbein, Jordaens and Rubens. Living when young with one of the lodge-keepers of the old Luxembourg Palace, Watteau early became intimate there with the series of paintings by Rubens, to-day in the Louvre, which illustrate episodes in the life of Henri IV. of France. And the tense admiration for the great Fleming, which these pictures kindled in the budding artist,



Study of a Young Girl—By Antoine Watteau (1684-1721)

continued with him through life, there existing letters from his pen wherein he testifies to this abundantly, while much in his workmanship marks him as being materially indebted to Rubens. Hence it was doubtless from him he derived his notable fondness for chalk, which, though used exquisitely by Clouet in the 16th century, was not really in wide vogue in France at the time of Watteau's advent, becoming, nevertheless, owing to his example, the thing chiefly employed for drawing by French artists just after him. Watteau himself did many of his finest drawings with three chalks—red, white and black; while Boucher inclined to prefer red and white, or red alone, this last mode being also favored occasionally by Fragonard. But he, in actuality, was not quite so devoted to chalk as most of his confrères were; and often he drew with a brush and sepia, frequently too with a pen, reinforcing its strokes with washes of water-color. A few of his sketches are landscapes, the majority by Boucher and Watteau being figure-studies, however, as likewise are the bulk extant by the other luminaries of the *siècle Louis XV*.

Is there not a certain fascination in a good sketch which is prone to be lacking in even the best of finished pictures? For just as a great pianist will sometimes play a piece more entrancingly at home than in the concert-room—the superiority of the private rendering lying probably in its being of an

almost sub-conscious nature, the musician taking no thought for the opinion of his audience—so, too, a drawing by a great painter is the naïve, spontaneous expression of his feelings at a given moment. He may have made the sketch as a step towards a larger work, or he may have drawn simply because the spirit moved him; but it is quite unlikely that, in either case, he aimed definitely at effect, in the sense he would when engaged on an actual painting. Thus his studies, in richer measure than his completed canvases, reflect his own personality, and indeed constitute a sort of *Journal Intime*, offering a means of the closest imaginable communion with the artist. So it is in no way surprising to find that Pierre de Crozat and Bergeret de Grandcour, two of the most discriminating art collectors in all France of the 18th century, both evinced a marked fondness for drawings, acquiring them on a large scale. For both men were wealthy, each holding for a while the office of Treasurer to the King.

Looking at Boucher's studies, all so expressive of a genial and pleasure-loving temperament, it is quickly noticed how tense and constant was this master's delight in beautiful lines, his taste herein being no doubt the result, partly, of his having done much etching as a young man; while turning to Fragonard it is speedily observed that, even in his slightest figure-pieces, he nearly always continues to depict his subject in a graceful position. Several



Woman Standing By Jean-Etienne Liotard (1702-1789)

things by him denote clearly that he was a keen student of Tiepolo, and, in some of his sketches of places there is clear evidence that he loved Claude; while the analogous work of Louis Moreau, on the other hand, is deeply interesting as forming something of an anticipation of the modern school of landscape-painting. There is missing, however, in this artist's lovely studies, the freedom and ease of Fragonard's. But these elements are prominent in Gabriel de St. Aubin's splendid draughtsmanship, rich besides in the proverbial elegance of the 18th century; while this ever-delightful merit transpires occasionally in Gravelot's sketches and in Lancret's, being still more signal in those of Pierre Baudoin, and in the few existing drawings by Philippe Mercier, a close friend of Watteau, who painted a portrait of the artist and his family.

But Watteau himself, to repeat, is not just prince of all this particular band of fine draughtsmen, but likewise the world's supreme virtuoso with chalk. In many figure-studies by Ingres the beauty is akin only to that of a flower, or of a time-drowned cameo, rarely chiselled with a graceful still-life design; whereas Watteau, achieving this form of beauty in as great degree as Ingres, vitalizes in well-nigh unsurpassed fashion whatsoever things he draws. Sometimes he endows limbs with an illusion of action, convincing as in any drawing by Rodin; and often he captures and renders a gesture, an ephemeral trait of physiognomy, as brilliantly as Hals or Toyokuni. But in Watteau's faces there is generally something beyond the attainment of these three other artists: in fine a penetration of glance, a wistful pathos, which are curiously hypnotic. Frequently, moreover, he reaches that *Ultima Thule* in all the arts: the maximum of expression with the minimum of means. For, in many of the most wonderful of his studies, modelling is conspicuous by its absence, the master transcending even Degas in suggesting a given thing with a few flexible significant strokes. Each seems to have obeyed his behests implicitly, each to have conveyed exactly what he desired; while they hold the semblance of having been wrought with the utmost speed, they are vigorous invariably. Only, Watteau's vigor is widely different from that of his favorite, Rubens, the former's work telling, like Beardsley's, of a purely nervous energy, not the bucolic energy of the Fleming. And again, in striking contrast to the latter, in contrast also to all those other draughtsmen cited a moment ago, in nearly every drawing Watteau enchants by a touch of exquisite lightness and delicacy, one for whose like in art it were necessary to look to Clouet or Utamaro: a touch as of a butterfly alighting on a flower.

Carrying to this great height the craft of drawing in chalks of three colors, Watteau must be regarded as a herald of the brilliant school of Frenchmen working with pastel. For in France, anterior



Man seen from the back—By an unknown artist

to his day, little attention was given to this beautiful medium—among the few employing it well then being Dumoustier in the 16th century, Lagneau, and the engraver, Nanteuil, in the 17th—but in the *siècle Louis XV.* it gained wide suffrage with French artists, in fact wider suffrage than ever since. Nevertheless, the impetus to this vogue really came from the Venetian, Rosalba Carriera, who, after winning a dazzling fame at home, went to France, eager to gather further laurels there. A few months before he died, Watteau painted her likeness in token of homage to her skill, his picture being now missing, so that Liotard's engraving thereof is doubly precious; while ere long Rosalba's pastel-portraits were in as huge demand in Paris as before in Venice, the king and many people of the court themselves sitting to her. Inevitably, then, the eyes of the Parisian artistic world were turned towards the Venetian lady's medium; and shortly so fashionable a portrait-painter as Nattier saw fit to experiment with it, the same being done almost simultaneously by Oudry; while presently the resources of pastel were being explored ardently by the younger men, Greuze, Perrouneau and Liotard, Chardin, Boucher and de la Tour.

Liotard grew famous in his time by his likenesses in pastel, there being, however, a certain stiffness

in most of them. But Perrouneau acquired a grand proficiency in the medium, the vast number of portraits he did with it nearly all testifying to the fineness of his color-sense; while Chardin mastered the pastels completely, never without employing them to such beautiful purpose as oils. And therein he differs wholly from Boucher, for it is a place in the forefront of his whole, glittering achievement which is held by that master's portraits in pastel, his loveliest being one of Mme. de Pompadour. Here, as in the majority of Boucher's kindred works, the charm lies greatly in a glitter as of jewels, the colors being of the brightest order, as bright as any used by the most daring of modern artists; and this same fondness for brilliant hues is salient in de la Tour, who all his life gave his main energies to pastel. No man, perhaps, unless Raelburn, ever fashioned quite such a large number of truly great portraits as he; and, where the suggestion of character is concerned, he is the equal if not the peer of Raelburn, being justly comparable also to Holbein, Rembrandt and Watts. But, whereas the last-named was masterly only in pictures of poets and the like—Swinburne, Tennyson, William Morris, Matthew Arnold—his insight seeming to forsake him when he depicted people of other kinds, strength remained with de la Tour whatever the class of his sitter.

Certainly no French portraitist of the 18th century gave proof of so sharp an intellect as de la Tour, who, by no means content with characterizing his sitters, always criticised them too, doing this in a fashion hardly less shrewd and searching than Goya's

or Hogarth's. But fully as keen a feeling as his for decorative excellence was shown by Boze, who was much favored by Louis XVI., and whose portrait of the Duc de Maine is one of the most beautiful pieces of coloring ever done with the chalks. They were also utilized finely by Drouais, by Mme. Roslin and by Lundberg, his works including a likeness of Boucher; while pleasant if slight things with the medium came from Louis Carrogio, usually known as Carmontel, of those who sat to him being David Garrick, Voltaire, and the musician Rameau. A further artist winning singular renown as a pastelist was Adelaide Guiard, who, numbering Robespierre, Talleyrand and Beaumarnais among her sitters, was active when the Revolution dawned, others working ably with the chalks at this period being Vien, Duplessis, and the miniaturist, Hall. However, that deification of the antique, which now became paramount with French artists, somehow proved adverse to pastel; and, notwithstanding the essays therewith of Prud'hon and Vigée le Brun, the exquisite medium really passed into abeyance during the suzerainty of Louis David. To Millet belongs largely the honor of having exhumed it, his act thus making straight the way for the four great modern pastellists, Manet and Degas, Whistler and Sir James Guthrie. But, fine as these men's works are, it is to 18th century France that thoughts must ever go first on the mention of pastel. And, thinking of de la Tour and his fellows, there will often come to mind too their divine anticipator; Watteau, the supreme master of draughtsmanship with chalk.



A Villa among the Ruins—By Jean-Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806)

ON PAINTING OF SUNSHINE AND LIGHT

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

A DEFINITION OF BEAUTY

PLATO in his Dialogue *Hippias Major* makes Socrates ask Hippias: "What is Beauty?"

What is the common quality in which beautiful things, each diverse one from the other, all agree?" Plato has been accredited with defining Beauty as "Variety in Unity." But we also find "Variety in Unity" in the Ugly, and we cannot define two things with one definition. Since the days of Plato more than 850 writers have discoursed on Beauty but no one has properly defined Beauty. Hence many say Beauty cannot be defined. But nothing on earth can be defined to satisfy everybody.

We, therefore, venture this definition: *Beauty is a combination of qualities in things which arouses delightful emotions in the majority of cultured people.*

The word Beautiful differs from the word Beauty and to answer the question of Socrates: "What is the common quality (essence) in which beautiful things, each diverse from the other, agree?" we reply: *The essence of all Beauty which we predicate of objective things in nature and in art, is—a certain MELODY, produced in us by the pattering upon the eyes of various colored rays of light, interspersed with variously agreeable patterns of lines, the following of which by our eyes variously stirs our emotions.*

HAS any painter ever succeeded in painting sunshine? That is, made more than a good suggestion of it? We answer "no!" We go further and say—there are scientific reasons why sunshine never has been and never can be successfully imitated on canvas by means of pigment. To give the reasons for this would take us too far afield. What is true of Sunshine is true in a lesser degree of Light. It can only be at best suggested. We can, however, say with certainty that the ambition to paint any object or scene, in sunshine or light, so as to deceive the eye, must remain a dream. But while sunshine cannot be painted as the Impressionists thought it could, a number of painters have come so close to suggesting it as to be surprising.

Leaving out of the question the story of the birds, being sufficiently deceived to peck at the grapes painted by Apelles, the Greek painter, and coming down to more modern times, we find that Velasquez, 1599-1660, did one of the most astounding pieces of sunshine painting ever produced. It is a view of the marble archway backed up by poplar trees in

To support this we will quote only four men of importance: The artist, Sir Frederick Leighton said: "Poetry and Music, twin born sisters and long divided, play on a sense of Rhythm and Melody, universal in men. Painting and Sculpture appeal to the other side of our sensibility—the perception of Form and Color, which latter has in its action been much in common with Melody.

Whistler says: "Nature contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all Music." And he speaks much of *harmony of line and color.*

Baudelaire, who now and then saw clearly, said: "We find in Color—Harmony, Melody and Counterpoint."

Gautier said: "Is not architecture—which is a Music of Lines, as music is an architecture of sounds—the symbol and even the work of this law of life (Melody) of its innumerable variations of both its agitation and calm?" We could quote many more to the same effect.

Melody of Linear Pattern, therefore, is the essence of all objective Beauty. Such melody of line is obtained by a subtly proportional combination of angular, of serpentine, of pyramidal lines, melody of color merely enhancing this melody of lines.

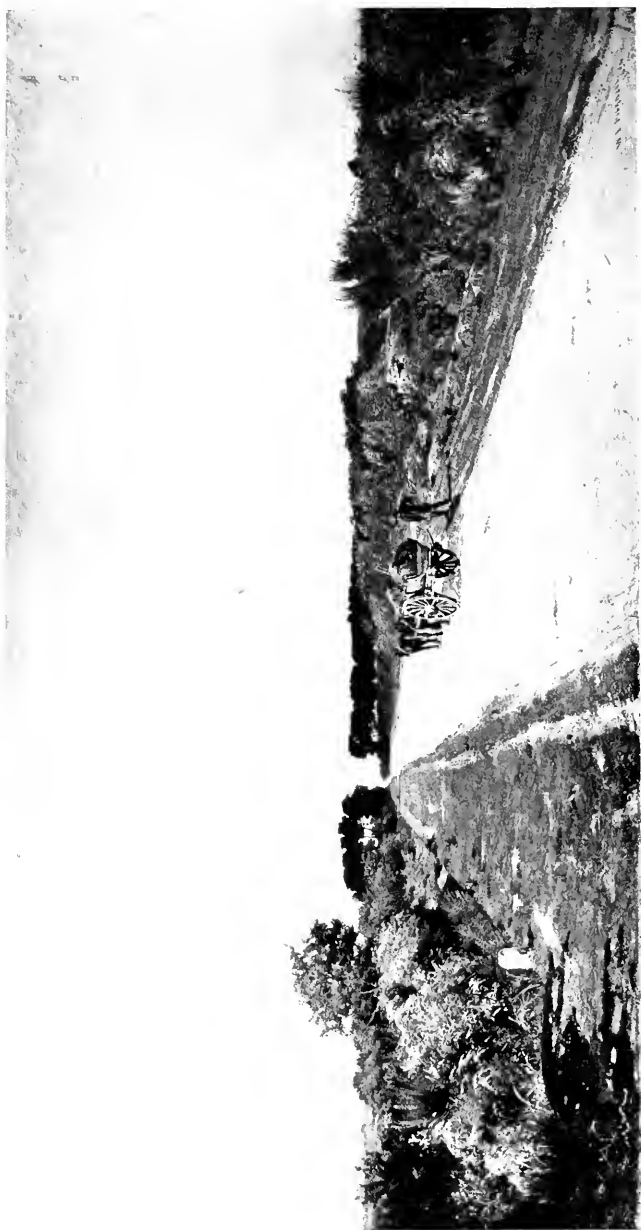
Let us now consider the matter of the painting of sunshine and light.

the gardens of the Villa Medici, in Rome, and now in the Prado Museum.

Canaletto, 1697-1768, also made some remarkable suggestions of sunshine in his picture of Venice, in the Dresden Gallery. See page 321. There are some astonishing passages, of sunshine-suggesting, in this picture rarely equalled since. But to appreciate this the picture must be seen.

Peter de Hoogh, a Dutch painter, 1630-1677, also did some marvelous exploits in his efforts to paint sunshine in his pictures of street scenes and court-yards. Other artists may be named, who, before the 19th Century, did remarkable work in their efforts to paint sunshine.

Coming down to the last century, the European who perhaps came closest to suggesting sunshine is the French landscapist, Harpignies. His picture, page 322, in the possession of Knoedler & Co., is a marvelous performance. Moreover, it is a beautiful picture in line and color, as are nearly all of his pictures, most of which not only pulsate with light but are poetic to a degree. We could mention many other Europeans who have made extraordinary



"The Road to Concarneau."—By William L. Picknell. In the permanent collection of the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
Perhaps the most successful piece of sunshine-painting in the World

suggestions of sunshine—Daubigny, Turner, Manablon, etc.

But, perhaps, the most wonderful piece of imitation of sunshine ever made in the world, is the picture: "The Road to Concarneau," in France, by the American painter, William L. Picknell, and now safe in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. See page 318. This statement may seem extravagant because made in an American magazine. But let us not be foolishly over-modest, it is a pernicious habit, smacking always of suppressed, feverish egotism. Let us take refuge in Emerson's remark: "An intellectual man can see himself as a third person, hence his foibles interest him equally with his successes." We have hit the delinquencies of the American artists sufficiently strong to not merit the reproach of being partial through patriotism; above all, since we believe with old Johnson—"Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel."

If Picknell's picture is not the most perfect imitation of sunshine-painting done in the world, it certainly has never been surpassed, which is praise enough, and cause for pride in the hearts of our American artists and laymen. It is, at least, the most wonderful piece of sunshine-painting in America, by any artist from anywhere.

The reader must remember that our reproduction is from a photograph and the photograph is a reproduction from the picture, but that to appreciate the power of imitating sunshine displayed in this picture it must be seen in the Gallery on a bright day. When on such a day we examine the man, cart and two horses, in the centre of the picture, and the road underneath, it looks more real than the color photograph of to-day can render a subject.

And it is another proof that, when the American people once have enough culture to feel deeply that, next to being free, the highest thing this side of Heaven is—to create the Beautiful, and will, therefore, support the American artists to the utmost and so allure our men of talent and genius to enter the field of art, America will be able to produce works, in every field, as great as have ever been produced.

All these wonderful examples of sunshine-suggestion, by means of painting, were made by men who, while realists, never forgot beauty of *composition*; their aim was not to prove the truth of a scientific theory of color by painting ugly or un-beautiful scenes; they sought beauty either through realism or idealism.

What is true of sunshine-painting is true of painting diffused light—it cannot be done. But it is easier to suggest than sunshine.

The most wonderful painter of diffused light the world has seen was Claude Lorraine, 1600-1682. Therefore, he is called the "Painter of Light." Not

only that, but he painted the most beautiful landscape ever painted, both as to linear-pattern and color-scheme. On page 322 we give a reproduction of his "Landscape," now in the National Gallery of London. In no other picture in the world is there so much melody—melody of line, of color and of movement. It is worthy of being called—Paradise visualized. Note the angular, the serpentine and the pyramidal lines in the composition.

Here we have no longer a manifestation of merely imitative talent, as in the attempts to paint sunshine or light by the other great artists named, but a creation of genius, exemplified by an invention and a composition so rare and noble and an execution so wonderful that no landscape-painter in the world merits the name of *Genius* more than Claude. He is in truth the Raphael of Landscape-painting, exalting the soul to a rapture as no other landscape painter does.

As we leisurely examine this wonderful poem in line and color we cease to wonder why that other genius in landscape-painting, Turner, should have left his, also wonderful picture, of "Dido Building Carthage," to the National Gallery only on condition that it should be hung opposite to the Claude picture.

In neither of these pictures have we sunshine—we have diffused light or, rather, let us say atmosphere.

Neither of these great poets in color cared about the futile and, we might say silly, task undertaken by the Impressionists—of verifying on canvas the truth of the scientific theories of color, of Chevreul, Rood, etc.—theories which were already discussed by Leonardo in the 15th Century. And why should they? Above all, why sacrifice melodious beauty of line and color, as did most of the Impressionists in their pursuit of "plein-air," "exact reality of Nature," etc. For, as we saunter through the Caillebotte Gallery, in the Luxemburg Museum, after having seen the landscapes by Millet, Harpignies, Corot, Cazin, Troyon, Rousseau, etc., one is struck by the commonplaceness, even vulgarity, of the subjects chosen by the Impressionists to prove the truth of their theories and of "blue shadows," "color-subdivision," "transposition," "plein-air," etc.—a clump of trees, a barn, a hay-stack, a flat sea, or a small corner of a city, or a court-yard—showing no other ambition than to give us the optic effect of certain hours and places! Nowhere is there lifting poetry, such as one sees in the works of the artists named, not to go back to Claude, Titian and Giorgione, and their wonderful oratorios of light and color, line and form, to contemplate which is a feast worth crossing the ocean.

Said Emile Bernard, in the *Mercur de France* of 16th September, 1911, in his "Refutation of Impressionism":

"There is in man an inexplicable feeling of curiosity, which draws him toward the *Neue*, makes him lose the good paths and go astray. For it is not given to everyone to *seek*; they must have a fine genius, much reasoning power mixed with much intuition, to attempt to seek—and to find. The majority of the lovers of the *Neue* go astray in the gloom of nothing. For we search only according to our nature, and small natures find only nothing. . . .

"We are going to analyze this pretention of the Impressionists—of having surpassed the art of the great masters, classic art, by revealing art by imitating Nature, by aping life, which our vision takes in constantly, by devoting oneself to the *character* of things, by denying all generalities, all synthesis—however puerile and insolent this pretention appears, how ridiculous, in short, it is.

"But before speaking of Impressionism, let us define it. One of its apologists (Zola) said of it: "It is Nature seen through a temperament." But what is temperament but personality! Therefore, Impressionism was born of the *proclamation of the personality*. That is all very well; but in what a narrow degree we can conciliate it with art. The Impressionism which we are asked to accept as an *homo additus naturae*, that is—a man super-added to Nature, would be only through the senses and not through the soul. In fact, he who says Impressionism, speaks of an exterior shock of the senses; and, in this case, it is the eye. Man can super-impose himself on Nature by *that* which he possesses of the ideal and of the infinite in him; then he penetrates nature with a divine intuition and brings out of it a sort of super-natural perfec-

tion—but the Impressionist will not understand this *homo additus naturae* in this way; he understands it purely and simply through sensorial faculties.

"Also in place of producing works of Art he will produce *Notes*, very delicate notes, perceived by the retina and put on canvas by a brush, with the aid of a theory of 'transposition.'

"In short, the basis of Impressionism is not art, it is not the power to produce the Beautiful—in elevating oneself above exterior things, it is but *optics expressed by a painter*.

"Basing themselves on the principle that light, decomposed in a prism, gives seven colors; violet, purple, blue, green, yellow, orange and red, they placed these seven colors on their palette. Having thus established their key-board they used it, not according to the coloring that Nature shows us, but according to a law of complementaries; a correct law but which, applied too rigorously, made them forget the aim of painting. They accepted blindly the theory according to which all sensation of green on the retina arouses also the sensation of red; yellow that of violet; orange that of blue, etc. And they concluded from that, that never could one of these colors appear without the other.

"They thus reduced to the uniformity of a narrow system the immense variety of vision and, by this means, ended, even against their will, the *personality of painting*.

"Here is the point where they are in discord with their primal ambition, which is—to manifest above all their personality.

"What did they do to get around this insurmountable difficulty? They were content to *alter*



Sunset at Gavacourt—By Claude Monet

the forms of things, or even to absolutely deny their existence.

"It is by this means, and the very superficial ones of the touch, and of the execution that they individualized themselves. There are some who use bars of pure colors to compose optically the tone, others use commas or dots. One grasps without much commentaries that such a manner of proceeding hardly requires any genius.

"Let us now speak of the palette of the Impressionists of which so much mystery has been made—to prove the falsity of its composition. On this palette, we said, are seven colors, then, at the extremity is white, which serves to modify their intensity, according to the key of the picture. But black—for shadows—is not included, the Impressionists having denied the existence of black. That is the most puerile of all errors of which they were guilty. In truth, the quantity of light which our world receives is very small compared with the shadows by which it is surrounded on all sides. We do not get light from the sun until it has made a long journey, most of the time through stratas of clouds which diminish the power of its brilliancy and decomposes its color. Therefore, the first principle is not light—but darkness. Without darkness no object would have relief, everything would appear to us flat, that is—on an equal plane of values and of colors. That will be the defect of pictures of a light-toned kind—they will lack relief and planes—by the negation of the darks. . . .

"The inability of the Impressionists to produce anything whatever which has relief comes from their denying the existence of black, from the absence of this color from their palette. . . .

"Light and darkness are the first elements of the world, through which we alone perceive things. They are produced, for the painter, by white and black. The other colors then come along to embellish, with their song, this ensemble. Whoever departs from this law will lose himself in a destructive paradox, which creates nothing resembling art or life, and in rejecting this great law the impressionists arrive at impotence.

"In their first works—and it is this which alone gives them their value—they still observe the law; but their latest pictures show that, in pushing their theory of colors up to an avoidance of values, they ended at the impossibility of giving form to anything whatever; they reached the negation of art; they have since then done nothing which is based on the aspirations of the soul or on the laws of reason. . . . Their ambition: to give us *sensations of nature*, is at once a very meagre one, since Nature itself makes us experience them at every moment of our life, and at the same time it is an exaggerated ambition, because one cannot equal the reality of nature. . . .

"The new school (since it is thus that they designate themselves let us retain this title) does not care about the choice of fine subjects in nature, even proclaims that one should not thus choose, because such choosing would be a concession to tradition, a going backward and stepping aside from the end sought. The essential was to paint light and air—the rest did not count.

"If choice was forbidden all the more was composing forbidden, creating was forbidden; to create, to invent, were errors—spread about by the 'pompous periwigs.'

"Therefore, art became a matter of playing with optics, of registering the phenomena of tone, to exercise the brush, palette and the eye. Driving down such a slope we were destined to see swallowed up everything that remained passable and fine—as regards subject—in the first attempts of the Impressionists; soon there was on their canvases neither arrangement nor order in their works. Provided that the effect of the hour at which they were painted was rendered, that sufficed.

"It is thus that a hatred of *Imagination* was erected into a dogma. We should not compose, but produce effects, and only the effects of color, rigorously transposed. When I say transpose, I do not mean *interpret*; they meant to render them according to a theory of color and not such as were, until then, seen in nature.

"It is thus that the landscape painters reduce themselves to indifference as to a *picture* and produce no more than *pieces of nature* without choice, merely *notes*, it would be more true to say.

"This plague invaded in its turn, like an all-powerful prejudice, the domain of figure-painting, and—in the camp in which they know well enough how to draw to represent human beings—they forbade the *choice* of the model, or the grouping of figures in a picture, according to any order whatsoever. To imitate the *accidents* of life in order to arrive at mere objective truth, became the order of the day. As to composing a picture, of history or of fancy, not one word must be said!

"However, there is one thing which drew the Impressionists toward modern life—the Ugly. They made of it an orgy, and for the very reason that up to that time, the ugly had been rejected. In literature they had Zola for a master and conductor—because the Impressionists are sons of the *naturalistic* school. But Zola well knew how to aggrandize his subjects, to give them, if not majesty, at least extension. The Impressionists, on the contrary, shut themselves up in motives without significance and in frames of small dimensions. This is because they were forced to it by their painful and paltry execution, besides their narrow vision. No longer knowing the tone, no longer knowing how to simplify, struggling childishly to recompose all



Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.

The House of Poussin—By H. Harpignies



"Landscape"—By Claude Lorrain. National Gallery, London

tonality by a series of vibrant juxtaposition, the painter of this school found himself fatally bound by a method, slow and much mixed, which was bound to lead him to reduce the dimensions of his works and to deform everything he wanted to represent.

"From this vice followed a complete forgetting of beauty of manner of painting. That which, in a Velasquez, a Rubens, a Jordäens, a Van Dyck, makes the joy of a connoisseur of the brush, was suddenly suppressed by the Impressionists.

"And why all this?

"Because, led astray by the literary opinions which surrounded them, they believed, on the faith of some writers—improvised into pictural-critics, that they would efface the great masters—simply by brightening up their palette!

I remember that one day one of the most venerable among the Impressionists, a man who, at this hour, no longer is one, except in name, said to me:

"What have we done which had not been done before? When I consider the 'Marriage of Canaan,' the great picture by Paul Veronese, in the Louvre, I say to myself: 'Everything is there—air, light, color, and above all, composition, and masterly composition! What must have been such a work when it came from the studio of the painter! The sky, the clouds, what beauty!' and the aged artist seemed to compare himself interiorly with his illustrious ancestor, for the went on: 'What are we, my God, by the side of those fellows!' Of course, he was an honest man, a man of heart and a nature truly French—listen, here is his name—Renoir—in truth he was and remains the most gifted among them, the most sympathetic and loving. He had his failures but also his successes, and they will contribute to his survival.'"

Before closing Bernard included these verses of his own which we translate as near as possible:

"If you talk—conserve with mute-ism.
For to admire great art, is a schism.
Never praise with emotion,
If you praise Raphael with elation,
Or the gods of tradition,
You will be thought a man of blight.
Speak only of art where vibrates light,
Of your nervousities and your emotions,
For the rest is but—wood and conventions.
Poussin, Velasquez, Titian, are old carks.
Speak of Light—ignore the darks.
Paint brightly . . .
Abstain above all from inventing and believing
In historical or religious frescoing;
Abstain from the drama and its passions.
Paint brightly—paint naught but vibrations!"

We illustrate one of the most celebrated Impressionist works by Claude Monet, page 320. Our illus-

tration does not do the picture justice—no photograph can. It is not ugly, it is not beautiful, it is simply commonplace in subject, poorly composed, and of no beauty of line. The color never was specially beautiful; and now, since it has faded and will fade more, what will there be left but a combination of lines and forms which, compared with the pictures of past giants—which the Impressionists claim to have surpassed—seems paltry, indeed.

And all this for the sake of putting a little more light into a picture—as if there were not enough in those of the masterpieces of the past!

There is actually more sunlight in Picknell's picture on page 318 than in any canvas by Monet, Millet, Turner, Claude, Giorgione and Titian. But what of it? Would many normal people of culture swap Giorgione's "Concert," in the Louvre, with its poetic idealism, for Picknell's picture with its matter-of-fact realism? Hardly.

The mistake the Impressionists made was not in painting plein-air pictures, with any old technique, with as much more light than any man ever obtained in a picture—their tragic error was their ridiculing the pursuit of Beauty and of composition, not only à la Poussin or Claude—but fanatically condemning even the choice and the naive copying of such beautiful compositions as are to be found in nature, and with which France overflows.

To flout poetic beauty, and linear—pattern and chiaro-oscuro in color—merely to paint in a higher key, so as to obtain a little more light, was to run against the "eternal verities." To say: "Light becomes the sole subject of the picture; the objects on which it falls are of secondary interest," as recorded by Camille Maclair, the most authoritative protagonist of Impressionism, was to give to the school its death-knell.

Let us admit the Impressionists were sadly and feverishly in earnest and thought they had a high message. Their tragedy was, even though the public and Salon Juries did at first neglect, and then oppose, their new-fangled pseudo-scientific theories, that they were too catapultic in trying to impose them; they should have gone more slow, since "All new truths create pain," as Buckle said, and that, therefore, the world is slow in appreciating the totally new, above all if not melodiously beautiful. They should not have confounded matters, and not have become so ferocious in preaching—that the pseudo beauty of surface technique is equal to the real beauty of line, simply because Delacroix, and a few others, had said so. They should have remembered what their own venerated Pascal said: "However much enlightenment we may have, whatever flashes

of wit, nothing is so easy as deceiving ourselves." But that would not have been Parisian—of the Second Empire. Revolt being in the air, they could not see that they were the victims of an illusion, engendered by a narrow hatred of, and impatience with, the old and the past.

They should have sensed, if they did not know, that the world is not permanently interested in novelties of "personal technique" and "brush-handling"—when unaccompanied by a fine linear-pattern, subject and color-scheme, be the technique that of the "academicians," of the "moderates," or of the "wild beasts," as many of the latter extremist followers of Monet and of "modernism" call themselves. So certain is this, that had Monet and his followers used their whole battery of new technical processes, not in the painting of commonplace things but in the rendering of beautiful subjects—either invented and composed or selected in nature—and never lost sight of melodious beauty for a moment, they would now be masters in the world of art. Because, not ugliness but—"beauty is a joy forever!" as Keats said.

All the terpsichorean technique of a Monet, Manet, and Velasquez boiled into one will not save from oblivion a disreputable, naked "Olympia," a vulgar "Barn yard," or an empty, waveless, cloudless, shipless "Marine," no matter how painted.

When the painters of light and of plein-air pictures proclaim, according to their historian and defender, Mauclair, that:

"The pursuit of Beauty is an antique fad, and an artist should not seek beauty but the expression of the character of any subject he is free to choose, and in a personal technique," they signed their own death-warrant. For they struck at all great art of the past which had the pursuit of beauty for its very foundation.

Above all was this true as soon as Picknell, the American, with a so-called kind of "academic" manner of painting, without any impressionistic personal technique, imprisoned more light and sunshine in pigment on a canvas than ever did any Impressionist, ancient or modern.

And so the scientific physicist-impressionistic school, in spite of a number of fine things they produced, now and then, is dead!

The Impressionists accomplished two things—they forced the latter-day painters—above all those who were influenced by the dark pictures of Courbet, Cottet, and their congeners—to brighten up their palettes and to paint in a higher key, and they proved for all time that flouting the eternal laws of beauty and flirting with the ugly in art, is a sure passport to oblivion.

Peace be to its ashes!



The square of St. John and Paul in Venice. By Canaletto

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

By EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

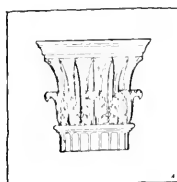
THE CORINTHIAN ORDER—Continued from the September number

The entablature of the Corinthian order was entirely a Roman development. When the order was used in Greece for internal colonnades it naturally, according to Greek custom, did not have a complete entablature, but was crowned with a string course and perhaps an ornamented frieze. When it was used externally in the little Lysierates monument, the entablature was distinctly reminiscent of Ionic forms. The Romans, however, when they adopted the order from the Greek prototype of Jupiter Olympius, developed an entirely new and beautiful entablature. Whereas in the Greek work the frieze was the member that received the most attention and decoration, in the Roman Corinthian the cornice was made the dominating and most decorative portion. This cornice was, as has been stated, illogical, in that it has repeated in two forms the projecting ends of the roof beams, superimposing on the dentils of Asia Minor, which are typical of the closely-set roof beams of the East, the more widely separated and greater projecting beam ends of their own construction, which they developed into the graceful and structural shape of the modillion. The ornamentation was carried still further in their more important work, so that practically every member of the entablature was richly carved. The architrave also received its share of attention, and in the magnificent example of Jupiter Stator this architrave is further embellished with a continuous band of ornament which occupies the entire space of the central division of the tripartite architrave. The frieze was usually left plain and served as a background for the inscriptions which are so common in Roman work, and ornamented only by these simple inscriptions it formed a pleasing break between the richly decorated architrave and the still more elaborately ornamented cornice above. This ornamentation of the entablature is not, as is sometimes stated, an evidence of the fondness of the Romans for vulgar display. It was entirely necessary to keep the relatively large and heavy cornice in scale with the Corinthian cap and the fluted shafts of the columns, for it must be borne in mind that the Roman Corinthian order is not by any means a weak or light development. While less massive than the Greek Doric, it is fully as powerful and vigorous.

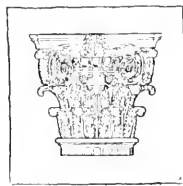
In our modern work probably no order has been more misused than the Corinthian, except perhaps the order of the Erechtheion. Some years ago it seemed that no building was complete unless there was a copy of the Erechtheion order in some portion of it. Usually this occurred in plaster, some-

times in metal, and sometimes it was attempted in stone with most harrowing results. Similarly, the Corinthian order is to be met with on all sides, and often most incongruously used. From its elaboration it is naturally an extremely difficult and expensive order to use in stone; in fact, in some kinds of stone its correct use is absolutely impossible, on account of the difficulty of carving. It is also an extremely difficult order to model, especially if it is of any great size, the difficulty in this case being to retain the proper graceful and yet structural outline of the cap and prevent the confusion of outline which is often caused by over-elaboration of the leaves or undue projection of certain parts of the leaves. In a large order, the model of a Corinthian cap is so tremendous that it cannot be properly viewed, nor can its proportions be thoroughly studied. It often happens that a cap which seems to be perfect in the modeler's shop looks weak or clumsy when placed in its proper position. I know of no other way to handle the modeling of this cap than to have a very careful and complete model made at a small scale, possibly at one-quarter full size, the cap being carefully finished in every detail at this scale and studied in its correct relation to the entire shaft. When the result is satisfactory, the full size model can be mathematically reproduced from this with perfect safety, and if the outlines thus found are rigidly adhered to, all danger of possible lack of proportion and confusion of detail can be avoided.

As might be expected in the case of such a complicated cap, there are numerous variations from what is generally accepted as the conventional form. One of the most familiar of these variations is an extremely simple Corinthian shape which, although a late example, may be a reminiscence of an early development from the Doric to the Corinthian. While a number of such examples are found, the best known is one from the so-called Tower of the Winds (Fig. XIV), which is as late



XIV. Tower of the Winds Capital.

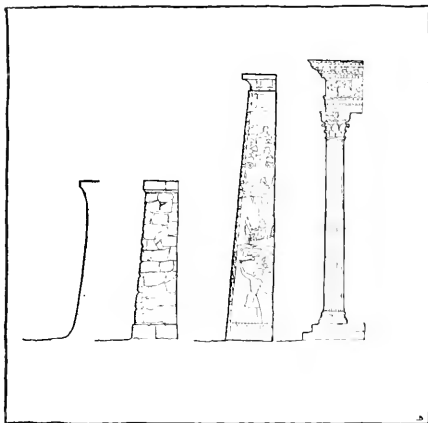


XV. Arch of Titus Cap.

as the first century B. C. As might be expected from the period, the detail, both in the building

itself and in the cap, is extremely crude, the lower ring of leaves being disassociated in a rather unpleasant manner from the rest of the cap. The general shape, however, is graceful and is capable of a much more interesting and higher degree of development. If the lower ring of leaves is simplified and brought more into relation with the upper portion of the cap, the effect is extremely good.

The Romans, in spite of the fact that they had developed the Corinthian cap to what may be termed a standard type, occasionally debased this standard form by so enlarging the volutes that the result which is usually known under the sub-title of the Composite Order (Fig. XV), lost completely its grace and dignity of outline, and appeared to be an unfortunate combination of an Ionic four-

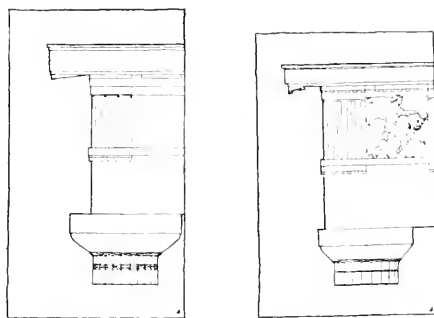


XVI.

cornered cap, superimposed upon a Corinthian bell. Just what led to this curious variation is uncertain, unless it can be held for some reason to have had a festal or triumphal character, as it is usually found on triumphal arches or some other form of commemorative monument.

Allusion has been made in a former article to the fact that the relation of the various faces in the entablature, not only to each other but to the column or pilaster below, was not in Classic times the constant quantity that it is usually represented in the plates of Vignola, but was governed by the recognition of a principle of support or line of beauty, which, though commonly accepted in Classic times, was lost sight of in Renaissance days, and is now but rarely observed. This principle is not confined to the Corinthian order, but is found in all orders, and is based not only on elegance of outline but upon structural common sense. A column should support its entablature apparently as well as actually, and the entablature should be heavy enough to hold down the column. There must be a sense of balance and repose, and the support must be proportioned to the superimposed weight. In

an engaged order, for example, where the entablature counts to a certain extent with the building, and the order is merely applied decoration, the entablature can rationally be smaller than necessary for the same column when free standing. Similarly, if the entablature is used as a string course, or in the interior of a building, it can be smaller than the usually satisfactory proportion for exterior work. The principle of the curved outline, which, in default of a better term, I have called an architectural line of beauty, is really a natural outline of any simple structure as well as any architectural order. It is the outline of the battered wall with a projecting parapet, the outline shown in the pylons of the Egyptian temples with their sloping faces and simple out-curving cornice. It is the outline shown in the Classic orders by the diminution of the column and the projecting curve of the cap and cornice—a slight batter, crowned with a reverse curve (Fig. XVI). This outline is not only logically constructive, but it is a naturally inherent idea to be found in the free-hand sketches of every artist and every architect, and is almost automatically made in the preliminary sketch of any order, and is only suppressed and lost when the order is painfully developed according to the modular dimensions of Vignola or the plates of D'Espuoy. This curve starts from the base of the column and continues uninterruptedly to the neck of the cap. From this point starts the reverse curve which expresses the whole general feeling of the cap and of the entablature, not broken but emphasized by the projection of the abacus. To obtain this curve, it naturally follows that while the architrave and the frieze may in general retain their vertical feeling, or may even, as in the case of the later examples of Greek Doric work, have an inward inclination, still there must be a general adherence to the line of the curve, which can only be accomplished by a delicate adjustment of the various faces of the entablature and by the continuity of the moldings. The architrave face is generally in advance of the upper face of the column or pilaster. The frieze face is generally in

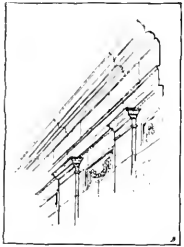


a. Temple of Poseidon Paestum

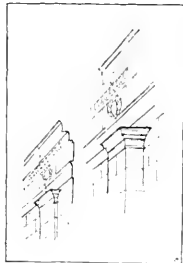
b. Temple of Theseus Athens.

XVII. Relation of Architrave to upper diameter of Column.

advance of the architrave, either in reality or in effect caused by the projection of some of its ornamented parts. The appreciation of this point is interestingly shown in the development of the Greek Doric entablature. In the primitive examples in Magna Grecia the abacus had an excessive spread, due to a timorous desire on the part of the early architect to reduce the span of the stone architrave. The abacus being necessarily square had an excessive projection beyond the architrave face, which was distinctly apparent at the corner, the architrave face being, for structural reasons, kept to the width of the upper diameter of the column (Fig. XVII a). As the Greeks developed this order, they felt that



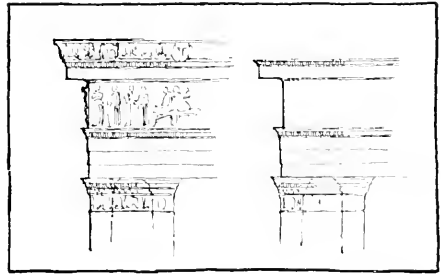
XVIII. Apparent excessive projection of pilaster caps caused by incorrect position of architrave



XIX.

this corner outline was unfortunate and that the projection of the abacus was unnecessary and unsightly, and they consequently not only reduced the spread of this abacus, but projected the architrave face considerably in advance of the upper face of the column (Fig. XVII, b), achieving solely from the standpoint of design that which is structurally correct, for as the tensile strength of stone is considerably less than its crushing strength, it stands to reason that the beam should rationally be bigger than its supporting member. Architecturally, therefore, the beam is invariably wider than either the pier below or the upper diameter of the column. This principle was thoroughly understood in Romanesque and in Gothic, as well as in Classic work, but was strangely lost sight of in Renaissance days. Vignola and the others in their treatises on the orders invariably place the lowest architrave face directly over the upper diameter of the column or over the pilaster face, and it is usually so done now.

In the case of the column, the mistake is not so obvious. The square corner of the architrave, seen on the angle, projects beyond the upper diameter of the column, and unless the abacus is of great projection the curve is maintained, but in the case of a pilaster treatment the effect is most unfortunate. A row of pilasters seems to be supporting nothing at all, and when seen from below, the great projection of the cap beyond the line of the architrave is most uneasy and distressing, and



XX. Erechtheion Entablature with and without sculptured frieze.

seriously interferes with the horizontal sweep of the entablature (Fig. XVIII). There is no rule governing this relation of architrave to column or pilaster. It cannot be reduced to modules or parts, but is as much a part of the design as the proportion of the column or height of the entablature. It is governed by the projection of the abacus and by the projection of the pilaster. The greater the projection of the abacus, the greater must be the projection of the architrave, while the greater the projection of the pilaster, the less need be the projection of the architrave, the reason for this latter being that when the pilaster has less projection it throws into apparently greater prominence the front portion of the cap (Fig. XIX, a, b). The side of the cap is scarcely seen and the architrave itself must be extended to give this front portion of the cap something to support. The relation of the frieze to the architrave follows the same rule as that of the architrave to the column itself. It is beyond it, or has the appearance of being so.

In the Greek Doric the simplicity of the great architrave seems to unite it with the frieze more than is the case in the other orders, and the triglyphs are on the plane of the architrave face, to give this feeling of unity. The sculpture in the metopes is in high relief, and projects considerably beyond the architrave face, the outer face of the carving really forming the frieze face. Without this bold relief in the metopes, the Doric cornice is apt to look thin and of excessive projection. In the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the frieze face always projects, that is to say, the apparent frieze face, which is the outer face of the carving, although the background of the carving is usually considerably behind the face of the architrave. The omission of the section through the sculpture in some of the restorations and plates, where the plane of the background of the carving is alone shown (Fig. XX), gives an entirely erroneous impression of the real outline of the entablature, and as has been already noticed, this uncompleted outline is frequently followed in modern work, giving the unfortunate buildings a curiously recessed and insufficient frieze. In Renaissance days, although this general

(Continued on page 356)



Dining-room in the Wentworth Gardner House



Parlor in the Bartlett House, Newburyport, Mass.

OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE OF FURNITURE

The Wallace Nutting Collection of American Antiques

By MATLACK PRICE

THE great spirit of patriotism which is animating the country with ever-increasing vigor has brought about a new consciousness of American identity. With this consciousness which takes the form of a nation-wide will to throw the country's might into winning the war there may be gradually blended certain new feelings of pride and interest in the preservation and appreciation of essentially American domestic arts.

The writer of to-day, unless, like the Latin poet who was dear to our school days, he can begin "*Arma virumque cano*," has but a small circle of readers.

Great essayists, nevertheless, have said that a country is inseparable from its art, and that through the national development of its art, national unity and national character are created and fostered. The immortal arts of great European countries make this thesis easily believed, and because of this unity of national art and national spirit, the writer is emboldened to suggest that, while reading of arms and men, we may also read of art and letters, since it is partly for the preservation of these that the present war is being fought.

No free country would be more willing to have the arts and philosophies of an alien conqueror thrust upon it than to have an oppressive alien form of government thrust upon it, for which reason the free countries of the world are fighting shoulder to shoulder to preserve their right to their national identities in every department of life and thought.

This country will some day recognize its debt to Wallace Nutting as the man who visualized for the American people the manners and customs, the architecture and furniture of the early days when the Colonies were merging into the Nation.

In certain old New England houses, ranging from the cottage to the mansion, Mr. Nutting assembled a remarkable collection of authentic antiques, furniture and accessories, and with well-chosen models, in historic costumes, produced an extensive series of intimate photographs of Colonial and Early American life.

Quite apart, however, from the natural desire for acquisition, much may be learned from looking over the great array of interesting furniture comprising the Wallace Nutting collection.

Quite naturally the furniture of the American Colonists, especially in the New England region, was either actually of English make, or was patterned after English forms. In style, much was of

the Queen Anne period, some was earlier, even Elizabethan, and much was of the Georgian period.

English as this furniture undoubtedly was, and is, yet something in its use by the first Americans, something in its new environment, and in its intimate associations with the early domestic life of our country makes it a peculiarly national possession.

Many forms were of necessity modified, but few were originated by the early American cabinet-makers. Association, perhaps, is the greatest factor in stamping this furniture as American—and since we are by race and speech descended from the English, it is quite natural that our tastes in furniture remained, for the most part, English.

The whole history of Colonial American furniture may be reviewed in this Nutting collection, from the most primitive of sturdy Windsor chairs and gate leg tables to more sophisticated pieces that suggest the influence of Chippendale.

To enumerate the pieces would be impossible, and would serve no purpose, since adequate descriptions would furnish ample material for a by no means inconsiderable book.

It seems more important, rather, to generalize somewhat upon certain impressions which invariably come from an interesting hour spent among highboys and tables, chairs and dressers and romantic old four-poster bedsteads.

Romance—that is certainly one attribute of early American furniture—the romance of the adventurous families who journeyed over terrifying seas to make new homes in the new and unknown country. These people, our immediate ancestors, treasured these very same household possessions; their lives and loves are bound up in every table and chair. Longfellow and Hawthorne wrote of the people who ate from these tables and sat in these chairs—and if you find no romance in that, then you can find no romance on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Domesticity—that is another attribute of early American furniture. Here are things that were *used*, things that were made to use and to hand on from one generation to the next. Sturdy, substantial furniture, far removed from the travesties of later days, when furniture came to be made to sell rather than to use, and bought rather to make a purse-proud showing than to serve the household needs of a third and fourth generation.

That the old honesty of construction and the old beauty of form that made the antique what it was are now reappearing in the better furniture of to-day

is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. Throughout the whole period of sham and depravity which so long darkened the realm of domestic art (there was no interior decoration) the fine old Colonial furniture which graced some homes must have been a continuous reproach.

To-day, however, the beautiful old things of earlier days have come into their own, and are accorded a more sympathetic and intelligent appreciation than ever before.

To collect Colonial furniture was long regarded as that most reprehensible weakness called a "fad." Now that old furniture forms hold a real meaning, and are recognized as being no less a part of our lives than they were of the lives of our ancestors, the collector is looked upon as a man of creditable taste and real discrimination.

To wander among the fascinating array of the Nutting Collection, was to experience a feeling of more close and warm kinship with the spirit of an American of long ago, a feeling of having journeyed back over many years to a closer contact with the stranger, simpler lives of the first Americans.

A few years ago I might have written that here were things which recalled "braver days." The times in which we live are brave enough—an epic of bravery, indeed—but some of us find ourselves, at times, wishing that they were simpler times and that, like Lewis Carroll's little heroine, we could step through one of Wallace Nutting's old looking glasses, and find ourselves standing in the room, and among the good people that it once reflected.

This is manifested in the eagerness with which they are sought by so many persons.



The Upper Hall of the Bartlett House,
Newburyport, Mass.



The writing paper with symbolic designs for every season and emotion

GREAT ART IN LITTLE CEREMONIES OF JAPAN

By EDITH WILDS

IT was in the Tokugawa Period, that Golden Age of Japan, when her accomplishments, formerly fashionable in the upper circles only, had sifted down into the common life of the people; when the poetical contests, as old as Japanese history, had been made national; when the tea ceremony and intricate flower arrangement had become a part of every girl's education, that there was also developed a cultivation of the etiquette of everyday life, until even the presentation of a simple gift became an expression of art, and almost as ceremonious as an affair of state.

It was in this period that the artist, searching for inspiration, found it in the trifling incidents of nature, in the ways of birds, fishes, reptiles, even insects. His sensitive nature gave quick response to the delicate details of a life which he could study in his garden.

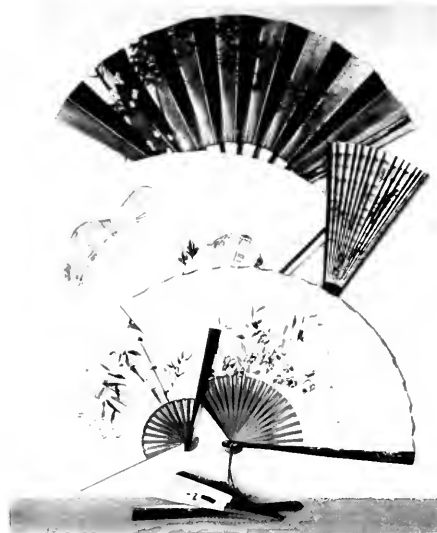
As the protection and conservatism of that period provided ample opportunity for meditation, and since the mind must be occupied with something, it naturally followed that there crept into these familiar aspects of nature in her various seasons a symbolism which was carried over into the art that graced the daily relations of the people. This symbolism became a rule, then a formula. Formulae, like habits, persist even in changed circumstances, and we find these formulae, which came

into existence centuries ago, still unblurred by the breathless industrialism of the past half century.

Therefore though your young Japanese friend's head may be brimming with business aspirations, you will see him instinctively cringe at a flower arrangement you consider graceful but which to him represents only an inharmonious association of flowers, or at a *kakemono*, or wall scroll, which happens to be inappropriate to the season.

This passion for symbolism has extended even to the writing paper, making of it a bewitching picture. The designs, some of them, are as delicate as cobwebs and are formed to create not merely an impression but a mood in the soul.

The Japanese lady sends her messages at New Year on paper bearing emblems of congratulation and wishes for a long, long life. These are represented by cranes, tortoise, pine, bamboo and plum trees. A trio of young cranes are poised for flight from the top branches of a pine tree. No nest is visible, but there is no doubt about it—one is hidden in the foliage. Beneath is a pool with a couple of tortoises sporting in it. On the shore is growing a young bamboo tree, and beyond the pine tree is an overhanging spray of plum tree. Unless initiated, you would never imagine that this was more than an interesting composition. But every line signifies a wish for a long life. The pine, an



All classes in Japan use the fan

evergreen living to a prodigious age and growing more and more rugged is, of course, a most felicitous emblem of vigorous old age. And there is meaning even in the topmost branches of the old pine for it is there that the growth is most luxuriant. The crane is popularly supposed to live a thousand years and the tortoise ten thousand years. The crane and tortoise are boon associates in art, the poor tortoise, trailing a broad tail, forming a footstool for the haughty crane. This appendage to the tortoise is a puzzle till you discover that some of the tortoises that inhabit the sacred tanks of the temples do live to such a hoary age that certain water weeds become attached to their shells. These are the tortoises commonly pictured by artists as having a fringe-like tail which popular superstition has assigned as the natural growth of tortoise old age. The bamboo possesses a complicated symbolism—a play upon words so often found in Japanese poetry. Two different Chinese characters are pronounced “setsu,” one signifying the joint of the bamboo and the other, virtue, fidelity and constancy. Then too, it is an evergreen and sturdy. The plum is added for its grace and also because it blooms practically during the winter. Thus, may the winter of your life be graced by beauty. The composition may show variation but the symbolic meaning is always the same: immortality and rejuvenescence.

Therefore the message of the Japanese letter comes not alone from its text but from its design, and Milady would as soon wear her sandals on her head as send her note in the winter season on paper ornamented, perhaps, with wistaria. There are

winter scenes of pine trees bending beneath their burden of snow, there are cloud-hung skies streaked by birds in flight, there are puppies playing in the snow. Or there is a piquant design of five bamboo leaves jutting from a little mound of snow. Artistic? Yes, magically so.

And for February, when spring is still in the lap of winter, there are superb plum branches projecting over a lake of crackling ice, with the wintry sun just disappearing over the horizon. Not inappropriate for, as I have said, the plum blossoms appear very early and the Japanese go *umemi*, or plum blossom viewing, with sprigs of the flower stuck in their fur caps.

Then for later spring, there is the ubiquitous cherry: a cluster of trees veiled in clouds of pink blossoms, or a dangling branch cutting across a waterfall. And who but a Japanese artist would drop in a corner of an envelope a bundle of twigs with a spray of cherry blossoms in the binding cord—a tender touch of realism, for the old brush gatherer would more than likely tuck such a spray into his bundle.

But no sketch can possibly do justice to this annual exhibition of nature—the cherry trees. At first no leaves, just brownish boughs disappearing in a mist of ethereal blossoms. And the end of the Cherry Season is no less beautiful than its beginning, for the flowers fall petal by petal in a gentle shower that covers the ground with a drift of pink tinted snow flakes.

As may be imagined, trees so universally beloved are special subjects of symbolism. In old Japan a cherry tree was planted in the garden of every samurai. Not for its beauty alone but as a suggestion that the warrior should be willing to give his life as easily as the petals flutter to the ground. This same delicacy of sentiment, so characteristically Japanese, banished the camelia tree from



Cakes that are Japanese

the samurai's garden, since these flowers, falling in the glory of the complete blossom, might convey the suggestion of death in the fullness of strength and life. Of course, no such thought could belong to a true Knight of old Japan.

For some reason the summer season has not yielded inspiration for a profusion of flower symbols. We find, however, the water wheel pumping water into the rice field, or a design of lightning bugs and their cage. In Japan these insects are imprisoned in gauze cages and furnish a living lantern. Then there is the iris, which, however, does not lend itself to delicacy of design, and the morning glory which seems to appeal to the Japanese sense of sinuous grace.

For late August there is the harvest moon and ripe wheat, and for early autumn the chrysanthemum, perhaps associated with a brilliant cock and a torn Japanese umbrella. The chrysanthemum is to Japan what the thistle is to Scotland. It has the inspiration of countless marvels of horticulture exhibits, some of them life-sized figures formed entirely of the flowers and representing a panorama of scenes of an age long since vanished. It is the badge of royalty and when sixteen petalled, their exclusive emblem forbidden by law to any lesser personage.

But there is one place in Japan where the chrysanthemum is not grown. The little town of Himeji associates only tragedy with this flower. It appears that when the ruined castle there was not a ruin, there dwelt in it a great daimyo and in his household was a maid-servant, Kiku by name, which is Japanese for chrysanthemum. Her special task was the care of ten golden dishes of great value. One day one of these dishes disappeared. It had been stolen and could not be recovered. So Kiku, to prove her innocence and signify her grief, drowned herself in a well. But ever after the sobbing cry of little Kiku could be heard counting up to nine. At that fatal number it would stop with



The fukusa or covering for gifts

a despairing wail and begin again. Therefore Himeji does not cultivate the chrysanthemum. A frail reason, perhaps, but sufficient for the delicate sensibilities of the Japanese.

After the vogue of the chrysanthemum, the design which breathes the very spirit of the autumn is the maple, the rival of the cherry in Japan's affections. Long before there is a hint of the color that later will cause the mountain sides to glow with blood red patches, Japan passes into a furore of maple designs. Maple leaves are everywhere! A friend and I were invited last fall to visit a famous garden belonging to a Japanese man of wealth. We found it in the heart of an industrial section. There is no Fifth Avenue in Tokyo and the man of wealth and distinction may live as neighbor to a ricksha puller. So this garden nestles down among the smokestacks like a gem in a pronged setting. The garden was wonderful—only to be described as a poem of nature. There were fantastic dwarf pines, bamboo trees, a lake in miniature and living cranes. And there was a maple tree throwing its young vivid branches across a tumbling waterfall under which the man of the house was wont to stand during a period of Buddhist purification which happens to occur in the winter. We peeped into the tea house where the tea ceremony is performed with well nigh religious solemnity, and then we found ourselves in the reception room, and tea was being served in cups with a decoration of tiny maple leaves on the inside. The lacquer tray also bore a design of maple leaves and even the delicate cakes were in the shape of these leaves. Of course, the wall picture followed



Not flowers—but a basket of Japanese candy



The Poem cards, showing poem subject for this year, "Pine Tree by the Sea," and the symbol of the year—the horse

the prevailing fashion and also the *zabuton*, or cushions on which we knelt in Japanese fashion. And after a while I noticed that the kimono of our hostess was sprinkled with a quiet design of these leaves.

In all these Japanese sketches there is movement. The trees are wind swept, the birds are in flight or poised for flight, the boat sails are unfurled to the breeze, the feathered heads of the grain bend to the gale, the water splashes from the water wheel.

And always there is lightness of touch. A few strokes and a crane is flying over a rice field, a dash of color and there is a sunset. What does the eyes require more than that? Nothing—the effect is there. Again a dash or two of the brush and the hardship of winter is suggested. Three fishermen strain to draw their boat up a stream, which, by the way, actually exists near Kyoto. The boat is not heavy, nor the stream swift, so the men are straining against a heavy gale and deep snow.

Should your note-paper appear with a decoration apparently irrelevant to the season, its meaning may be sought in a custom which has survived from the Tokugawa days. Each year the Emperor selects a subject for the poetical contests of the year and incidentally provides inspiration for the artists as well. This year the subject is a pine tree by the seashore, and many are the variations of it. Also

there is a series of twelve animals which furnish emblems for twelve successive years in rotation. This year happens to be horse year. Unfortunately the Japanese are not skillful either in riding or in sketching horses, and grotesque indeed are many of the horses which have appeared since the new year. The pine tree and sea presents less difficulty with happier results.

Of near kin to the writing paper is the poem card sent to a friend on any occasion of courtesy. Writing is as much an art as painting, and this card with its poem written by hand in the sprawling ideographs, artistic in themselves, either on a plain surface or across a shadowy sketch, is a picture in itself. They appear in two forms: the *tanzaku*, or elongated, and the *shikishi*, or square card. Their ultimate destination is varied according to the taste of the recipient, perhaps mounted on a long strip of satin-covered board or set in a circular frame of wonderfully grained wood, or possibly pasted in an album or on the *fusuma*, the paper sliding door, or they may appear as a kakemono, or wall scroll hung in the place of honor.

There are stories of famous warriors who did not forget to carry with them pieces of blank *tanzaku* on their expeditions, and charming indeed were some of the poems written in the camps or on the battlefield. And even to-day old men and women of elegance carry *tanzaku* with them when *hanami*, or cherry blossom viewing, and hang the poems on the branches of the trees.

When the poem is mounted on the board a gift fan is often fastened in the cord above it. This adds a touch peculiarly appropriate since the fan is as natural to the Japanese as the tint of their skin or the color of their hair—and as indispensable. The men, in the summer, if in foreign clothes carry their fans in their pockets; if in Japanese clothes in the sleeve or belt of the kimono. The Buddhist priest stalks by with magnificent stride and a fan of peculiar spread-eagle effect projecting from the collar of his kimono. And it is still the pretty custom for your Japanese friend to send you a fan painted by himself and inscribed with a poem. As may be imagined, a deep significance has attached itself to the fan. It symbolizes "expanding or ever prosperous future," briefly "good luck." Why? The Japanese name for fan is *sayochiro*, literally "wide expanding future," a name suggested by its shape. And it is for this reason that the fan is an indispensable gift for weddings.

In Tokyo much of the old world charm has been submerged in the teeming industrialism, and it is to Kyoto you must go to find the real old world atmosphere. There it is not uncommon at the New Year season to see a gentleman, elegantly dressed in *hakama* or ceremonial full trousers, riding through the snow with a fan tucked in his belt. He is on his way to call on a friend. When he arrived

he makes his first salutation on his knees, his fan before him on the floor. Then if he has brought a present, he places it, wrapped and tied with symbolic paper and cords on the open fan and presents it to the host or hostess.

All classes use the fan, from the Emperor to the farmer who winnows his rice with a decorated fan, and the stranger soon becomes so accustomed to this association of a man and a feminine fan that he finds himself acquiring the fanning habit. But it requires a long period of residence in Japan to view with anything but amusement the spectacle of the little policeman in his military trappings, looking fierce and important, with one imperious hand on the hilt of a sword and in the other a daintily ornamented fan. But for a picture of sheer delight nothing can surpass that of a Japanese maiden, perfectly and exquisitely costumed, who may sit opposite you in the car waving with grace indescribable her diminutive fan.

It is worth while considering for a moment the writing materials which the Japanese use to make their fantastic ideographs. The pen and ink have of course entered Japan, rather humorously manifested by the ink-bottles which dangle from the little finger of the school boy. Just why it is necessary for the student to carry his ink-bottle with him I do not know, but the manufacturers have conformed to the fashion by furnishing each bottle with a three-inch loop of cord and a ring which encourages its swinging habit. But the pen and ink have very little relationship to the group of quaint writing materials borrowed centuries ago from China but which still are in use. It requires five articles to properly write a Japanese letter. These are carefully placed, according to a precise rule, in a lacquered box, often so rich and intricate in its design as to have taken an artisan two years of unceasing labor to finish. The inside of the cover is invariably as perfectly finished as the outside.

In the centre of the box is the ink-stone, a flat piece of carefully chiseled black marble with grooved centre. Above the stone is a tiny water-pot, of silver, bronze or pottery. Below the stone

is a block of solid ink which is rubbed on the stone and moistened with water to make the ink. No doubt there are ink-blocks which are not ornamented—I have never seen one. Those I have seen are like black cameo, carved in relief in landscapes, in figures of monks and samurai, in scenes from famous tales of old Japan, or with mottoes and famous quotations in Chinese characters. Too beautiful, most of them, to be so soon effaced. At the right of the ink-stone are the brushes, undecorated. The position of these articles in the box never varies.

With the possible exception of the *obi*, there is nothing that shows the art of the designer and weaver so wonderfully as the *fukusa*, the aristocratic kin of the *furoshiki*, or bundle handkerchief in which the Japanese wrap and carry anything and everything from a tiny booklet to a *tanusu*, the Japanese chest of drawers. While the *furoshiki* is usually cotton or wool, the *fukusa*, in accordance with its more elegant service is always of silk. Its use is indicated as a "cover for offerings." The gift is enveloped in a *fukusa* and sent by messenger; the *fukusa* is then returned to the sender in acknowledgment of the gift. For wedding presents the covering is often more costly than the gift, but for ordinary offerings a box of cakes, dried fish or seaweed, a less rich square is used. The *fukusa* Japan also borrowed from China, as may be seen from the old Chinese prints which show a present wrapped in a *fukusa*. And after you have traced the origin of practically all Japanese art to her despised Chinese neighbor, you realize that in her eager adoption of Western ideas she is but repeating history.

But it is the cakes of Japan that delight. And it is at the Festival of Dolls, on the third day of the third month, that you see the masterpieces of this art. This festival is not, as might be imagined, an occasion for the little girls to play with their dolls. Not at all—it is a solemn Exhibition representing the domesticity of the Emperor's household. On the top of a tier of shelves appear figures of the Emperor and Empress in robes of state, sometimes sitting with dignified mien on the veranda of their palace. Just below are the court ladies, then the musicians, then articles of furniture in tiny miniature, and on the lower shelves the kitchen furniture and food, but food fit for fairies—or the Emperor. To this Exhibition are invited the friends of the family and of the little girls of the household. Frequently if the display is very elaborate, the *shoji*, or paper window is drawn back so that those passing may see it.

No people excel the Japanese in miniature workmanship and the infinitesimal pieces of furniture are exquisitely wrought. But it is the confection, made especially for this festival, that makes you

(Continued on page 350)



Writing materials, design of box made of mother-of-pearl set in lacquer



ADAPTATION OF
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE STYLE
IN THE DEERING RESIDENCE
AT MIAMI, FLORIDA



The dining-room is furnished in old Italian furniture

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF A PERIOD STYLE— ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

By SUMNER ROBINSON

A DISTINGUISHED authority on the traditions of aesthetic development has declared that under conditions of free intercommunication, the history of society becomes a web, of which nationalities are the warp and successive styles the woof. How true this is! And to-day, as we survey the great field of artistic expression, reflected in the character of our buildings and the manner in which they are decorated and furnished, we see at once how important in the molding of our arts are those elements and phases of life that serve to form the spirit of an age.

So accurately is the spirit of each age recorded in the outward forms of man's handicraft, that we may now read the relationships for hundreds of years between costume and furniture, between furniture and architecture, customs and climate, climate and temperament, until we have whole circles of definitely and amusingly linked human elements.

Our historic or period styles of interior decoration become for us then as a language of rich and beautiful words. It is a language which is every day becoming more and more current with our Americans of culture and fashion. In the pat-

terns, and motifs and shapes and colors, that have come to symbolize the aspirations, emotions and beliefs of mankind, are found the means of interpreting with artistic nicety, individuality and temperamental distinctiveness.

We all strive for self-expression, self-realization—to get out into the world of things, in speech and deed and personality. And our personal attire, our books, and knackery, then, are the means by which our taste, our whims, the virtues and foibles, which give us our own true force of appeal, all become known. These things help to identify us. They serve, indeed, to express the more ephemeral, moodish, colorful, vivacious, and active side of our individuality. Through them we stand in relief against the background of life.

But what of this background? Is it not within our power to mold our background, to create our own distinctive stage-setting for life's drama? And where may we find a more fitting medium for this than in the interior treatment and furnishing of our homes? In our costumes, our whims of pleasure, our jaunty conceits of color and mood, are reflected the lighter and more volatile qualities in our personal make-up. In our furniture and



RENAISSANCE DOORWAY
IN THE DEERING RESIDENCE

decorations, are depicted the deeper and more permanent elements, our more heartsome and sober ideals.

How, then, should we utilize this rich, decorative language of the more permanent human characteristics? Certainly not by reproducing old examples of interiors by piece-meal, or by imitating their literal designs and colors, any more than by telling a modern story in obsolete and antiquated language. What we should aim to do, is always to catch the spirit of a style. And here in particular may definite types of persons, those having native capacities for distinctive personal atmosphere, be revealed through subtle and colorful expression.

Such individuals may find a happy medium in a style, either because of a native kinship with the racial qualities — physical and temperamental charms and graces, languors, spontaneities, tastes and so on, which that style embodies, or because of sheer aesthetic and intellectual sympathy and appreciation for that period, and a desire to be surrounded by its associations.

In order fully to appreciate the capacity of a style of decoration for meeting such modern interpretative conditions, with all its richest flexibility and charm, we have first of all to understand its powers, its limitations, its virtues and its vices, and above all, its underlying spirit.

Perhaps there is no style in architecture or interior decoration more rich in epochal appeal than the Italian Renaissance. Indeed, its comparison in this respect with many other periods will, to use an old phrase, surely "walk lame." To the more Puritanic temperament the High and Late Renaissance, in its decorative elements, may seem open to the comment which the little girl made of Louis XV. furnishings. She liked them because there was so much going on all the time. But it must be remembered that with the Italians, the homeliest things in life found expression in beauty. In Northern Europe the Renaissance in art became in some way merged with the spirit that actuated the Reformation. The Northern temperament became to an appreciable degree imbued with the idea that the shadow of sin lurked in all spontaneous delight and unalloyed beauty. Indeed, a modicum of wilful homeliness may often be traced in subsequent northern styles.

Temperamentally, the Italians were gay and light-hearted. They lived an out-of-door life and found their most vigorous inspiration for artistic expression in the pomp and levity, the festivity and song, which goes with material and worldly ceremony. Add to this the great Humanistic movement of the time, the influence of classic ideals and models, and we have, in brief, the spirit of the 14th and 15th centuries in Italy.

The Renaissance in art then stood for a return to pagan naturalness, freedom, and buoyancy; for

emancipation of art, from much that was little better than fetish worship and symbolism. Its ruling deity was Beauty — pure delight in harmony and loveliness for their own sake, conscious of no strange subtleties or unseen powers. All the worldly vanities of patrician, merchant, prince and despot, unhampered by more than empty forms of piety and erudition, united in a new-born consciousness of Roman descent. Buried treasures of the past were sought and pieced together anew, with their old pagan spirits. Inspiration was born again in classic art and learning, and an enthusiasm for searching among classic ruins. This impulse is best epitomized in the words of one of its greatest disciples, and which, indeed, furnish us with a key to the sovereign voice of those earlier days—"I go to awake the dead."

An art, however, that is an end in itself, like all other things, must suffer from certain limitations. So this style has its faults as well as its virtues. Instead, however, of discussing the former, we shall close by emphasizing its positive, rather than its negative qualities.

To this end it may first be said in passing that the aesthetic appeal of the Italian style is more material than intellectual; in its very wealth of earthly motif lies its comparative poverty of what has been sometimes termed spiritual values. The reason for this is obvious. Its vast wealth of association ends in things — beautiful things for their own sake. But happily the style may be etherialized, its inherent qualities given a simpler embodiment, shorn of their more earthly literalities and grosser superfluities. A style ending in pomp and splendor possesses a certain opaqueness of the letter; a style that seems to attain something beyond the material veil of things possesses a certain translucency of the spirit. What, then, shall we take for our guide in adapting the spirit of this style to modern requirements?

Did you ever know a reality that surpassed, nay, even equaled your dream of it? When love, the world, anything, comes of age, is it not to some extent stripped of its illusions, and ideals and dreams? So immediately before, and during the very earliest stages of the Italian Renaissance, the world of aesthetics was in a sort of reverent youthful dream of things. Art was a very serious matter. What marvels would not the ruins of Italy soon lay bare for the world in all their golden glory? All expectant, radiant, timid, and big-eyed with wonder, like a maiden awaiting the coming of her betrothed from some foreign shore, art dreamed the while, and visioned castles of perfection, and thought of things above the earth, looking into its own modest heart for light and guidance. 'Twas then our modest maiden, all unthinking, fashioned with her delicate, trembling hands

(Continued on page 356)

A MASKE

PRESENTED

At Ludlow Castle,

1634:

On Michaelmasse night, before the

RIGHT HONORABLE,

JOHN Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount BRACKLY,
Lord President of WALES, And one of
His MAJESTIES most honorable
Privie Counsell.

*Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus anstrum
Perditus*

LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHREY ROBINSON,
at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in
Pauls Church-yard. 1637.

Title page of the famous Bridgewater copy of Milton's *Comus*

THE LURE OF OLD BOOKS

By CHARLES HENRY DORR

ALTHOUGH the Titanic world struggle for the cause of civilization naturally deflects attention for the moment from the paths of art and literature, nevertheless the acquisition of rare books and illuminated manuscripts from the storehouse of the bibliophile is steadily going on, and the tide of collecting literary treasures is gradually ebbing across the seas, and rising in America.

The center of collecting old books with historic imprints, and dating back to the early days when the art of printing was first introduced, or a prized manuscript of vellum, with brilliant illustrations, or perchance the only perfect copy of a certain work in existence, is being transformed from England and France to America, and the bibliophiles in this country are adding to their libraries rare volumes with a history, formerly treasured in some ancient library of a Manor house in Britain, or a French chateau.

The literary tide receded last year across the seas when the famous Bridgewater library, the Devonshire and Ellesmere collections, and more recently some of the prizes in the celebrated Huth library were acquired by American bibliophiles, and the center of collecting was established in America, with New York the capital, and foremost in the race for supremacy in the forming of notable and valuable libraries, many containing early works bearing the signatures of illustrious names.

Shakespeare, John Milton, John Skelton, poet laureate to King Henry VIII., John Dryden, Caxton, who introduced the art of printing into England, Alexander Pope, John Keats, Oliver Goldsmith, Robert Browning, William Thackeray, and Charles Dickens were among the eminent names represented in the dispersal of English literature here last season.

These were the names that lived and their works

brought record prices in the American auction mart, and also proved to bibliophiles that aside from the lure of collecting, the acquisitions of old books, if accomplished with discrimination is a good investment, for values are constantly soaring, and many a lover of good books has realized a decided profit when disposing of duplicates of his literary prizes.

Much of the schedule of the book sales of last season was devoted to the dispersal of duplicates of English literature in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, who appears to possess an almost inexhaustible assemblage of valuable works by famous authors.

Mr. Huntington is pre-eminently a striking figure among our American collectors, and through his purchase of the great English libraries, now in this country, he has given a positive stimulus to the literary market. His is a wonderful library, and he is frequently adding to his treasures of antique books, and I understand that he is planning catalogues of his works for some ten years in the future.

He is the J. Pierpont Morgan of the book collectors, for he fills a similar position in the realm of books to the place once occupied in the world of art by the great financier and connoisseur.

What is the fascination of collecting old books? What is it that allures one to make the highest bid in the auction room for works of literature by a master?

Do the eminent collectors read their books acquired by great rivalry in bidding for the prize? Is it to gratify their whims or hobbies—the hobby of a bibliophile?

Perhaps all of these elements, the fascination of possessing a rarity, the whim of owning an antique book, or a first edition of a famous author, or the discovery of a "find," are taken into consideration by the bibliophile, but the great spur to collecting based upon my own observations is the fact that most genuine collectors vie with one another for the possession of a rare work because it is a monument in literature, a record of an achievement, often historic and perhaps the only copy in existence.

That is the reason which prompts a collector onward in his pursuit of literary rarities, and if he is a true book lover withal, often his pilgrimage into bookish haunts leads also to financial gain.

Perhaps the most notable object lesson of the past season, where quality figured impressively as a factor, was illustrated by the choice library formed by the late Winston H. Hagen, which achieved new records in the auction mart when dispersed, particularly for English literature. Here was a true collector, one gifted with rare discrimination, and whose good taste was verified when his gems were offered to the highest bidders.

Commenting on Mr. Hagen and his method of collecting books Mr. Beverly Chew wrote: "Mr. Hagen often said that when he first began buying rare books, he had formed a plan to secure a small but important collection which should consist of the monumental works of the leading authors from Chaucer to the present day. For instance, a first Folio Shakespeare, 1623; *Paradise Lost*, 1667; Burton's *Anatomy*, 1621; Pope's *Dunciad*, 1728; Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766; and so on until he should cover the development of our literature from the early days to our own time. But gradually, while pursuing this intelligent plan, he found himself from time to time enlarging his scope here and there, as seemingly unusual opportunities occurred to add treasures that he found too attractive to resist. So almost unconsciously he found himself a general collector of all English writers. Hagen was a collector because he was essentially a book lover and a student of literature, and did not buy simply to add a rare item to his catalogue, that aside from its rarity had little else to recommend it."

This is really the basis or foundation for real collecting, to be a lover of good books, and a judge of literature, and the Hagen library reflects keen literary discernment.

As an expert remarked: "Hagen knew his books from cover to cover." The little volume of poems by John Skelton, poet laureate to King Henry VIII, proved one of the surprises in the Hagen collection, for it brought the high record price of \$9,700, from Mr. George D. Smith, and has since passed into the possession of Mr. Henry E. Huntington. The book came from the Locker library, and contains four of Skelton's poems, which are quite unique. It has the Locker bookplate and bears the date of 1520. Two of the items were formerly in the Hoe library, and at the Hoe sale brought \$3,275. It may be interesting to note that three items in the lot cost Mr. Hagen only \$1,100. These figures afford a good illustration of the remarkable rise in values of rare books.

Another record in the Hagen sale was Gray's famous Elegy, "Wrote in a Country Church Yard," with London imprint, (1751), and marked on the title page: "Price Six-pence," which was secured by James F. Drake for \$4,350. This excessively rare first edition cost Mr. Hagen the low figure of \$650, another striking instance of rising values.

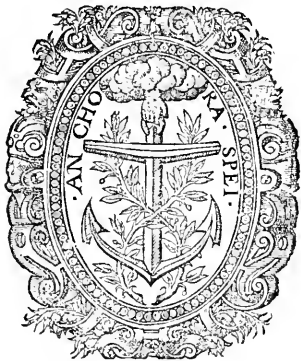
A work of great rarity; in fact one of the prizes of English literature in the Hagen library was the "Songes and Sonets," written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, author of the first blank verse written in the English language. The volume contains two hundred and eighty poems. It was purchased by Mr. George D. Smith at the Hagen sale, and cost the former owner only \$910.

"Pauline, a fragment of a Confession" by Robert



Fowre Hymnes,

MADE BY
EDM. SPENSER.



LONDON,
Printed for VVilliam Ponsonby.
1596.

Title page of a rare old book eagerly sought after by collectors

Browning, and bearing this inscription on the title: "By Robert Browning; his first publication privately dedicated. This copy was given me by his father, my eldest brother, Reuben Browning," was formerly in the possession of Browning's uncle. The work was purchased by Winston H. Hagen for \$891, and resold at the sale of his library for \$1,610 to George D. Smith, another record figure, and illustrating the advance in values for rare books.

On the title page of a volume of poems by Robert Burns chiefly in the Scottish dialect and one of the treasures of the Hagen library appear these anonymous lines: "The simple bard by rules of art, He pours the wild effusions of the heart, And if inspired, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire, Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire." It is the first issue of the first Edinburgh edition, and somewhere Mr. Hagen acquired it for \$1,650. At the Hagen sale the volume brought \$2,750, another substantial advance in values.

Many other instances of rising values could be recorded, and sometimes rare "finds" are picked up in old book stalls or on stands in remote quarters of the world's capitals.

The story goes that a New Yorker rambling about Paris happened to spy a little volume, which attracted his interest. It proved to be the rare first issue of the "Narrative of Champlain's First Expedition to Canada, the ascent of the St. Lawrence, and choosing the site for the city of Quebec." He purchased the book for a trifle over a franc. It later passed into a well known collection, and was offered at the Henry E. Huntington sale of Americana last season, where the volume was acquired by Dr. Joseph Martini for the record figure of \$3,600. So the exploits of Samuel De Champlain jumped in comparatively a few years from a franc or more to several thousand dollars. The work is dated 1603, and is probably one of the earliest volumes relating to the celebrated voyager, whose fame is perpetuated by the beautiful lake bearing his name.

It is interesting to follow the rise in value of Americana in the auction rooms, where first editions of scarce copies are dispersed. Oftentimes some little incident will give a boom to a certain autograph letter, or rare copy sought by the bibliophile.

For instance "O. Henry" loomed into prominence at a certain sale last season, when a letter written by the author to "A Woman," (Ethel Lloyd Patterson) brought the record price of \$810, for an epistle of 1200 words. It happened that the bidding was stimulated by a collector, who had in his possession, a letter written by Miss Paterson in reply to "O. Henry."

Sydney Porter, "O. Henry," Samuel M. Clemens, James Whitcomb Riley, and Robert Louis Stevenson, are among the names of foremost rank in the literary mart, and I might add the name of Eugene Field, whose verse is appreciated by many book-lovers.

The dispersal of the famous Huth collection in London last summer will doubtless add a number of literary treasures to our American collections. Caxton's Royal Book, one of the prizes in the collection was secured by George D. Smith for about \$9,000, and the work is probably destined for some American collector. It is considered unique this volume by Caxton, who first introduced printing into England. But not all of the gems in the Huth collection will come to America, for Bernard Quaritch, the London bookman secured numerous rarities including the Merry Jest of Robin Hood, and "Richard Coeur du Lion," or "Kynge Richard Cuer Du Lion," an early edition, with wood cut illustrations representing the famous warrior on horseback.

The names of Quarles, Sir Philip Sydney, John Skelton, poet laureate to King Henry VIII., Captain John Smith, and Edmund Spencer were among the literary lights represented in the seventh portion

(Continued on page 350)



THAT LIBERTY SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM THE EARTH
BUY LIBERTY BONDS
IRVING LOAN

ARMS AND ART

By A. KINGSLEY PORTER

Assistant Professor of Art at Yale; Member of Archaeological Institute of America

WHEN I was requested to write what I suppose would currently be termed a "puff" for the forthcoming Liberty Loan, I experienced, I confess, a moment of hesitation. Criticism and archaeology, the only strings to my poor bow, seemed to provide an atmosphere rather too rarified for a popular appeal. I felt myself helpless before such a task. I who am disturbed by no due diffidence in writing for the public upon aesthetics, for archaeologists upon antiquities, and (Heaven help me!) for artists upon art, had no courage to attack a subject which both I myself and my readers had more deeply at heart than any other.

The longer I thought of this curious situation and sought to analyze the causes of it, the more troubled I became. I soon realized that the roots of the matter struck deep into the soil of our American social fabric, and that, indeed, I had long before been vaguely aware of their existence, and uneasy at their presence. The more I turned the matter over, the more intolerable it seemed to me. It was not only unreasonable and unpleasant, but actually fraught with the gravest personal danger. As I pondered more, it even assumed the dimen-

sions of a national peril, jeopardizing the very success of America in the hour of crisis. The vital but vague truth which, mixed with so much perversity, underlies Tolstoi's *What is Art?*—that tortured Whitman and even Wordsworth, suddenly took on for me a concrete form. As the issue clarified itself in my mind, I became convinced that I must write as I could, and that it was my duty to do my utmost to put the issue squarely before the not negligible number of people who share my instinct for reticence in the presence of current methods of publicity.

The fact is, that all men may be divided into two classes, more sharply differentiated and even more hostile to each other than any formed by distinctions of wealth, class or politics. These are the ultra fastidious and the ultra-vulgar. In America, one may immediately recognize to which class any given individual belongs by an infallible test. If he read the *Atlantic Monthly*, he is ultra-fastidious; if he be addicted to the *Saturday Evening Post*, he is ultra-vulgar. It is indeed necessary to know no more than this of a person to be able to judge perfectly of his character. The reader of the *Atlantic* is supercilious and contemptuous, a

thorough cad at heart. He abounds in the milk of human kindness, when it furthers his own advantage; he is extraordinarily clever, and uses his caustic wit chiefly to make other people feel uncomfortable. He is in short an intellectual aristocrat, that is to say, a member of the most snobbish and exclusive of all privileged classes, for this body, exceedingly few in number, possesses power and influence out of all proportion to its size.

The *Atlantic* reader first appeared in America at Boston nearly a century ago. Little by little he has been spreading over the country until now he has gained a foot-hold even in the Middle West, while on the Pacific coast he has assumed the colossal, if somewhat rank, dimensions characteristic of the local vegetation. There is something amazingly genuine and sincere about this intellectual movement—in point of fact it is singularly free from the affectation its enemies love to suppose its chief characteristic. The *Atlantic* readers can not be brushed aside nor ignored. They are, by the rest of the world, at once thoroughly respected and cordially hated.

The reader of the *Post*, on the other hand, is the antithesis of all this. He is genial and expansive, delighting in puns and stories alleged to be humorous. Restless and without resources, his life is passed in the unending and ever unsuccessful effort to kill time. He asks from his newspapers, his magazines, his novels, his plays and his companions only one thing—the absence of thought. In fiction and the drama he is interested exclusively in the plot. As the reader of the *Atlantic* loves the subtle, the reader of the *Post* dotes upon the obvious. He expands in the glare of electrically over-lighted streets and pleasure resorts. When wealthy, as he often is, he builds himself an incredible house with a swimming-pool, organ, riding-rink and a gallery in which is quarantined all the art banished from the rest of the mansion. He likes exposition architecture and brass bands, but is deaf to the still small voice.

A captious person might of course object that in addition to the readers of the *Atlantic* and the readers of the *Post*, there exist in the country two other classes, the very small one that reads both the *Atlantic* and the *Post*, and the large one that reads neither. In point of fact, however, these additional classes are unworthy of consideration. Those who read both periodicals are compromisers, colorless souls, neither for Jehovah nor for his enemies, and of no account whatever. As for those who read neither, they are inevitably potentially of one faction or the other. One has only to ask one's self, which of the two any individual would be more likely to read in order to be able properly to classify him immediately.

Thus our land is split into two factions—the few ultra-fastidious *Atlantic* readers on the one side,

and the many ultra-vulgar *Post* readers on the other. An unbridged gulf lies between. The *Atlantic* readers for some time past have been prating of educating the public to better things, which really means pulling promising recruits over to their side of the ditch. The ranks of the ultra-fastidious have indeed been greatly strengthened by such not entirely disinterested philanthropy. The *Post* readers have protested in answer that humanity would best be served, not by bringing what is fastidious to the vulgar, but by bringing what is vulgar to the fastidious. This impertinence, however, has been squelched by the stony silence it merited. So the two parties sit well separated, making bad faces at each other. The *Post* readers continue to care only for the banal, and the *Atlantic* readers continue to thank God that they are better than their neighbors. The extremes of each party push the other still farther in the opposite direction.

At no other period and at no other time has there been such a divorce between the intellectuals and the non-intellectuals. Many of the greatest works of art in the past—I almost wrote all—have been produced by the populace. The laborers in the city created the Gothic cathedral, the laborers in the field folk-music. The same impulse which in America finds expression in Coney Island produces in Italy the songs of the vineyards or of the streets of Naples. I often think what an opportunity for beauty is wasted at one of our football games. If thirty thousand voices, chiefly male, should sing music of quality, instead of shouting themselves hoarse with harsh cheering! There is undoubtedly in the American ultra-vulgar a certain boorishness, a certain hostility to beauty and intellect that can hardly fail to make the fastidious seclude themselves in a snobbish and isolated group. And the contempt of the intellectuals reacts upon the non-intellectuals, arousing such feelings as too often find expression in the pages of the *Post* and other Philistine journals.

The campaign of education in patriotic duty undertaken by the Government since the beginning of the war has had, necessarily, by the very nature of things, to be directed towards the readers of the *Post* rather than towards those of the *Atlantic*. At the outbreak of hostilities it was a notorious fact that the posters which aroused the largest response were those deprived of artistic merit and characterized chiefly by mushy sentimentality. Recently there have been some signs that we have caught from the French the art of making a cartoon which will take both the fastidious and the vulgar. It is a consummation in every way devoutly to be wished. There still, however, remains only too much truth in the generality that what appeals to the masses, offends the intellectuals. The average reader of the *Atlantic* has undoubtedly observed the regulations of Mr. Hoover rather in

spite of the food conservation cards printed with dreadful letters and still more dreadful colors, than because of them. He endures them in silence because he knows they are necessary. And no American will care how crude are the methods employed in selling Liberty Bonds, provided only they be effective.

It is, however, because the readers of the *Atlantic* do instinctively wince at what appeals most strongly to the readers of the *Post*, that the cleavage between the two classes becomes a national danger. What in time of peace was merely a whimsical mental attitude, develops into something perilous for the state.

It is obvious that bonds must be sold, as many as possible. On that there is no disagreement. Fastidious and vulgar, intellectuals and low-brows, we are all Americans, we all see our duty and we shall all do it. As many bonds as possible must be sold. If crude methods increase the sale, we must have the crude methods. The mass of the people must be reached. Those of us who know enough not to care for glaring posters will also know enough to realize that they are essential and *quand même* keep up our own enthusiasm. We shall buy, it may be shutting our eyes and ears to the advertising, but we shall buy. We shall also realize that in this world, what vitally matters, is not only what one does one's self, but what one can cajole, or bribe, or force others into doing. We must not only buy ourselves but make others buy, and this whether we be readers of the *Post* or of the *Atlantic*.

Nevertheless there is in the situation that which is not as it should be. It is not well that there is no point of contact between the tastes of the ultra-fastidious and the ultra-vulgar, and that what appeals to the one should repel the other. The deep and universal emotions of the present hour, I can not but feel, should inspire an expression which should also be deep and universal. It is time that the ultra-fastidious and the ultra-vulgar each come to a realization of the fact that neither one is, or can be, independent of the other. The instinctive feeling, expressed by so many artists, that only the universal contains real vitality, is eternal truth. The art of the *Atlantic*, because it is isolated from the masses, has become as cold and academic as that of the *ancien régime*. The intellectuals need desperately the warming touch of humanity—as desperately as the vulgar need the refinement of the thoughtful. Only a universal emotion can bind the two together. Religion thus united all classes

in the Middle Ages; humanism in the Renaissance, and patriotism in the Italian Risorgimento. Can we, who are facing the most solemn hour of history, produce only trivialities to inspire the vulgar and pedantry to egg on the intellectuals?

The power of art—great, universal art—upon the emotions, can hardly be over-emphasized. The "Marseillaise" has been worth to France many an army corps. Intellectuals, non-intellectuals, every heart with a drop of red blood beats faster to its rhythm. The spirit of the song has been translated into the bronzes of the Arc-de-Triomphe in a way no one can fail to understand.

Italian independence was achieved as much by the poets as by the statesmen and generals. It was the poets who fired the people and inspired them with the spirit that resulted in victory. And these poems of character so popular that every Italian school-boy knows them by heart move the cultivated as deeply as the crowd. I have never seen an eye which did not fill at hearing Carducci's oration on the death of Garibaldi. In the present war the chief Italian leader has been the poet, and the most learned and obscure poet, D'Annunzio. Many believe that it was due to his influence that Italy joined the Allies, and the inspiration of his writing has been, it is not too much to say, the determining factor in maintaining the Italian morale. The power of poetry, and poetry of the highest class, over the crowd has thus been abundantly demonstrated. In America once, many years ago, there was produced a work of art of similar character. Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* was a masterpiece of prose, yet universal in its appeal. In this war, where the occasion is so great, there has been produced, at least in America, no work of art possessing the quality of universal appeal. I saw one painting by Mr. Blashfield that I thought had it; but that unfortunately seems to have remained in the circle of the fastidious.

Some genius may yet arise to meet the need. We Americans of 1918 may still produce our "Marseillaise" and our Carducci. The sorely needed universal expression of our emotion may yet, please God, be found. Meanwhile the duty lies clear before every citizen, be he reader of the *Post* or of the *Atlantic*. The crowd must be reached. This is the supreme end. Failing the ideal means, any that is practical must be seized, and its effectiveness is the sole criterion of its propriety. Gentle reader, college professor that I am, I should cheerfully dance a cake-walk naked if it would aid in selling a single Liberty Bond!



ANIMAL AND OTHER SCULPTURE OF FREDERICK G. R. ROTH

A CULTURED traveler from France lately said: "I am surprised to see so little animal sculpture used in this country, above all in your parks. And, that which you do use on your houses, is so shockingly bad that, I suppose, it has given to all animal sculpture a bad name." We had to admit the truth of the observing Frenchman's remarks. And it made us think.

Why is it that in the entire city of New York there are no animal sculptures except the Lions in front of the Public Library—and which have had their lionhood stylised out of them—the splendid group by Cain, in Central Park, and the group of "Fighting Eagles," also in Central Park? True, there is the dog—held in leash by Ward's "Indian," and there are a few animal pieces in the Bronx Zoo. And that is all!

Why is this—since there is nothing more decorative and interesting than a good piece of animal sculpture? Is it because, as the Frenchman aforesaid surmised, that the animal sculpture on our houses, carved by a lot of butchers of stone, are so hideously grotesque—because the "artists" could not do them any better? It certainly cannot be because of the lack of love among Americans for animals nor can it be for lack of good animal sculptors. We have Harvey, Potter, Proctor—to name them

alphabetically—who have all done some excellent work in this line.

Then we have Mr. Roth, some of whose work will compare favorably with some of the best done by European sculptors of animals.

As one wanders through the avenues of Paris and notes the many splendid "portes cochères," or entrances, to the fine apartment houses one finds there, how often do we come across a fine head of some animal among the decorative keystones in those entrances, beautifully and decoratively han-



Bronze Group "Polar Bears"—By F. G. R. Roth, Sculptor



Part of the "Arch of the Nations" at Panama-Pacific Exposition

dled—because the architect in France did not dare affront the intelligence of the public of Paris by permitting such monstrous perversions in stone of fine animals to be placed anywhere as we see in this country, "chucked" into the façades and on the stair-posts of New York houses, and permitted by the atrociously commercial architects who have littered this city with their architectural misfits. This does not of course refer to those high class architects who see to it that every corner of their exteriors are at least respectably handled by the sculptors and stone cutters they employ.

When will our architects not only encourage a larger use of animal subjects in the decoration of our buildings, but see to it that they are executed by capable sculptors such as have made of animals



Louis XIV. Dining-room

B. Altman & Co., Decorators

B. Altman & Co.

The Department for Interior Decoration

is fully equipped to carry out the

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of

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Orders placed now will secure the advantages
of present prevailing cost of labor and material

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Curtains

Carpets

Cabinet Making

Upholstery

Household Linens

Rugs

Madison Avenue-Fifth Avenue, New York

Thirty-fourth Street

Thirty-fifth Street



"Princeton Tiger" in marble, at the Princeton Athletic Field

a specialty, simply because they love them and are drawn to dwell with them and study them more than does the average sculptor or layman?

Referring now to Mr. Roth's sculptures, could anything be more spirited and decorative than the Spandrel—see Fig. 1—showing Pegasus mounting to Parnassus with the Young Poet? and made for the "Arch of the Nations" at the San Francisco Exposition. How beautifully Mr. Roth has filled his allotted triangular space! And how extremely well he has constructed the horse and this in low-relief! Why should not this be utilized on some entrance door for a fine apartment house or some bank here in New York with a companion piece equally as decorative? (See illustration on page 352.)

Fig. 2—called "The Princeton Tiger," in Tennessee marble, on the gate wall of the Athletic field at Princeton, is a fine piece of architectural stylisation of a tiger—without the tiger nature being stylised out of it. It is not only a tiger but a calmly expectant and fierce tiger, ready for the onslaught of the enemy. Nothing better in this line has been done in this country, small as the work may be, size being of no especial importance in a work of art.

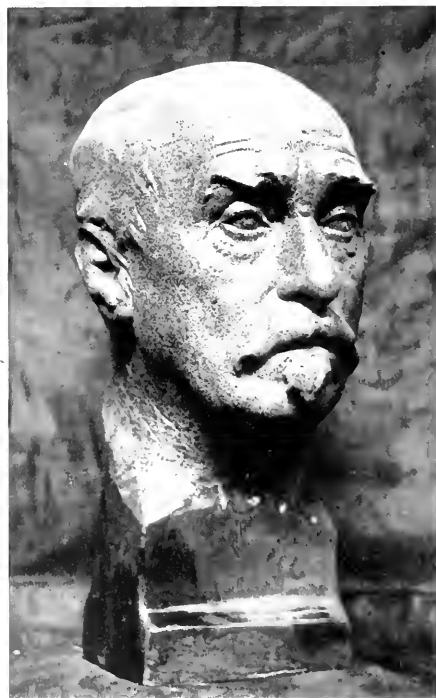
Fig. 3 shows a colossal group of Polar Bears. This work, about eight feet high, is a masterpiece in its way, and is now in the Museum of Detroit. Bronze reductions, twenty-four inches high, of this remarkable work, can be had at the Gorham's of

this city. The work speaks for itself and needs no comment, except to say that no finer piece of animal sculpture has been produced by an American than this group.

Fig. 4—shows a portrait bust by Mr. Roth in Ceramics, an extremely lifelike and most interesting piece of work. All the forms are stylised—but not too much, just enough to show that a craftsman with imagination did the work.

Mr. Roth has done many other pieces of work that are of a high degree of excellence and which should commend him to those who lean towards animal sculpture. He has also made the horse of the group of Kitt Carson at Trinidad, Colo.—Mr. A. A. Lukeman having made the rider, Carson. This does not mean that Mr. Roth could not also have modelled the man as well as the horse and, we hope, that when this war is over some Art Commission will entrust him alone with an entire equestrian group, feeling sure he could handle it with success.

Mr. Roth was born in Brooklyn in 1872. He had his initial training in The Academy of the Fine Arts in Vienna. He also studied in Berlin, Italy, France and then studied in New York. By his work he has been recognized by his fellow sculptors who have made him a member of the National Academy of Design, where he has been instructor in modelling classes for women.



Portrait bust in ceramics—By F. G. R. Roth, Sculptor

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THE LURE OF OLD BOOKS

(Continued from page 342)

of the Huth collection of rare books and illuminated manuscripts.

It is estimated that more than \$1,200,000 has been realized from the dispersal of the Huth library to date, thus ranking in importance with the Hoe and other notable collections.

It is early to predict what the coming season will have to offer to bibliophiles, but it is known that Mr. Henry E. Huntington will figure prominently in the list of collectors who have duplicates of rare books to place upon the auction block.

Then there is the Cox "Attic library" of Chicago, which will be dispersed in New York during the coming season. It is said that Eugene Field and other literateurs assembled in this library some years ago, and told stories and jokes of the literary and Bohemian life.

The circle of collectors is gradually extending, and is no longer confined to New York, for it now includes Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo and the West.

A new group of collectors has been started abroad since the development of the war, and it is predicted that books by French writers will be popular in the future. There are others who prefer works with gaudy binding instead of the contents, but of course this class does not represent the true bibliophile.

The lure of collecting old books is sure to continue, and prices are bound to soar for rarities. It is a fascinating pastime, and a hobby worthy of all who prize good literature and the monumental achievements of our noted authors. Like art, once the artist departs, his work increases in value, if it is good art. So it is with the best literature. It is always a profitable investment.

GREAT ART IN LITTLE CEREMONIES OF JAPAN

(Continued from page 335)

gasp. Their creator is an artist, nothing less. Out of rice powder he will fashion sprays of plum blossoms, stalks of bamboo, peonies and other flowers.

But hardly less charming are the cakes made for more ordinary occasions. The wings of butterflies are not more delicate than some of them. On the daintiest of crystal wafers are etched in soft colors every variety of pictures: lovely touches of landscape, peerless Mt. Fuji with a cap of snow.

Japan may lack a national moral religion, but she has cultivated, as a religion, the art of transforming the commonplace. That this element, from which we all suffer, can be changed is shown by this people who, with a rare genius, create exquisite cakes from beans, sweet potatoes, carrots and even fish.

THE STORY OF THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE

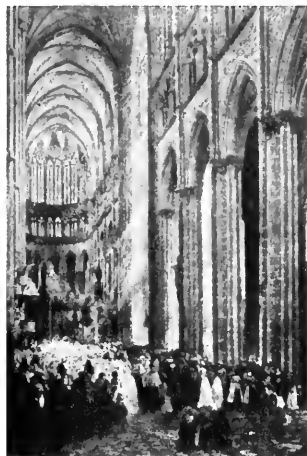
THE Art Students' League was organized in 1875 by a group of students who seceded from the old Academy school, pooled the expenses of a studio and instructors, and located at Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street. From this democratic and cooperative beginning, the League has developed through forty-three years to its present large and successful proportions, maintaining always the organization and ideals of its founders. Its growth from the very beginning was so rapid that in 1882 it was forced to seek more spacious quarters in Fourteenth street.

This in time proved inadequate and the League again moved, this time to 147 East Twenty-third street, where almost double the space used before was obtained. In 1892, to comply with the ever-increasing need of space, the Art Students' League, in cooperation with the Architectural League of New York and the Society of American Artists, erected the American Fine Arts Building, where the League now occupies especially designed studios with a floor space of approximately 12,000 square feet.

The students of the League come from every part of the world and it gives free scholarships to students of many other schools throughout the country, thus making it possible for them to not only have the advantages of study at the League, but of the many opportunities offered by the metropolis. The Fine Arts Building, the home of the League, of which it is part owner, is the recognized exhibition center of New York, and is accessible to the Metropolitan Museum and the current exhibitions at the minor galleries, which are always open to students.

The League was founded June 2, 1875, and incorporated February 8, 1878, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining an Academic School of Art which should give a thorough course of study in Drawing, Painting and Sculpture, and for the cultivation of a spirit of fraternity among art students. It is the endeavor of the League that the students of all branches of art shall find instruction of the highest possible order. To this end the most distinguished and competent artists are invited to teach at the League, and practically every American artist of note has some time or other been connected with the League. The League is interested not only in creating technical excellence, but is desirous of training a group of men and women of character and distinction, and aims to foster individuality and to assist the students to cultivate that expression of self which is the only path to great success.

The choice of studies at the League is entirely elective, and no entrance examinations of any kind



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are required for any class. It is content to offer the best opportunities to the student and to let the individual use his own discretion in their application. Run always for the benefit of the student, and suited to his requirements, many points of view are represented by the various instructors, and the League is the world of American Art in miniature. As a proof that the school is filling the needs of to-day and strong enough to survive the troubled times, it looks to its enrollment which shows the names of 1,551 students during the past year.

The organization is unique among art schools, and its longevity and success bear witness to its soundness and vitality. Students who qualify are eligible for membership in the Art Students' League, and it is from the members and by their vote that the governing body, called the Board of Control, is annually chosen. The Board of Control consists of twelve members, the majority of whom are students actually at work in the school, who give their services entirely without remuneration. The members of this Board of Control, being in such daily and vital contact with the life and affairs of the League, are able to respond promptly to the needs of the institution, and to the desires of the instructors and students in it. They select and engage the instructors and employees of the League, conduct the management of the school, and handle its finances. Having no endowment fund, the League has for forty-three years been run entirely by the tuition fees of its pupils.

Students who have worked in the classes for three months are eligible for membership, and may be elected at any regular meeting provided that their work comes up to the required standard. Membership in the League is divided into two classes with respect to annual dues, viz.: Class A who pay \$1.00 per year and shall receive no rebates upon tuition, and Class B who shall pay \$5.00 per year and shall receive rebates upon tuition as follows: 10 per cent. of the first year's tuition, 20 per cent. of the second year's tuition and in corresponding ratio to 50 per cent. of the fifth year's tuition and thereafter at the rate of the fifth year. All new members enter Class A for the remainder of the school year in which they were elected and shall then be eligible to Class B. Members of both classes shall be entitled to the voting power and to all other privileges of League membership. Any member who has been in good standing for ten years may become a life member, exempt from annual dues, and with the same privileges as active members. The advantages of membership are manifold, for exhibitions and lectures to which all members are invited are given at frequent intervals during the year.

There are also frequent meetings of members during the year, at which each member has a voice in the administration of the affairs of the League.

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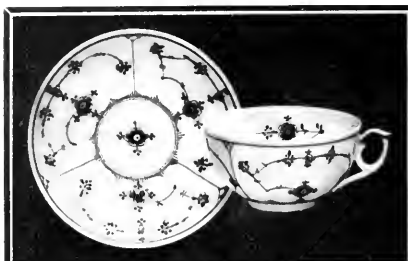
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ART AND WAR WORK

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The New York School of Fine and Applied Art desires to meet, as nearly as it can be done, this most complicated condition. It will not only keep to the full measure of its previous standards all of its professional courses and offer in addition courses in the crafts and other industrial art subjects for teachers and returned soldiers, but it will offer to all students a unique plan whereby they may combine their regular professional courses with the work for rehabilitation at the same time.

CAPTAIN NAIRN KILLED IN FLANDERS

Mr. Peter Campbell, treasurer of Nairn Linoleum Co., has received news from Scotland to the effect that Captain Ian Nairn was killed on September 2nd at the Battle of Peronne. Captain Nairn entered the service four years ago and served in Flanders until he was sent to Mesopotamia, where he served for a year and then was ordered back to Flanders, where, after three months, he met his death.

Captain Nairn was the only son of John Nairn, President of the Michael Nairn & Co., Ltd., of Scotland, and also a director of the Nairn Linoleum Company, of Newark, N. J.

SCAMMON LECTURES

The Art Institute of Chicago has offered a distinguished compliment to the teaching fraternity in inviting Dr. James P. Hancy, Director of Art in High Schools in New York City, to give the next course of lectures under the Scammon foundation. The institute indicates the keen interest which industrial art is eliciting at the present time by inviting Dr. Hancy to speak on this topic. Six lectures will be given, and these will subsequently be published in the volume by the institute.

The Scammon foundation is perhaps the most noted art lecture foundation in the country. It was founded by Mrs. Maria Sheldon Scammon, and since its establishment in 1903 has had as speakers the foremost painters, sculptors, and architects of America, including John LaFarge, Edwin H. Blashfield, John W. Alexander, Lorado Taft and Ralph Adams Cram.

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CONTENTS

FOR OCTOBER

THE OCCUPATION CURE FOR SHELL-SHOCK: By M. Allen Starr, M.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Neurology, Columbia University: First of Series of Articles on the Understanding of Home Treatment of Shell-Shock.

MAHONRI YOUNG: An American Sculptor: What He Has to Say in Art About His Own Country. (Illustrated.)

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SORTING THE ENLISTED MEN. (Illustrated.) By Marguerite Wilkinson.

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE. By Margaret Wildmer.

THE BOTTOMLY HOUSE. (Illustrated.)

BACK STAIRS: A Story. By Edith Unger.

LAKE WORTH AT TWILIGHT. (Illustrated.)

UNIFORMS WHICH AMERICAN WOMEN HAVE ADOPTED FOR THEIR WAR WORK. (Illustrated.)

TOUCHSTONE HOUSES.

CRAFTWORK FOR THE SOLDIERS. (Illustrated.)

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AMERICAN ART STUDENT DEPARTMENT.

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All of these articles are by authorities and in a way written that every mother, sister, wife in America may understand and learn to be of assistance in this great work of rebuilding the best manhood of our country.

To establish more completely the value of this vital work, we are opening a TOUCHSTONE BUREAU of information on shell-shock with offices in the Anderson Galleries, New York, directed by a staff of well informed people to answer in person or by correspondence any and all questions pertaining to shell-shock, nerve trouble and wounds in general, resulting from the war.

In addition to this shell-shock work, THE TOUCHSTONE will constitute itself a record for general War Work in America—what the Government and what the civilian are doing for the soldiers and sailors; and all the creative war work that the country is undertaking will be reviewed in detail.

A series of 7 Articles on Craft Work for the Soldiers also begins in this October Issue

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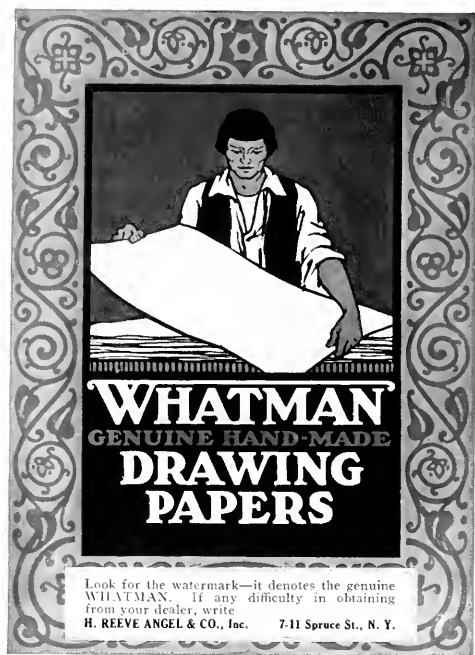
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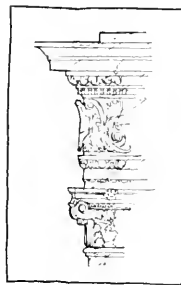
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THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

(Continued from page 327)

principle was not expressed in the publications of Vignola, Serlio, and others, yet it was felt vaguely in a general way, and the outward curve of the entablature secured by the application to the frieze of ornament in high relief, especially at the corners, and on occasion this high relief was accentuated by the addition of cartouches, a prominent example being in the case of the entablature of the pedestal of the Colleoni statue in Venice (Fig. XXI).



XXI. Detail from pedestal
Colleoni Statue.

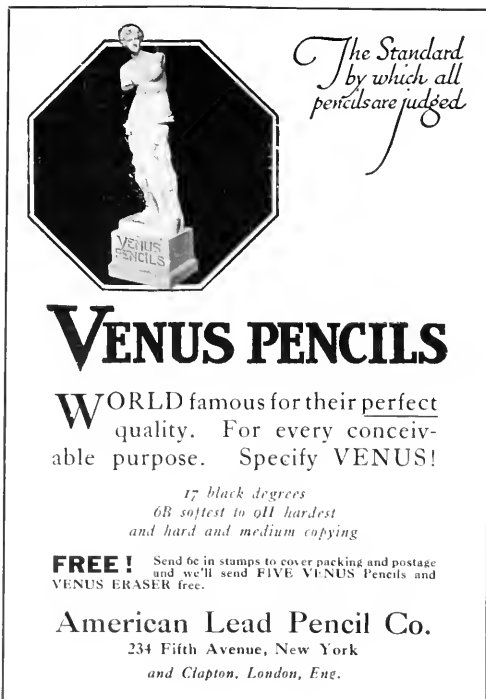
As has been stated, in the application of these general principles there is no definite rule. The conditions vary, and the design varies, and when once the principles are understood, their application becomes a matter of taste and study, such study as can be made by careful drawings, supplemented always by models at a small scale and at full size, but in all cases it must be remembered that these variations from what we are usually accustomed to consider normal relations are very slight, and if used at all must be used with the greatest care, because if there is any exaggeration of projection or noticeable over-emphasis the effect is lost, just as the entasis on a column is very beautiful and appropriate when properly done, giving a wonderful grace and charm to the shaft, but becomes foolish and unmeaning when so apparent that it is readily noticeable.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF A PERIOD STYLE

(Continued from page 339)

wreaths of undying fragrance and beauty. And these same wreaths a later period has laid sadly on the very grave of a Renaissance that died through its own worldliness and material grossness. It is this earlier style of the Italian Renaissance that we should strive to perpetuate in spirit in our best work.

Finally and most important, the degree of literalness with which a style may be successfully adapted to changed conditions resolves itself into a matter of the personal and interpretative, rather than the impersonal and merely descriptive, aspect of its adaptation.



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Illustrated Catalogue: Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary

COMPETITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE

THE Architectural League is offering for the coming season the Henry L. Avery prize for sculpture and a special prize of Three Hundred Dollars for the best design submitted by an architect, sculptor and mural painter in collaboration.

Two spaces have been assigned in the coming exhibition on either side of the steps approaching the Vanderbilt Gallery for the installation of two jardinières in arched recesses. The design of one of these is to be the subject of this competition.

The jardinière and its support are to be of stone, faience or metal and the back, sides and soffit of the recess or niche together with the space surrounding it, are to be treated as part of the design in any material desired.

The jardinière or its support must include in its design a sculptural representation of the human figure or of animal life.

The form of the recess and its dimensions must be adhered to. It must not exceed 2'6" in depth and no portion of the jardinière may project more than six inches beyond the face of the wall.

Competitors shall submit—

(a) A sketch in color at a scale of 1"=one ft.

(b) A sketch model of the jardinière and its support at a scale of 2"=one ft.

These drawings and models and no others are to be delivered, unpacked and carriage paid on November 1, 1918, at the room of the Architectural League, 215 West 57th street, New York City, addressed to the Committee on Competitions and Awards.

From the designs so submitted the Jury not later than November 10th will select the two which in their judgment are the best and the Authors of each of these two designs shall receive the sum of one hundred dollars to cover the cost of producing their design at full size and installing same in the exhibition. The production of these designs at full size does not necessarily imply the execution in the actual materials but merely a sufficiently complete indication of form, color and texture to enable the jury to judge of the finished effect.

The judgment for the special "Collaborative" prize and for the Avery prize for sculpture will be confined to these two designs. In order to be eligible for the prizes and for the appropriation of one hundred dollars these designs must be ready for installation in the exhibition not later than January 15, 1919. Full particulars may be received on application to the League.

THE WAR AND THE SCHOOL

THE war has brought many changes to the Rhode Island School of Design, which suggest important developments in the future, and modify existing conditions. It has sobered our work and made it more serious, it has pointed the way to greater service, and brought the School into closer relationship with other institutions doing similar work. The School has seen its young men in large numbers respond to the call of the country for active service, its young women laboring to do their share in Red Cross auxiliary work, its workshops given over to special classes planned for the needs of the war in



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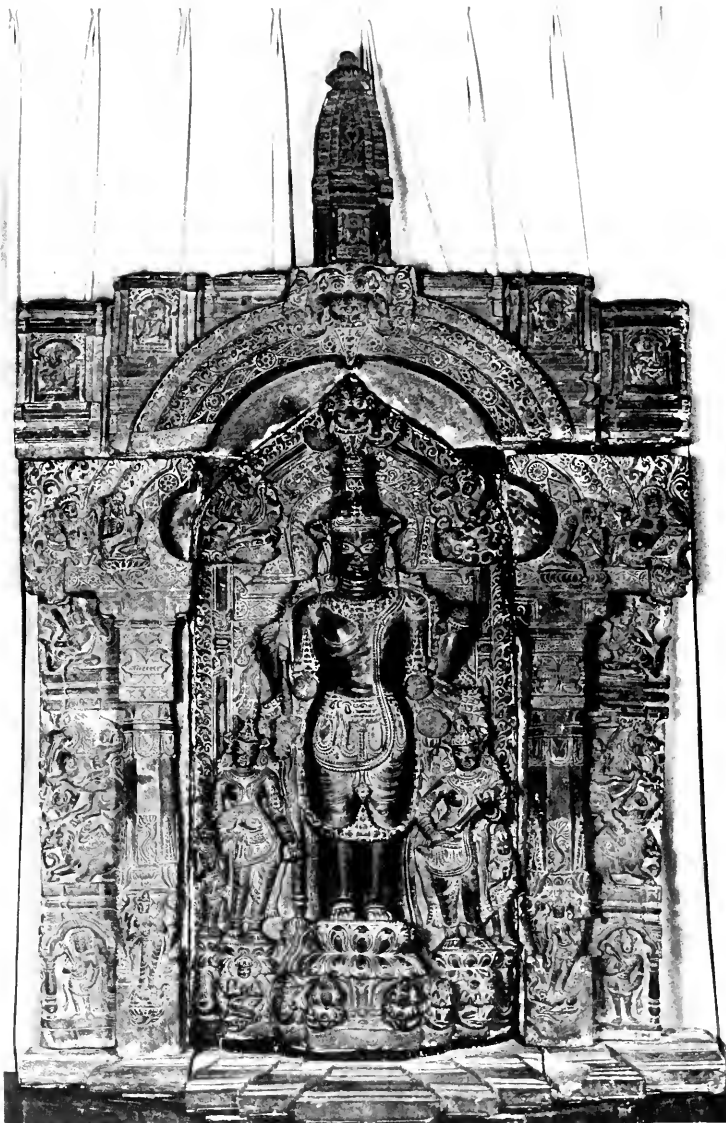
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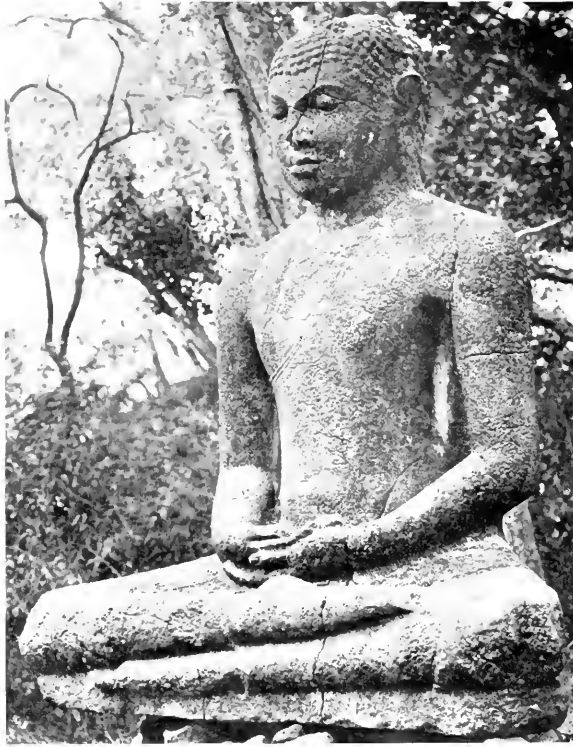
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VISHNU,
HINDU RELIEF,
12th Century or earlier,
Kevorkian Collection



Buddha in Samadhi, Ceylon, 2nd Century A. D.

ASIATIC ART—I. INDIA

By DR. ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY
(of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

IT was first emphatically pointed out by Okakura Kakuzo, in "The Ideals of the East," that Asiatic art—essentially the art of India and the Far East—shows a fundamental unity. To follow the development of such an art in any profound way demands of the student an understanding of the life it expresses, alike in its institutional and spiritual aspects. These, again, are inseparably connected, and not, as they are in modern industrial societies, sharply divided: connected, as they were in Mediaeval Europe, where the guild and the cathedral belonged to a common order. Contrary to popular belief, in other words, the art of Asia is not an art of luxury, but an art of use and expression; and we should remember that art is never "quaint" except for those who do not understand it.

The greatest crisis of Indian history centres round approximately the sixth and fifth centuries B. C., and finds expression in the philosophy of the Upanishads and the psychology of Buddhism. These were intellectual rather than emotional move-

ments, not requiring, and even consciously avoiding aesthetic formulation. The history of Indian sculpture and painting is, in fact, directly determined, not by the philosophies, but by the development of the devotional cults, with their theology and ritual.

Early Buddhist art, of the third or second century B. C., is realistic, and omits from its representation of edifying anecdote the figure of the Buddha himself, who belongs no more to any world or heaven of sense or form. But when to all intents and purposes the Buddha was "deified," and Buddhist theologians developed the doctrine of the Bodhisattvas—Buddhas of the future, meanwhile dedicated to the work of salvation—need was felt for images visibly representing the adored divinities. It was inevitable then that the Buddha should be represented in the likeness of a seated Yogi, in the posture already long and inseparably associated with the practise of the meditations that lead to spiritual freedom. The Yogi is compared to a flame in a windless spot that does not flicker. It was these positions that de-



Nataraja copper, about 12th Century A. D.
Madras Museum

terminated the external form and inner content of the monumental type of the seated Buddha which is at once the earliest and the supreme expression of religious art in Asia. Contrasted with this symbol of attainment are the activities of teaching and the emotions of compassion and of supernatural generosity that characterize the Bodhisattvas, and their feminine counterparts, the Taras.

The development of Hindu art is similarly determined, though its earliest manifestations are perhaps no longer extant. The doctrine of devotion to a personal god—the Adorable, manifest in Krishna—is laid down with special emphasis in the Bhagavad Gita, a work probably antecedent to the Christian era, while images of Hindu gods were certainly made as early as the second century B. C. It is not, however, until the Gupta period (4th–6th century A. D.) that we meet with actual images of Vishnu and illustrations of the Krishna legends: side by side with these there appear the figure of Siva, who represents, in the main, the terrible, as Vishnu the benign, powers of Nature. This Brahmanical sculpture reaches its zenith in the seventh and eighth centuries; the work of this period is of monumental quality, and cut, for the most part in the living rock.

Aside from Nepal and Ceylon, and Bengal until the 12th century, Buddhism and Buddhist art disappear from India after the eighth century, and

the whole of Indian art, apart from the surviving tradition of the Jains, and the Musalman art of the Mughal period, is Hindu. The sculpture takes the form of the immovable (usually stone) principal images of the temples; the movable images carried in processions, and those used in private chapels (usually of copper or brass); and the external sculpture of religious buildings, in stone or stucco.

Vaishnava sculpture perhaps predominates: but there is a southern school of Saiva art of immense importance and interest. The southern "bronzes" are best known by the figures of Nataraja, or Lord of the Dance—one of the many forms of Siva. As the Buddha figure stands for the stillness of Absolute Being (phenomenal Non-Existence), so that Dancing Siva represents the manifestation of the Absolute in time, as a cosmic process of creation, continuation and destruction, and a spiritual process of illusion and release. Incidentally, we notice here the synthetic use of additional members—in the present case of two additional arms—analogueous to the methods employed by Egyptian, Greek and mediaeval art in the sphinxes, winged victories and angels and centaurs: the student who is startled by these methods may be reminded that the serious task of aesthetic appreciation is not to be evaded by a simple process of counting arms or of remarking



Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara
Ceylon, 8th Century A. D., in the Museum of Fine
Arts, Boston

anatomical impossibilities, and that the end of art is not achieved in verisimilitude, but in expression.

Turning now to painting, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that, owing to accidental circumstances, there are yawning gaps in the series of extant remains. It is, indeed, a matter for congratulation that there should have been preserved, at Ajanta, on the walls of excavated Buddhist temples (the latest of which belong to the sixth or seventh centuries A. D.) an extensive series of frescoes illustrating the lives of the Buddha in his last and in previous incarnations. Animal and human life is represented here with passionate sympathy for all its loveliness: and the Buddhist spirit finds expression, less in hieratic formulae or in asceticism, than in the transparency with which the mutability of life is analyzed, as it passes before us in all its transient glory. Note, in passing, that this is a highly sophisticated art: and all its seeming spontaneity and naïveté is the product of a supreme mastery of technique, and especially of an unsurpassed research in the expression of emotion in gesture. The connection between painting and dramatic technique is as close as that between the painting and the literature.

Jainism is a religion of contemporary origin with Buddhism, and somewhat analogous in its development. Jaina painting is represented by illustrations in manuscripts of the fifteenth century and later: and these are of interest not merely as the oldest surviving Indian paintings on paper, but as examples of Indian book illustration, which is as rare in the Hindu tradition as it is characteristic of the

Persian—and also because the old hieratic formulae are here so faithfully preserved, and the style is still classic.

In Rajput painting of the sixteenth to eighteenth century—the art of Rajputana and the Punjab hills, we recover the traces of the older Hindu traditions in a different way, for here the greater part of the work is done on paper, and the themes are mainly determined by the same movement of Vaishnava mysticism which finds expression in the Hindi poetry. Just as in the poetry, however, the painting unites the elements of classic rhetoric with the culture of the folk, derived from the life of the village, home and pasture. The dominant motif is that of the Krishna legend—where the loves of the Divine Cowherd and the milkmaids of Brindaban are interpreted in the sense of a spiritual drama—but subjects derived from epic literature, legends of Siva and Parvati, and illustrations of the musical modes are almost equally characteristic. There is considerable variety in style. The sixteenth century “musical modes” of Rajputana are daring in draughtsmanship and strong in color—recalling, indeed, the palette used at Ajanta—while the seventeenth and eighteenth century works of the Himalayas, especially those from the Kangra valley, are daintier in drawing and more tender in coloring. The Kangra valley paintings, indeed, possess an irresistible charm, peculiar to themselves, and unlike any other art in the world, with the possible exception of the Italian primitives.

Rajput painting is essentially an art of ideas and emotions: and in this respect it differs funda-



Ducks, Mughal Miniature Painting, by Mansur. 16th Century, Kevorkian Collection



Inlaid jade hukka base, Mughal, 17th Century,
South Kensington Museum

mentally from the contemporary, and better known art of the Mughal courts, which attained to such high perfection under Akbar and Jahangir at the close of the sixteenth and in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. This is primarily an art of portraiture: and there still survives in various collections an almost unique gallery of surviving likenesses of all the prominent men of the period. In many cases the names of the painters are also known, Abdu-l-Samad, Abu-l-Hasan, Bishndas, and Mansur being amongst the most important, the latter particularly as a painter of animals. Mughal art, however, scarcely belongs to the national tradition. It is not in any sense an art of the people: and it is eclectic, embodying Indian, Persian and European elements in almost equal proportions.

The only survival of the Mughal school is to be recognized in the nineteenth century and modern Delhi ivory miniatures, which are hardly to be regarded seriously as works of art.

Very recently there has been a revival of painting in Calcutta, led by Abanindronath and Gogonendronath Tagore, nephews of the poet, and their pupils. This new school is at once archaistic and eclectic, and marks a restoration in taste rather than a new development of creative power. The industrial arts of India are of the highest importance, but must be dismissed with the briefest mention in the present article. Enamelling has been called the master handicraft of India, and nothing can surpass the color and design of the enamelled jewellery and decorated weapons. The wrought gold and gem-set jewellery and metal work are equally distinguished. The art of inlaying jade with precious stones was highly perfected under the Mughals, and a similar technique was used in architectural ornament, particularly in that of the famous Taj Mahal, the mausoleum of Nura Jahan built by Shah Jahan. Indian carpets, too, of the Mughal period are noteworthy. The cotton prints, flowered muslins, embroideries and silk brocades are of wonderful charm and pure design. Ivory and wood carving are chiefly of architectural application.

One final word regarding the status of the craftsman and artist. Indian sociology is based on the idea of function. The position of the craftsman in such a society is secure, and he is protected alike by religious and secular sanctions. There can be no manner of doubt that he took a profound delight in his work, which he regarded as a vocation: and under no other conditions would it have been possible for him to have worked with so much devotion, or to have solved the problems submitted to him, with so much success.



Illustrated Jain manuscript, "Tonsure of Mahavira," North Indian, 15th Century.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



(10) Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist
Raffaellino del Garbo (1427-1524)
Collection of Adolph Lewisohn, Esq.

THE SYMPATHETIC APPEAL OF ITALIAN PRIMITIVE PAINTINGS

LAST November the Kleinberger Galleries, New York, exhibited a Loan Collection of Italian Primitive pictures, in aid of the American War Relief. It was the most important exhibition of the kind ever held in this country. It was an honor to the firm, and reflected credit on the public-spirited citizens who had bought and loaned these works, many of them gems. The Press did not do its full duty in noticing that effort in the interest of American art. We, ourselves, plead guilty. But the intentions we then had were frustrated by circumstances, so we make amends now.

* * *

Pragmatically speaking, our aesthetic impressions come to us through three channels—our body, mind and soul—all three dominated by our Ego. Schopenhauer would call this Ego the “Will.” Other philosophers have called it the “I,” the “Me,” others the “Consciousness.” We will call it the Ego, which means we, ourselves.

The body, mind and soul may be said to be composed of different elements, and each in the charge of a valet of the Ego—the one serving as Minister Physical and the others as Minister Intellectual and Minister Spiritual, whose function it is to serve as perceivers, receivers and transmitters of all pleasures,

thoughts, ideas or sentiments—physical, intellectual and spiritual—to be brought before and offered to the Ego, for its enjoyment, and for which it is constantly alert, and which it is free to accept or reject, after considering them.

Most of our pleasures are complex, but some are mainly physical, some mainly intellectual, some mainly spiritual.

Every man's rank, in the scale of honorability, is fixed by the degree to which his Ego is inclined mostly towards either physical, intellectual or spiritual pleasures, because the Creator has decreed that all creation is a process of growth—away from the merely animal towards the spiritual—the spiritual being the flower of creation.

By spiritual we do not at all mean “religious dogmas.” We mean everything that is removed from the purely material and physically functional, and everything that is removed from purely material and intellectually functional. Therefore, the pleasures of the body are inferior to those of the mind, and those of the mind inferior to those of the soul.

This may be called a new psychology. It is symbolic—a mere sketch—but, pragmatically, it “works,” as Professor James would have said. No man's psychology is any more than pragmatically



(1) Madonna and Child
By Margaritone d'Arezzo (1260-1329)
Collection of Miss Belle Greene

true—even the system of our pragmatist Professor James. The fact is: Some force, or faculty, brings thoughts or ideas before us—our Ego—and often with astonishing persistence, and often when we are not at all in a mood to be troubled with considering them, and try to drive them away—when, for example, we prefer to sleep. Now, whether we call this thought-bringing faculty a “valet,” or a “Minister Intellectual,” and which often appears to have a body like an imp, matters not. Tolstoy somewhere quotes Schopenhauer as having also used the idea of a Minister Intellectual bringing ideas before the “Will” for its consideration.

To typify these idea-fetching faculties as *beings*, is so natural, that it was done by the early primitive artists. Giotto pictured the soul as a bird leaving the body.

To show that other peoples think of their souls and bodies being distinct and separate, Mr. L. M. Phillips, in his “Form and Color,” says: “We misconceive Hinduism, therefore, if we think of it as a religion. The highest good upon earth, to a Hindu, is the realization of what he *is*. Salvation, redemption, everlasting bliss consists in being able to say: “I am Brahman.” There is here no room for adoration, or worship, or prayer; for there is no God or state of being—apart from spiritual essence—which is ourselves. There is nothing to adore,

or worship, or pray to. All the energy which others throw into worship and prayer the consistent Hindu pours into the intense act of introspection which reveals to him his own spiritual nature. This is the only infinity, the only divinity. This is the seat and source of all light, or truth, or wisdom, or praise. With all the fervor with which religious people struggle to *save* their souls, the Hindu struggles to *know* his soul.

“All Hindu thought, I say, centers and plays around this conception of the spiritual consciousness, or soul, of man as his only guide and inspiration. The soul is the faculty upon which the East depends for illumination. The faculty which has always stood in place of intellect. Of this the whole civilization and life of the East is the outcome. The whole civilization and life of the East flows from this habit the East has always had of looking exclusively to the soul for guidance and not at all to the intellect.”

Whether we regard this philosophy as absurd, because unfecond, from our point of view, it does tend to prove that the majority of men think they have a soul and an intellect separate from each other and distinct from the body, and that the soul of man constantly aspires to something beyond itself, something higher, something spiritual. Spiritual aspiration is also the basis of the life of the Buddhists and of the Zoroastrians and of the Chris-



(8) Madonna and Child, with Angels
By Cosimo Rosselli (1439-1507)
Collection of Mrs. Benjamin Thaw

tians. So that no matter what over-lays there may be—of passions, longings, and hopes—deep down under all lies an aspiration in the human soul towards something spiritual. This longing was never stronger than during the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. The primitive religious pictures of Italy incarnate and radiate that spiritual longing, which shows itself even in the secular pictures of that and succeeding epochs. Therefore, for whatever has that spiritual quality, we have an instinctive sympathy when we, or our Ego, are most truly ourselves and free from the grip of our physical hungers and intellectual prejudices. The early primitives, even the secular ones, do radiate that spiritual quality—hence our instinctive sympathy for them, which natural sympathy is only destroyed, in the minds of some men, when they become intellectually irritated by the technical—the intellectual—short-comings of craftsmanship.

Civilization means a getting away from the animal towards the spiritual as far as possible—consistent with the preservation and perfection of the race. Therefore, the strongest men the race produces long for the spiritual more and more—as they age. As a reflex of this Herbert Spencer



(3) Madonna and Child, with Angels
By Pier Francesco Fiorentino (1475-1497)
Collection of Michael Dreicer, Esq.

said: "Self-control is man's highest achievement." This truth made Emerson say: "In youth we give way to these passions; later in life the mind and heart open up to grander ideals." Finally, the spiritual involves not only the *negative*, anti-material and anti-animal—it involves the *positively* spiritual which, in its highest manifestation, is Poetry.

Every creative artist is loaded with physical hungers of all kinds. These are essential to creation. Voltaire said finally: "Our passions are the winds which fill the sails of our ships; they sometimes sink it; but without them the ship could not sail." Our passions are the source of all our energy and enthusiasm, and Goethe said: "Without enthusiasm nothing great is possible." But many young artists are so rabid for unrestrained license in life and "Liberty in Art!" that they often arrive too late at the perception that the spiritual and poetic are, after all, the most important things on earth, not only for the race, but for themselves—as artists. When too late many of them see the truth of Jean Paul's remark: "But true imagination, the poetic faculty, is the most elevated thing, it is the soul of the world." And many have seen too late the force of Shakespeare's thought: "Would



(4) Madonna and Child
By Pacchiarotto (1474-1535)
Collection of Dan Fellows Platt, Esq.



(9) Madonna and Child, with Angels
By Benedetto Bonfigli (1425-1496)
Collection of Otto H. Kahn, Esq.

the gods had made thee poetical!" Mankind feels by instinct with Keats: "The poetry of earth is never dead." And Wordsworth's fine verse about poets is fully applicable to artists:

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares!
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

Let us define poetry thus:—Poetry is an *exalted* emotional state of the soul, occasioned by the impact upon it of the facts and things of life and nature; a poem is the expression of human emotion, in a written language, of a more or less rhythmic form; and a poem is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

Poetry is, in the final analysis, the flowering of all life.

The essence of all poetry is spiritual Beauty, and the essence of spiritual beauty is *melody* of line and color. In fact, every work of true beauty is, in some degree, a song or oratorio. And, when our

Ego has become strong enough to say "No!" to the most insidious lures of our Minister Physical and our Minister Intellectual, we love to listen to the call of our Minister Spiritual when he talks of the Beautiful. For there is in the warp and woof of our Ego a feeling of at-one-ness—a kinship—with the universal Ego, from which we sense our separation and, now and then, the certainty of our reunion, and who, as Solomon said, "Made all things beautiful in his time!"

* * *

Now, the Primitives, the pictures—religious or secular—of the artists who worked from 1250 to about 1520 have, nearly all, something of that spiritual, mystic, poetic Beauty. That, in short, is why we love them.

Broad-minded men love them in spite of their defects and intellectual shortcomings which are sometimes glaring to our Minister Intellectual, in the matter of perspective and proportion, often in painting, and nearly always in the drawing of important details, especially the hands and feet. But in spite of these sins against the laudable law of Ingres: "Drawing is the probity of art!" we cannot help loving them—just as we would a golden-haired child with all its childish defects—they have such an air of sincerity.

* * *

The artists who painted these Primitives were carried along by a poetic epochal-spirit which, in spite of them, forced them to be the instruments of that spirit—bent on being expressed. Radiating from every one of these Primitives is the feeling that the artist was profoundly sincere in trying to express—not his vainitous self-parading of his "individuality" in craftsmanship—but intent on striving to make the most beautiful and universally captivating thing his ingenuity could invent and create. They did not aim to surprise the world, they strove to captivate it.

Moreover, there having then been no *rules or isms*, every man, working in his own way with a naïveté that is eternally charming, used any old thing he could find—to beautify his work—color, plaster, gold, silver, copper-plate, wooden-panel, canvas, anything—and placed them in the most sumptuous of frames. It was a world-race after beauty, above all of a spiritual kind of beauty, devoid of all cold intellectualism and materialism, as well as of all sensualism and—with the distinct purpose of arousing our highest emotions of veneration and love. No "intellectualizing of the emotions" anywhere, no "aesthetic dogma"; no would-be "smart critics" of art having, as yet, been born to bewilder mankind. It is this almost ascetic, even mystic, spiritualism which lifts us into a higher realm.

Then there is in nearly every one of these Primitives an echo of that other fundamental experience of every human soul—maternal love, which permeates nearly all of these Madonna-pictures, making an appeal that we cannot help deeply sympathizing with and responding to.

Thus we are powerfully affected by these two elements—poetic spirituality and the maternal sentiment, expressed often in colors so glowing that they are the despair of our modern painters and which, now and then, are filled with a mystic beauty and charming fancy of composition and an epochal style, which gives them an added air of mystery—a most potent aesthetic element—so that we pardon their faulty, awkward drawing and say: "Yes! they are often almost childish, but I love them all the same, as voices from the dim, dead past, when a desire for abstract beauty moved the world, as it no longer does to-day."

* * *

Thus spiritual poetry, mystery, beauty of color, style in composition, an odor of antiquity, and a naïveté of workmanship, make up a lot of qualities which appeal both to our heart and soul, even if the intellect sees and criticises their shortcomings. And so we prize them more than we do other, modern works, more sophisticated even though admirable to our intellect, because impeccable enough, technically. We love the Primitive artists more than many of the moderns because the latter create works which are not only devoid of spiritual beauty and mystery and poetry, but are mainly intellectual and material, leaving the soul uncharmed; many of the artists even forgetting the warning of Michael Angelo:

"Woe to the man who's blind and senseless hand
Drags beauty down to where the senses stand."

Herein lies a lesson for our young artists. Our persistent loving of the Primitives—in spite of their technical defects—proves ineluctably that, if an artist creates a work of art which, in some way, appeals to the heart and soul of mankind, not only his work but he himself will be cherished. We cannot gain this love by merely astonishing mankind—by forcing from it only admiration. Only by lovable creations can we achieve a place in the



(7) Madonna and Child, with Angels
By Piero Pollaiuolo (1443-1496)
Collection of Martin A. Ryerson, Esq.

hearts of men, and that alone is Fame! The rest is mere vulgar notoriety.

It must be remembered that, in Italy, like in Greece, the "Golden Age" of art came almost suddenly, and it lasted scarcely more than fifty years—from the finishing by Leonardo of his "Last Supper," in 1497, and the death of Michael Angelo, in 1564—during which years were produced all the great master-works which now glorify Italy. Says Taine, in his "Philosophy of Art":

"The subject before us is the glorious epoch which men agree to regard as the most beautiful of Italian invention and which comprises with the last quarter of the Fifteenth Century the 30 or 40 first years of the Sixteenth. In this narrow space of time flourished the accomplished artists, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastian del Piombo, Correggio. And this space is clearly defined. If you step out of it, you will find before this moment an art that is still unfinished, and after it, an art that is spoiled. Before that age you will find seekers after perfection, and afterwards, exaggerated disciples or insufficient



(6) Madonna and Child, with Angels
By Fra Angelico (1387-1455)
Collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.

restorers. Before this Golden Age art germinates, afterwards it fades—the flowering is between the two and lasts about fifty years.”

Many of the Primitive artists lived on, over into this “Golden Age,” yet kept on following the imperfect primitive style and traditions, while all around them the men of the new age were creating works of faultless perfection and of a naturalistic style.

To show how the Primitives overlapped into the Golden Age: Leonardo died in 1519, yet Botticelli lived until 1510. Bellini died in 1516, and Francia in 1517. Yet these last three never stepped completely out of primitive influence into the plenitude of a perfect art and may still be counted among the Primitives. Yet Raphael died in 1520, Bartolomeo in 1517 and Del Sarto in 1531. Michael Angelo, with whom the Golden Age ended, held on until 1564.

The Primitives were governed by the wishes of the Church, the greatest patron of art, to the eternal glory of the Church, and which being, naturally,

conservative no doubt demanded pictures of a spiritual, mystic beauty and of an other-worldliness—which the Primitive *style* of these works enabled them to radiate, and through the very qualities which we regard as defects and because not so real and true as were the works of the Golden Age artists. For, while the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo are full of spirituality, they do not radiate the same amount of *mystery* as do the Primitives, which is obtained by the very lack of truth for which they are justly criticized, and which is, nevertheless, nothing more than a departure from nature, and which is the essence of all style in art. But in many of the Primitives this departure from truth is excessive—and thus it becomes repellant and ineffective.

Now, let us briefly consider some of these Primitives—and only of the Madonna class. The secular class we will notice later. One of the chief glories of nearly every one of these pictures—their gorgeousness of glowing, rich, profoundly melodious color—is unfortunately lost in the half-tones.

Constructive and expressive drawing, *i. e.*, showing correctness of movement of the members of



(2) Madonna and Child
By Andrea Orcagna (1308-1368)
Collection of Philip Lehman, Esq.

the body, hands and feet, and hence expressive of life in the entire body, being the first proof of an artist's technical power—and that being always the first need in a work of art—we have arranged the subjects according to their perfection in drawing. Of course, some that are not the best in drawing are the most gorgeous in color, and many persons prefer charming color to perfect drawing. These pictures are of various Italian schools.

Fig. 1 is by Margaritone D'Arezzo, active from 1260 to 1290, and loaned by Miss Belle Greene. It is an almost childish work of art—from our point of view. Here we notice imperfection both in the drawing and in the expression, also in the composition of lines, or style. Nevertheless, there is something devotional in the face—and, in a mysterious way, radiates from the entire picture. What the child has in its hand is a mystery; it is naive to a degree, but not without that mysterious charm we spoke of, and which somehow crept into all of the Primitive pictures, both religious and secular, no doubt a reflex of the mysticism wisely fostered by the Church.

Fig. 2, is by Andrea Orcagna, 1308-1368, loaned by Phillip Lehman, Esq. This picture was painted about 100 years later than Fig. 1. The artist, Orcagna, painted two famous archaic frescoes in the Campo Santo, at Pisa,—“The Triumph of Death” and the “Last Judgment.” The drawing here is better than in the last picture but still faulty, the child being particularly stiff and woodeny, the perspective also being faulty. But the composition is monumental and the face of the Madonna full of charm, and the total effect very impressive, in spite of the archaic style.

Fig. 3 is by Pier Francesco Fiorentino, active 1475-1497, and loaned by Michael Dreier, Esq., and painted about the same time as the foregoing picture. Here the drawing is about on a par with the foregoing, though still faulty. The style—the composition and arrangement, however, is really fine, showing a characteristic Italian landscape in the background. The face of the Christ-child is too big and is, to a degree, ugly; and the other two faces are not beautiful. But the Madonna's face is noble and full of appealing pathos. As a whole the work is very charming.

Fig. 4 is by Pachiarotto, active 1474-1535, and loaned by Dan Fellows Platt. It is a truly charming work even though the drawing is still faulty and the face of the Madonna is less beautiful than it might be. In revenge the child's face is one of the most lovely in the whole range of Madonna pictures. About thirty-eight years separate these two pictures, yet we see here a following of the traditions of the past in the Madonna, and of the naturalistic movement of the time, in the child. This picture is by a Sienese artist, a school that followed the archaic much longer than the Florentine. This accounts for



(11) Madonna and Child
By Andrea Solario (active 1493-1515)

its being still archaic in part. We must remember that Raphael, who painted the most wonderful of all Madonnas, died in 1520—fifteen years before Pachiarotto. We must remember also that, then, as now, different epochs produced “conservative” and “radical,” good, bad and mediocre artists. The latter always in the majority and some being strong in one quality and weak in another.

Fig. 5 is by Marco Polnezzano, 1456-1543. This is an example of beautiful composition or space filling, and an advance on previous work. It was one which, at that time, 1530, had become common property.

The technical weakness of the artist is shown in the drawing, which, while better than the drawing shown in the first four works, is still stiff and archaic, even though painted twenty years after the death of Raphael. Then the color values in the painting are not very true.

But there is an undeniable charm and attraction in the picture, in spite of its technical shortcomings. This is because of the fine style in the composition and the purity and spirituality of all the faces.

Fig. 6 is by Fra Angelico, 1387-1455, and was loaned by J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq. Here we have a still greater advance. A truly monumental composition and of gorgeous coloring and painted with a skill rarely surpassed by man since his time. The total effect is magnificent. But in many details the drawing is faulty. The head of the Madonna

and child are not as expressive as they might be. But the work has great charm, as most of Angelico's works have, in spite of their many defects in drawing.

Fig. 7, by Piero Pollaiuolo, 1443-1496, and loaned by Martin A. Ryerson, is, taking it all in all, an advance on that of Angelico, even though not so charming in color or composition. While none of the heads are as beautiful as they might be, there is much majesty in the Madonna, and general beauty in the work.

Fig. 8 is by Cosimo Rosselli, 1439-1507, and loaned by Mrs. Benjamin Thaw. It is an advance on the last picture. For composition and drawing it approaches close to a masterpiece. The work is altogether charming, monumental in composition and full of beauty in all its details.

Fig. 9, by Benedetto Bonfigli, 1425-1496, and loaned by Otto H. Kahn, Esq., is an altogether exquisite picture, even though in style and drawing it harks back to the archaic tradition. All the faces are very beautiful and of an other-world spirituality. Here we face a masterpiece of expression, of fine feeling, worthy of Raphael.

Fig. 10, by Raffaellino Del Garbo, 1476-1524, was loaned by Adolph Lewisohn, Esq. Here we have a masterpiece of composition and an almost perfectly drawn picture. The only thing we would criticise is that the face of the child is too much of a portrait of some child. It looks a trifle old; but the work, as a whole, is one of the most beautiful that we saw in the exhibition.

Fig. 11, by Andrea Solario, 1493-1515, and owned by the Kleinbergers, is altogether a masterpiece and worthy of any artist. The only criticism that could

be offered of this picture is that the neck of the Madonna is a little thick and the face a little too broad—from the standpoint of beauty. But the composition is so beautiful, the drawing so perfect, and the movement so true; the color so fine and the color values and atmosphere so extraordinary; the expression of maternal joy and of the child suckling its Mother so fine, that, technically speaking, it is a gem. Here we have at least the most perfect expression of the Mother in the eleven pictures, and she comes as near the real Madonna as any of them do.

Of course, in all comparisons we finally arrive at a degree of perfection as we place side by side certain works, where we are forced to say: "How happy I would be with either were t'other dear charmer away!" We repeat we have numbered the pictures from 1 to 11 on the basis of the technical ability displayed, from the standpoint of the highest art which the Renaissance produced—after the Primitive style and tradition had passed into the thing of the past. As to which of these—from No. 6 to 11—is the most charming, that will depend on the particular temperament of the beholder and his preference for one element of art over another, color over drawing, expression of maternity over composition, etc. But when we make due allowance for this that and the other, this work by Solario comes closer to being a masterpiece, of naturalistic art, than any of the others here illustrated.

It would be a fine thing for someone to gather together all of these Primitive Italian pictures and leave them to the Metropolitan Museum, along with others, also extremely interesting, and thus serve as a fine record of the evolution of the Madonna idea in Italian art.



(5) Madonna and Child, with Saints. By Marco Palmezzano (1456-1543)
Collection of Michael Friedsam, Esq.



Memorial to Elizabeth Boott Duveneck, 1891

FRANK DUENECK

By PETRONIUS ARBITER

THE Houghton, Mifflin Company have just issued an 84-page notice of Frank Duveneck, the American artist, with 22 illustrations of his works, which is an event in the American world of art. The book is well worth the study of every student of art, above all of *painting*, especially in America.

The author, Norbert Herrmann, begins his book thus:

"After all's said, Frank Duveneck is the greatest talent of the brush of this generation.' These are the words which John Singer Sargent spoke at a dinner given in London in the early nineties in a discussion of the merits of such eminent men as Carolus Duran and others. This judgment, deliberately spoken by a man whom artists and laymen alike have come to regard as the most technically brilliant of painters, would not now, any more than they did then, arouse contradiction in any company of *artists*. Yet to the general public it would come with a shock of surprise.

"This is in part because Duveneck's work is not accessible to the general public. Another reason lies in the fact that the greatest of Duveneck's art is best understood by the students of *painting*. His style, simple and direct, is 'sans phrase' without technical tricks for effect, without persuasive story subjects, without even so much self-consciousness as is implied in the word 'sentiment.'

"Of literary association there is none, of doctrine or dogma there is none. The world of this painter

is not history, not imagination, not psychological analysis, not ethics—those fields which our *public loves to explore*. Its compelling interest is in the normal aspect of man and nature. The subjects he chooses are every-day types; *he conceives* them in an *unpretentious* spirit, but transmits them as endowed with quiet power. There is in his work a certain finality of grasp with a technique, a calm, which to the connoisseur is akin to the serenity of the Greek, while to the multitude it may appear *actually commonplace*.

"That a man of this type should later have been almost lost sight of, except by his intimate circle of *artist friends*, is not altogether surprising in this country and at a time like the present, when change swiftly follows change and is greeted with a clamour that distracts attention from earlier achievements." (*Italics are ours.*)

No better summary of an artist and his work can be made than this. We agree with every word of it. To a thoughtful man who knows the history of art and of painting—the deaths and resurrections in it of certain Idols, and their causes—nothing more than these 42 lines of text and the 22 illustrations is needed to obtain a complete estimate of Duveneck and the place he will occupy in the future in the world of art.

The reader must make a clear distinction between great *Art* and merely great *Painting*. Great Art means a *Product*—a *work of art*—created through a noble conception of some subject, its composition



Young man with Ruff, 1873

in a beautiful style, its expression with profound truth and its technical surface executed with a manner full of charm—the total product to appeal first of all to the senses, but then, and above all, more and more to charm, captivate and emotion the soul to such a degree that the technical, mechanical skill, however admirable, is forgotten in the poetic conquest which the work should make over our mind and spirit. Such a work requires imagination—*creation* in short.

On the other hand, great *painting* may be displayed in the slow or quick imitation of a basket of "Fish," or a pile of "Onions," as extremely true imitation in paint of the things represented and full of charm of color, full of what Whistler called "the *painter's* poetry," appealing merely to the senses—*interesting* only to the mind, but leaving the soul absolutely untouched by any exalting emotion, whether of laughter, delight or tears. Such imitative skill, however great, being uncreative, requires merely talent of a high order, but still only talent.

Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of *painting*—"premier coup," or *direct-painting*, and *modelled-painting*. Direct-painting means, to obtain the desired results in the shortest possible time, and by the fewest possible brush strokes, and to leave the brush marks—as an evidence of one's skill—and never to obliterate one brush mark by another, if it is possible to be avoided. The greatest ex-

ponent of this *direct-painting* was Valasquez, and his most wonderful example is, probably, his sitting portrait of "Pope Innocent X.," in the Doria Gallery, in Rome. If ever direct-painting rose to genius, it was there. And for fifty years this sort of painting has been the idol of our clever men in painting.

On the contrary, in *modelled-painting* the artist may slowly prepare his under-color, then his first body-color, and paint over every part of it, day after day and year after year, until every evidence of brush work—so dear to the direct-painter—has been completely effaced, modelled out, realizing to the full Whistler's now famous "proposition": "A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has *disappeared*."

Of this kind of *modelled-painting* we find the best examples at the very beginning of oil painting. A specimen is the wonderful "Madonna" by Jan Van Eyck (1380-1440), in the Louvre, and in the "Mona Lisa" by Leonardo (1452-1519), also in the Louvre, on which he is said to have worked for four years, and which has never been surpassed by any painter—as mere modelling in paint.

Now, up to 1850 no one in the world of art dreamt of sacrificing the higher elements of art: the expression of ideas, feeling, sentiment, dramatic story-telling, for the lower elements: mere brush work and color effects, or surface-carving in marble. All painting or carving-skill was supposed to be acquired, and used, to express ideas and emotions. Any other point of view would have seemed insane to many, and paltry triviality to the vast majority. But the Revolution of 1848, both in Germany and in France, ushered in the movement to break away from the past, in art as well as in politics.

About this time Victor Hugo coined the phrase: "Art for Art's Sake," putting upon it a certain interpretation. But, soon after, this interpretation was denatured, and "Art for Art's Sake" was twisted to mean craftsmanship for craftsmanship's sake—that is, rhyming for rhyming's sake, modelling for modelling's sake, and painting for painting's sake.

In painting, above all, these art-for-art-sakists were also favored by the new egotism called "individualism," and a detestation, and kicking out, of art everything like ideas, sentiments, creative composition, and the substitution therefor of a personal manner of painting for fine style.

When Victor Hugo saw how his phrase, "Art for Art's Sake," had been corrupted to mean thoughtless painting for thoughtless painting's sake, he be-

came enraged and cried out: "Away with 'Art for Art's Sake' and give me Art for Humanity's Sake." This did not stop the growth of "Art for Art's Sake," side by side with "Art for Humanity's Sake."

So that, to-day, we have not only the altruistic poetry of the painter, of which Millet and Puvis de Chavannes are the highest exponents of the last two generations, but also an egotistic "*painter's* poetry"—of which Whistler made himself the most advertised protagonist—the kind of poetry that insists mainly upon *personal* effects of color and brush-work in painting, or chisel-marks in carving, more or less charming, and the total elimination of the expression of ideas, sentiment, historical and spiritual emotions—which are contemptuously called "literary"—and whose chief hatred—among the painters—is for Raphael and all he stood for, and whose chief idol is Velasquez and all he stood for—Raphael being the public's *artist* and Velasquez the painter's *painter*.

These are the two tendencies and aims which, to-day, divide the entire world of art into two camps. The extreme conservatism of the former is dubbed "Academicism" and the extreme revolt of others is called "Modernism." The leaders of this new Art-for-Art's Sake Chapel—in which the ideal of mere painting, divorced from all but craftsmanship, was set up as an idol were: Monet, Degas, Renoir, Fantin-Latour, Whistler, Legros, Zola, Flaubert, Gauthier, Huysmans, etc., and their followers. These started a wave of tendency which left the conservatives in all countries cold, but affected powerfully the revolters in every art center of Europe—above all, and early, the Germans, who always have trailed behind and imitated—and badly—the French, in all things in art.

Munich was also affected. And so, the new generation of American students there were influenced in that direction. Duveneck, like Whistler and Chase and their American followers, did not escape this influence. The result was, Duveneck is not a great poetic, creative artist, but we believe with Sargent, he is the most consummate realistic *painter* this country has produced—if the obtaining of astonishingly true effects by Premier Coup, direct-painting, is the final test of what constitutes a great painter.

Nevertheless, like Velasquez, who was forgotten by the public for two hundred years—in spite of the fact that Rubens, after his visit to him in Madrid, called him "the greatest *painter* in Europe"—Du-



Woman with Forget-me-nots, 1876

veneck has been, to quote the author of this book, "almost lost sight of except to his intimate circle of artist friends." But he does not give the correct reason, which is not because Duveneck's "work is not accessible to the general public." The real reason escapes the author when he says: "There is in his work a certain finality of grasp, with a technique, a calm, which, to the connoisseur, is akin to the serenity of the Greek, while to the multitude it may appear *actually commonplace*."

In other words, Duveneck became a private "*painter's painter*" and not a public world *artist*—aiming to stir the highest emotions of "the multitude." How amusingly these "modernists" will continue to dub the sane public as "the multitude," "the herd," "the crowd," while burning to have the applause of this very multitude!

Velasquez's works were not much more inaccessible to the public than were those of Raphael. Yet he was forgotten, while Raphael has been, for four hundred years, *acclaimed* the "prince of painters," though this should read "prince of *artists*." Then why was Velasquez forgotten? Because his subjects, with but few exceptions, were portraits of ugly or deformed persons, or were *commonplace* subjects and painted in a realistic way, and would not captivate the soul of men. Raphael's subjects were mostly ideal and poetic and conceived in a



Red-haired man with Ruff, 1876

lofty manner. And, while Velasquez was the more clever *painter*—and of realistic life—Raphael was the greater *artist*—the painter of ideal, sublime life. Velasquez held men to the *earth*, Raphael lifted men towards the clouds!

* * *

In his earlier works, in his "The Old School Master," "Whistling Boy," and "Young Man With a Ruff" (Fig. 1), painted in 1873, we see present more or less slap-dashing in brush work—"the means of bringing about the end," as Whistler says, have not been effaced. We do not get at the personage—because we see too much paint. Life, pure and simple, has not yet been achieved. These are what Zola would call "A corner of nature seen through a *temperament*." The splotches of paint on the face, mean "temperament" cavorting about in complete abandon.

But from now on we see him gradually eliminating all personal temperamental peculiarities and reaching after impersonal realism, which he achieved in his "Woman With the Forget-Me-Nots" (Fig. 2), painted in 1876. Few painters since Velasquez and Holbein have produced a more wonderful and living piece of *painting* than this. It is so real that it is more living than a photograph could have rendered the subject. It is a triumph of *painting*. But how commonplace as a work of *art*! For here we have

nothing but a *record* of what the eye can see—no revealing of character, "no psychology," as the author of this book says, no expression of anything beyond what the retina perceived; in short, mere imitation—no creation.

In a slightly lesser degree only, the same might be said of the portrait of Professor Loefftz, painted in 1873. It is an astonishing piece of life-like painting, as fine as any single-figure piece of Frans Hals. Nothing more impersonal and living than this has ever been produced in American art. To find more impersonality in a painting one would have to look for it in the still-life works of our own Harnett.

Another astonishing piece of painting, recalling, as the author says, the work of Rubens, and fully worthy of him, is the "Red-Haired Man With a Ruff" (Fig. 3), painted in 1876. So life-like is this that, if the reader will cover the ruff with his hand the man will seem to be alive.

In "The Cobbler's Apprentice" (Fig. 4), painted in 1877, Duveneck stepped a little higher—as an artist. In this we have a still finer work. For not

only is the drawing impeccable, and the color-values astonishingly true, but it shows that sane and charming amount of restrained individuality of manner that recalls the manner of Frans Hals, also, and more especially, that of Monet, though Monet never did such skilful painting. But, beside the marvelous craftsmanship displayed, we have here more than mere *painting*, we have a *picture*—involving a human element of universal interest, some "psychology": the boy is doing something—smoking, and no make-belief smoking either.

Here we have not merely art-for-art-sake craftsmanship, but *art*, not merely as a *Process*, but as a *Product*—an expressive *work of art*, a work that starts one thinking—because it is significant and suggestive. True, it is not on a high plane; it does not arouse any poetic emotions. But it will never leave men flat cold—as inexpressive mere painting, however fine, ultimately does—except only for the students of technique.

In Fig. 5, the "Siesta," painted in 1887, we have a still higher flight in mere craftsmanship. So truthful is this that it looks as if the sleeping girl had been photographed. We doubt if any painter ever did anything more wonderful—as regards exactitude of drawing and painting. Let the reader turn the picture on edge, examine the face, and note how profoundly Duveneck expressed the fact that the girl is soundly asleep. To do this requires the

highest power of observation, memory and imitation. Few have ever reached this perfection in realism. Here we have four examples of "*painting for painting's sake*;" painting for artists, for art students and connoisseurs in painting. These justify our saying that Duveneck is, perhaps, the most skilful *painter* of life that America has produced.

In short, Duveneck is a great painter. The question is: "Is he a great artist?" We question it. Why? Because of the almost complete lack of *style* and *poetry* in his works.

We define style as follows:

Style in art is a matter of fundamental composition, an arrangement of lines, masses and colors; of words, sounds and gestures—indicating a departure from the truth of nature and the commonplace.

Manner in art is a matter of surface technical execution—indicating a departure from the truth of nature and the commonplace.

That is to say: Style in art, in the abstract, means to cease the *slavish* imitation of nature, and to imitate it only in its larger aspect, by the elimination of *details*; and *good* style means the elimination of such details in the direction only of beautifying the object imitated, that is, to idealize it upward towards beauty, not downward towards ugliness. Good style also means to take a commonplace subject and to lift it above the commonplace in its significance, by so arranging it—composing it—that its lines and masses shall make a melodiously beautiful *pattern*, and this before even attempting to execute the composition either in painting or sculpture. To do this requires creative imagination, and it ends in imaginative effects, even invests a work with a certain *mystery*—when such a departure from nature is *just enough* to make us feel that the artist stepped aside deliberately from the truth of the facts—but only to beautify them. It is such restraint, and upward stylization, and the resulting modicum of mystery, which invests a work of art with what we call Poetry.

* * *

It is true, Aristotle already spoke of: "the pleasure we find in seeing things well imitated." But when Aristotle spoke of things *well* imitated, he meant only an imitation accompanied by the elimination of superfluous details, both in sculpture and painting, and in poetry, with a style such as he saw manifested in the works of Phidias and Aeschylus. Because that is the only kind of imitation he knew about; and the only things that make Greek art admirable are its fine composition and its marvelously restrained style in the imita-

tion of nature. The author of this book says of Duveneck: "His style, simple and direct, is *sans phrase*." Well, his works being "without phrase," is a proof that he has no style at all—but merely a *manner*, a fine manner, but one that is almost impersonal. When will critics learn that in art, *manner* is not style?

Duveneck as a realistic painter is more "clever" than Raphael ever was; but as a composing, poetic artist he falls far short indeed—and simply because, as the author said of him: "The world of this painter is not history, not imagination, not psychological analysis, not ethics; these fields which our public loves to explore." For, it is the imaginative alone that can enduringly stir our positive and pleasurable emotions. Therefore, Duveneck does not in any of these canvases "transport us to the empyrean." There is no ugliness or vulgarity in his works. There is even a certain aristocratic aloofness in every canvas; but, we repeat, there is no compelling Beauty. Because the subjects being commonplace, and no attempt having been made to express any idea or sentiment, or story; no altruistic effort made to appeal to the heart or soul of man, and, so, lift him above the commonplace—except in manner—there is no fine composition, hence no



The Cobbler's Apprentice, 1877



Siesta, 1887

style, and almost no personal manner; and if there is much truth in Chateaubriand's dictum that: "A book lives only by virtue of its style," it is more true of painting.

Aristotle, to quote him again, said: "The arts differ only by their *means* of imitation, by the *objects* they imitate, and by the *manner* of imitating them.

"The arts, agreeable in themselves, are not only agreeable, aims more elevated are assigned to them: those of developing the imagination, to ennoble, to correct and purify manners. This is true of music, poetry and tragedy. The fine arts are agreeable arts. The aim which is assigned to them is none the less pleasure, a pleasure more noble and pure and destined to cooperate, as a means, to the superior end—of instruction and morality."

Such skillful "technique" as Duveneck displays is not at all necessary to produce a great emotion-stirring picture. Therefore, there are easily a dozen American artists who, while not quite as skillful, as painters, as Duveneck, produce pictures that are sufficiently skillful and, besides, have a charm that captivates the great cultured public more than do his skillful paintings.

In the field of realism alone we have, for example, "Two Men," a fine double-portrait by Eastman Johnson, another realist, reproduced on page 268 of our September issue, and in the Metropolitan Museum here. It is a specimen of *modelled* painting, of a realism and life that is so near to the best of Duveneck's, that the difference is not worth haggling about. But how much more gripping than any of Duveneck's work! And only because Johnson's expresses something, and profoundly—two splendid men actually conversing, so that we can almost hear them talk.

Then there is the masterpiece by Thomas Eakins,

"The Chess Players," also in the Metropolitan Museum, and the frontispiece of our August issue. The imitative painting in this is as real as that of Duveneck—lacking only a "personal manner," so dear to the "modernistic artists"—being even less personal than Duveneck's manner. But how much more charming than any of Duveneck's work! For in Eakins's picture we have a dramatic intellectual contest over chess, so profoundly expressed, that the picture warms the cockles of the heart of every chess player who knows the picture well. This is a higher art than the mere placing of an object in the grass or on a chair and imitating it with brush and pigment on a canvas, however well done.

Of course, it is impossible to achieve, with premier coup painting, the same expression of thought and dramatic action that one can reach with modelling in paint. But what of it? Why make an idol of such a display of marvelous premier coup brush work as we find in the "Innocent X.," or in other kinds of work, to be worshipped as the Hottentots worship a fetish, at the expense of the expression of thought and dramatic action? It is nothing but Hottentotism in painting. It is mere dilettante virtuosity, fit for a parlor pastime for women, but not for a serious life job of a real man.

To be hailed by such a wizard of the brush as Sargent as "The greatest talent of the brush of this generation," is certainly a great distinction; but why should not Duveneck, when he had mastered his "metier," his trade, as a painter, then resolve to use that master-craftsmanship to produce, not merely admirable paintings, but inspiring pictures?

When Velasquez had mastered painting he went to creation, and produced his stirring "story-pictures"—the "Surrender of Breda," and his "Crucifixion," of which reproductions are found all over the world. When Titian had become a full-fledged

painter he created his admirable "Assumption" and other universally-loved works. Had Leonardo painted only the marvelous realistic head of "Mona Lisa," would he now be considered one of the greatest artists of all time? Scarcely. But he painted the sublime "Last Supper," and thereby enriched the world, and made a place for himself in the hearts of mankind.

Duveneck is also an extremely clever *Etcher*. His plate, "The Rialto, Venice," made in 1883 (Fig. 6), is also an astonishing production. Here he not only selected a beautiful subject and composed it beautifully, but rendered it truthfully and with charming delicacy. The result is a masterpiece of its kind. Another plate, "Riva Degli Schiavoni, Venice," made in 1880, also illustrated in this book, is another marvelous etching. The author relates that, when Whistler saw this plate he said: "Whistler must do the Riva also!" and he did. But his plate is inferior to Duveneck's.

Two of the illustrations in this book show that Duveneck could also handle Landscapes most effectively.

Duveneck is also a sculptor of much talent.

Fig. 7 shows the recumbent statue of Mrs. Duveneck created by Duveneck. It is the most beautiful of all his works—as far as composition and fine feeling are concerned. It would do credit to any sculptor. For here we have some true style. And if it is true, and who can doubt it, what Taine said: "It is by his style that we judge a man; it is his style

which reveals his dominating quality," Duveneck must have a fine, tender soul, and this explains why he is loved by so many who know him personally.

Query—when we contemplate this tender monument—: Would he not have been a greater artist as a sculptor than he is as a painter? This work won, and deserved, an Honorable Mention in the Paris Salon of 1895.

These illustrations show Duveneck to be gifted not only with the highest sort of skill, but also with a rare versatility, even if he has so far manifested little creative imagination and without which no man can enter the ranks of really-truly great artists, however much he may be applauded, as a consummate workman, by his fellow craftsmen, who always—naturally, yet still unduly—overestimate the value and honorability of mere craftsmanship, and who therefore, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915—where he had a Gallery all to himself, and showed thirty oil paintings, twelve etchings and the "Memorial to Mrs. Duveneck"—they requested, through the Foreign Members of the International Jury, that a special Medal of Honor be awarded to him. This was well. Because such truth, such realism, as Duveneck's, is a necessary influence in America—to stimulate our artists to strive, first and before all, for the True, then for the Good, in the hope that they will ultimately be able to make their works also Beautiful and through these three elements make them endure—not only for a year and a day, but for all time.

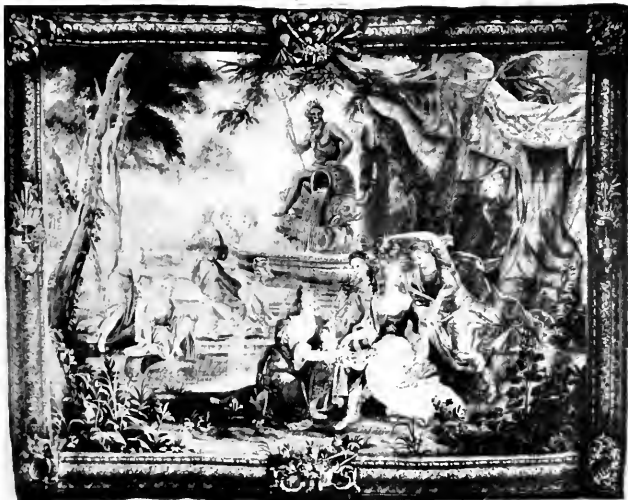


The Rialto, Venice, 1883



VERTUMNUS AND POMONA

One of the most perfect Beauvais-Boucher
tapestries in existence



Flora, the Goddess of Spring, one of the brilliant tapestries woven at Brussels during the reign of Louis XIV.

THE CLEVELAND TAPESTRY EXHIBITION

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

THE Cleveland Tapestry Exhibition far excels the tapestry exhibitions organized by me previously for the art museums of Brooklyn, Buffalo and Philadelphia. Not only is the Cleveland Museum better adapted for the display of tapestries, but the tapestries lent by patriotic citizens of Cleveland and public-spirited dealers of New York, completely eclipse those I was able to secure for the other exhibitions. Gothic masterpieces like "Christ and the Woman," "King Arthur," "Vintage," and the "Marriage of King David" have never before been assembled in America; the collection in one room of fifteen of the finest Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries has never been equalled on this side of the Atlantic.

The Cleveland owners represented are: Mrs. F. F. Prentiss, Mr. Howard P. Eells, Mr. W. G. Mather, Hon. Myron T. Herrick, Mr. J. H. Wade, Mrs. E. H. Haines, Mr. John L. Severance, Mr. H. G. Dalton and the Cleveland Museum of Art.

At this point it is interesting to note that the Museum collection already comprises eight Italian tapestries picturing the story of "Dido and Aeneas," woven at the Barberine works in Rome by M. Wauters in the first half of the seventeenth century, after the designs of Romanelli, and signed by both designer and maker; one Flemish tapestry picturing "Sancho Panza tossed in a Blanket," a scene from Cervantes' famous chivalric romance "Don Quixote," woven at Brussels in the first half of the

eighteenth century by Urbain Leyniers who signed it; one French tapestry picturing "Alexander entering Babylon," (a crude copy of one of the famous Alexander series designed by Charles Lebrun for Louis XIV.), woven at Aubusson, by A. Grellet, who signed it; besides primitive Coptic tapestries, Mexican serapes, Navajo blankets, and Oriental kelims.

Of tapestries privately owned in Cleveland I have listed thirty-seven, the most important being one Gobelin "Month of Lucas" belonging to Mrs. Prentiss; one Beauvais-Boucher "Chinese Fair" belonging to Mrs. Prentiss; one French seventeenth century "Submission of the Great Condé to Louis XIV." belonging to Mr. Howard P. Eells; one Gothic "Flight into Egypt," and one Gothic "Court of Love," both belonging to Mr. John L. Severance; one Gothic-Renaissance transition, "Marriage of Peace and Love" belonging to Mr. W. G. Mather; one Gothic-Renaissance transition "Banishment of Ovid" belonging to Mrs. Prentiss; one "Chinese Court Scene" woven in China during the reign of Kien-Lung in imitation of European tapestry, belonging to Mr. John L. Severance; one Early Renaissance "Messenger" in the style of Bernard van Orley, belonging to Mr. J. H. Wade; two Early Renaissance "Gardens of Love" belonging to the Hon. Myron T. Herrick; two eighteenth century Brussels tapestries "Don Quixote Killing Sheep," and the "Banquet to Don Quixote," belonging to Mrs. E. W. Haines; one large-leaf Renaissance



HOSPITALITY
A Flemish Gothic tapestry
of the last quarter of the 15th century

verdure "Venus and Cupid," belonging to Mr. Howard P. Eells.

The New York dealers represented in the exhibit are Duveen Bros., Gimpel & Wildenstein, Jacques Seligmann, L. Avayoine & Co., Wm. Baumgarten & Company, Warwick House, Dawson, Herter Looms, Edgewater Tapestry Looms. Modern American tapestries are particularly well represented by Wm. Baumgarten & Company, whose exhibit excels in the reproduction of ancient designs and texture; by the Herter Looms whose exhibit excels in originality of design; by the Edgewater Tapestry Looms whose exhibit excels in originality of texture.

All of the tapestries exhibited are described in the catalogue at length. Here it is possible to describe only those illustrated on these pages. Plate I shows "Hospitality," a Flemish Gothic tapestry picturing in great detail a French-Flemish dinner of the last quarter of the fifteenth century. The aged host with grey hair and beard, plumed hat of fur, and robe figured with pomegranate motifs—which are as typical of the period, as was the lotus of ancient Egypt and the acanthus of ancient Rome—turns away from his cover laid at the head of the table, to warm his hands before the open fire, and also to make a grouping easier for the artist and the weaver to reproduce; but looks toward his guests as if to say the words of the old French inscription that holds the top of the tapestry:

The man wise at pleasing the ladies
First has preparations made for eating;
And cooking worthy of his friends has done,
And of all good things there are to wish for.

Already four of the guests are seated at the table, the pair in the background on a bench the back rail of which is topped with carved trefoils, the pair in the foreground on stools. The two late comers enter with a happily expectant expression on their faces, the man carrying in his left hand a flask of wine to add to the good cheer. In the right foreground a page pours water from a flagon into one of the finger bowls, which were so constantly necessary at a time when people still ate with their fingers. One of the finger bowls is already in use, and held in the left hand of the smart gentleman with the triple-plumed hat, braided inner collar, ermine outer collar, and huge necklace. Two of the others filled with rose-tinted and scented water stand upon the square table that is covered with a white damask cloth figured in diamonds. In the center of the table is the *pièce de résistance*, a large flat dish of broiled squabs kept hot by the coal in the brazier beneath, which for obvious reasons is raised high above the cloth. On the left of the dish of hot birds is a covered salt cellar; and on the right a covered wine pitcher with long slender spout and

handle. Other visible utensils are sharp pointed knives, one of them in the right hand of the gentleman in the foreground, wine cups, and square flat plates.

The center of action, however, toward which the eyes of four of the guests are directed, is the blazing fire. Before it sits the cook, wearing cap and apron, and turning with a long flat spoon the cakes that are cooking in the spider, which she balances upon the adjustable crane that depends from above. On a tabouret beside her is the bowl of mixed dough, and next that another page who kneels in order to keep his head out of the way of our seeing the cakes as they cook.

The floor of the room is tiled. In the extreme foreground on the right, stands a small but very alert dog watching the page who pours the water. On the left, squats a cat with the kind of tail and arched back, and excited ears that are characteristic of a cat looking at a dog. Up above, dominating the whole room, perches a parrot, in a large wooden cage, to the outside of which is attached the bird's water cup.

Plate II shows "Winter," one of the set of four "Seasons of Lucas," rich with gold, from Balloch Castle near Glasgow, where they hung for nearly two centuries. They were woven for a private patron at the Gobelins in the first half of the eighteenth century. The average height is 8 feet 2 inches, with combined width of 41 feet 7 inches. There is an incomplete set, including only the last three of the Seasons, but also rich with gold, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, lent by Mrs. John T. Morse, Jr., whose father purchased them in France in January of 1852 at the Louis Philippe sale. (See my article on "Tapestries in American Museum," in the *International Studio* for October, 1913.) There is also an incomplete set including the same three, but without gold, in the collection of Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting of New York. There is a duplicate of Summer, also rich with gold, but with picture extended, in the collection of Lady Beatty at Hanover Lodge.

The Balloch Castle set is the only complete set of the Seasons of Lucas known to be still in existence. Mr. William G. Thomson, author of the great British History of Tapestry, wrote in 1915:

"It would be a national loss if the set at Balloch Castle ever had to leave the country."

The tapestry before us is a vivid picture of winter life in Flanders in the period of the Emperor Charles V, who was born at Ghent and whose native language was French. The lord and lady on the right, though not individualized, resemble the portraits of Charles V. and his bride Isabella that appear in the Months of Lucas. Like many of the most famous ancient tapestries, this was not one scene but two, Skating in the foreground, and a Conflagration in the background on the left. With

ladders and hooks the peasants in the upper middle ground on the left, rush towards the blazing building from which horses and sheep are running in terror. To the right, the winter landscape stretches delightfully away in hills and valleys toward the distant horizon. The Skating scene is backgrounded with an imposing castle, before which two children drag a third on a sled, while a fourth runs alongside. Just this side of them a skater runs in the direction of the Conflagration, the news of which has just been brought by the two men with gesturing left arms on the extreme left. Most of the skaters are apparently still unaware of the fact that there is a fire, especially the youthful lovers in the foreground on the left, and the two children warming themselves at the brazier in the middle foreground. The draping of the costumes is effectively emphasized by the lavish use of gold in the high lights.

Plate III shows "Flora," one of the brilliant picture cloths woven at Brussels in the reign of Louis XIV., and so prized by French connoisseurs as to be commonly called by them "Gobelins." An example of this in the "Parnassus" in the New York Public Library, the attribution of which was corrected by me in an article published in the *Library Bulletin*, and afterwards reprinted for general circulation in pamphlet form. Most of these Louis XIV. Brussels tapestries have "gilt frame" borders

(woven), and many of them were designed by Louis van Schoor who signed the splendid "Abundance" shown at the Philadelphia Tapestry Exhibition, and now owned by Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury. I attribute "Flora" to him. In the foreground of the tapestry the fair goddess of flowers and of Spring is being crowned by one of her ladies in waiting, while another kneels before her with a floral offering, and a gallant above and behind pulls aside the voluminous portieres that hide the four beauties from him. In the background are five other beauties (all well rounded in accordance with the fashion of the period and with massive coiffures) beside a basin and fountain where Neptune with trident sits on dolphins also rotund.

Plate IV shows the splendid "Vertumnus and Pomona" that is the colored frontispiece of my book on "Tapestries, their Origin, History and Renaissance," and that comes from the famous Casimer-Perier collection, having been acquired about 80 years ago by the grandfather of the late President of France. It was designed by Francois Boucher whose reversed signature (*F. Boucher*, 1757) appears on the edge of the marble table and was woven at Beauvais under André Charlemagne Charron who on the death of Nicolas Besmer in 1753 became proprietor of the tapestry works there. It is an exquisite and altogether perfect "Beauvais-Boucher," with colors rich and unfaded.



Seasons of Lucas, Winter and Spring, one of a set of four tapestries designed by Lucas van Leyden in the early 16th century and woven at the Gobelins in the 18th century for a private purchaser



An illustration by Vierge before he lost the use of his right hand.

NOT THE DESTINATION—BUT THE ROUTE

How the Recovery of Lost Facilities Gave the World a Masterpiece

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

THE one story from the Boer War that all men quote when asked for its remembered incidents of heroism, is that of the Highland piper who still played his regiment past him and up their hill as he sat by a boulder with both legs shot from under him. He got his Victoria Cross for it, and London took a holiday to cheer him, and the Queen herself spoke to him as we now remember it. And no record to the contrary being at hand, he may still be piping occasionally or often to neighbors or pilgrims. But whether in the flesh or not, piping now or silent, he will, in song and story pipe through many generations of linen nursery books and school readers, a noble example of a common man inspired by the highest spirit to the ultimate expression of his duty.

And English and American lads will thrill over the linen pages, and English and American grand-sires restir with the songs of it, not because the performance celebrated is beyond their own capacity, but precisely to the contrary, because it is attuned to spiritual chords strung in their several hearts, but never as yet struck by the touch of similar circumstance.

That boy-piper on the hillside was fortunate in the dramatic quality of his accessories. The meaning of the thing he did was focused. His nation was present, symbolized by its flag; the nation's purpose voiced its call through the familiar tune that screamed under his finger-tips; the hour for which those brother Kilties marked time and rhythmically swung since boyhood, was now striking; the elements were all blended and concentrate. The piper was fortunate because that same equal spirit spread out over a lifetime of attenuated ex-

pression would have left him at the dead level of us all; and he might have lived and died without that consciousness of a complete expression.

It is very wonderful to be permitted to answer "Here" in a supreme moment. "They also serve who only stand and wait," but unfortunately there are no human instruments of accuracy to measure the heroism of willingness. Sometimes personal defects or handicaps overcome or surmounted give us approximate measure of the heroism present; and the world is almost as prompt to salute and reward such evidence of this quality, as it is to recognize examples like our piper's.

There is a considerable element of this tribute in our love for the writing of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom we conceive as working always conscious of a sentence of death. Even a struggle against frailties is admitted and allowed for; Coleridge would lose somewhat more than his opium if we took it from him, De Quincey, too; and a bone-dry or even a local-option Poe would begin to shrivel. As one dwells on it, isn't it really the resistance of the obstacle that helps us everywhere to measure and admire the overcoming capacity? Doctor Copernicus and his poverty; Gutenberg and the arrests for debt; Galileo forced kneeling by the ignorant list of superstition; the barefoot Columbus a sailor before the mast; Dante and exile; Tasso and persecution; George Stephenson and his primer at twenty; Arkwright and his alphabet at fifty; Franklin on the streets of Philadelphia with his loaf of bread under his arm.

When Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in his middle fifties, he had been for thirty years deprived of the use of one hand by a wound received as a



In 1881, Daniel Vierge was the greatest draughtsman in the world. Without warning, a stroke of paralysis rendered his right side useless. A few years later he illustrated Don Quixote truly and sympathetically for the first time in its history. *He did this with his left hand now educated to the lost cunning of the paralyzed right.* The illustration above is one of many exquisite drawings taken from the Scribner edition of Don Quixote



Another illustration by Vierge, made with his left hand after he lost the use of his right

soldier. By his pen he was supporting in rather mean conditions a wife, two sisters, a niece, and a housemaid, and at intervals serving jail sentences for debt. One can't help believing that the story of his brave struggle in this crippled condition potentially attracted Daniel Vierge and induced him to illustrate *Don Quixote*.

In the year 1881 Vierge was the greatest draughtsman in the world. At that time he worked with his right hand. Without warning a stroke of paralysis rendered his right side useless, and for a time affected his memory and his recognition of printed letters so that he had to be read to in order to get the meaning of words. A few years later Daniel Vierge illustrated "*Don Quixote*" to the delight of the literary and artistic world, illustrated it truly, interpretatively and sympathetically for the first time in its history. He did this with his left hand now educated to the lost cunning of the paralyzed right, and the world recognized anew its master draughtsman.

Looking at these flowing illustrations by Vierge, which if they do not almost excel the text in interest certainly enhance it as a compensating jewel may set off a first-water brilliant, one finds his attention circling around the marvel of their production of a left hand first educated to its work well on toward middle life; and the richness of the text and the

beauty of the drawings, great as both are, become secondary in our wonder at the absolute coordination of mind and medium, the magical descent of idea to finger-tips, the centaur-like union of brain and hand in this galloping production. We love Cervantes, we welcome and acclaim Vierge; but we lift the volume and bend above it reverently as over a sacred scripture, eloquent of a divinely accomplished miracle.

It is fine to sit wounded by the roadside, and pipe the regiment to victory, but it is colossal to face front through weary years, and slowly and patiently and accurately reconquer and recover a lost facility of inspired communication. And his reward, the compensation to Vierge must have been, not the destination, but the route; not the arrival, but the voyage; not the final satisfaction but the glorious daily consciousness of growth.

It is a pity from one viewpoint that Vierge's illustrations of "*Don Quixote*" are so valuable, so much a matter de luxe. They should be in the hands of every soldier as examples of what recovery the will can make from seeming physical bankruptcy and wreck. If one-tenth of this accomplishment is possible to human application, there can be no failure where one goes to work again at tasks, old or new, with even half a heart. (The above is printed by courtesy of "Carry On.")

THE LITERARY TREASURES OF HERSCHEL V. JONES

One of the Great Private Libraries of America

By CHARLES HENRY DORR

ROMANCE and history, the art of the early writer and illuminator and the first printer, manuscripts of great rarity and dating back to the primitive times of the Tenth Century, antique volumes formerly carefully guarded by ancient monks in their monasteries, gems of Shakespeare's genius and masterpieces of Milton and other noted authors are all represented in the literary collection formed by Dr. Herschel V. Jones, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, publisher of the *Minneapolis Journal*, whose treasures of literature will be dispersed early in December at the Anderson Galleries, New York.

This event is anticipated with keenest interest by bibliophiles throughout this country and even abroad, for the Jones library is known in Europe; its fame is by no means confined to America. It contains some of the world's greatest treasures of literature, and manuscripts and rare volumes highly prized by the discriminating bibliophile. Those familiar with the great libraries of America accord a foremost place to the Jones literary collection for it takes rank with the J. Pierpont Morgan library, which is generally considered a museum, as it is believed that it will remain intact for future generations. It also vies with the Henry E. Huntington library, which will be presented by its owner to the City of Los Angeles, California.

Therefore, this leaves the Jones collection of literary treasures alone of all great private libraries in the United States available for the auction mart.

It was formed by a genuine collector who had a definite purpose in view, with quality his watchword, when he started out to follow this fascinating pursuit of delving into the old retreats of the world for the purpose of securing some prized manuscript or antique volume, to add another link to his collection.

"It is thirty years," says Mr. Jones in a foreword to the catalog of his collection, "since I purchased Browning's 'The Inn Album,' in first edition, and entered the line as a book-buyer. I bought six hundred American first editions and sold them many years ago to make way for volumes that covered the Dickens-Thackeray period. These went in turn, because I had caught the spirit of the Elizabethan collector and it became my desire to own a representative number of the world's great volumes. I decided to collect about two thousand books which were to be sold when I should reach sixty years.

"I planned my library to be representative. At no time did I endeavor to buy all the books by

any writer, but rather to include the rarer of them, or the more notable, as the case may be, in the opportunities that came to me. I wanted my books to have historical background. While they were to stand as literature, they were to serve also as examples in the development of printing, of illustration and of leathers."

Quality, therefore, is the keynote of the Jones collection, and it is apparent that the owner of these gems of literature always kept in mind his purpose to add to his library, gradually growing in scope, some rare work, a veritable monument of past achievement, and of great educational value for the future.

The library contains three prizes for bibliophiles, which will probably achieve new records in the literary auction mart.

These items include the book of the Saint Augustine Monks known as "The City of God," in Latin, printed at the Benedictine Monastery on Subiaco, by Conrad Sweynheyn and Arnold Pannartz, in 1467; the "Shakespeare Sonnets," London, 1609, formerly in the Henry Huth collection, and the famous Milton "Comus," from the Bridgewater library and more recently in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Huntington.

According to tradition, only the books of a single monastery, the one at Buxheim, were dispersed, and where the others were discovered remains something of a mystery. It is known, however, that the book of the Saint Augustine Monks in the Jones collection was presented by the printers to their hosts the Monks at Subiaco, and its presence in their library is recorded in a manuscript note on the first page of the text. The illumination of these old books is a subject that has baffled the illuminators of to-day for many years. It is said that one artist in Chicago has spent fifteen years delving into this mystery of the past, but the problem has not been solved.

The "Shakespeare Sonnets" is another volume of great rarity in this library, and is the excessively rare first edition, which is also the first copy ever offered in America. It is also the only copy available for purchase, as the other known copies are in private libraries.

Milton's "Comus," the title-page of which was shown in the October issue of this magazine, is the other celebrated work in the trio of gems in the Jones library. This work, a masque, was written by Milton to be performed at Ludlow Castle on the

occasion of John, Earl of Bridgewater, becoming Lord President of Wales, and the young Lord Brackly took the part of the "Elder Brother," when it was first acted before his father on Michaelmas Night, 1634. It is believed that this volume, the Bridgewater copy, has manuscript corrections written in the hand of Lord Brackly himself. This early work by Milton is therefore one of the rarities in the collection, and rich in historical associations.

The collection is rich in Blake's works, including his "The Book of Thel," "For Children," "America," and "Europe." The first two have never been offered in America before, and the last two are brilliantly colored by Blake himself, but one other copy of each being in America. The copies of "America" and "Europe" are of unusual interest, and the colorful illuminations enhance their value. "The Book of Thel" is known as the Stothard copy and is the first of Blake's wonderful series of "Books of Prophecy."

The "America" is a first edition, and the other copy in this country is said to be in the Morgan

library. "Europe" is also a first edition, and the other copy of this volume is included in the Morgan literary possessions.

Among other works by Blake are Young's "Night Thoughts," London, 1797, one of the rare copies colored by Mrs. Blake; Designs to a series of ballads, written by William Hayley, Chichester, 1802, a first edition, and one of the rarest of volumes by the author; and "Illustrations of the Book of Job," London, 1825, also a first edition.

Here are also "Poetical Sketches," by William Blake, London, 1783, a first edition, and so rare that Blake's biographer said in comment: "After some years' vain attempt I am forced to abandon the idea of myself owning the book . . . there is (of course) none where at any rate there should be one—in the British Museum."

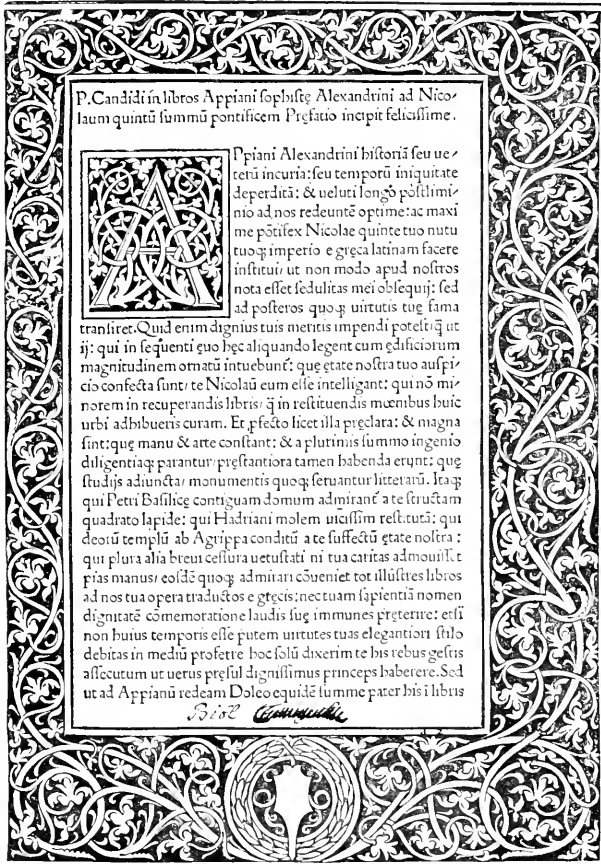
There are Oriental manuscripts of great interest in this notable library, and these antedate the printed book. These manuscripts date from the Tenth Century, and represent some exceedingly rare illuminations, including the "Brut Chronicle," which

is said to be in all probability the identical manuscript used by Caxton, when he printed his "Chronicles of England." "The Brut Chronicle" is a manuscript on vellum, circa 1420, and was formerly in the famous collection of the Duke of Buccleuch.

"My book of earliest date is Fust and Scheffer of 1460, only ten years after the printing," says Mr. Jones, "and I was able to secure several rare and notable books to cover the first fifty years' printing period, two of them presentations, one by Pannertz, the first printer of Italy, the other by Zainer, the first printer of Augsburg."

Among the early treasures are the "First book with woodcut borders," the "First Herbal with woodcuts"; the earliest work on "Roman Agriculture and Gardens," together with fine specimens from the "First Press at Padua," the "First Press at Milan," the "First Press at Tübingen," the "First Press at Ulm," and the "First Augsburg Press," the printer's own copy.

An early Caxton is "De Proprietatibus Rerum," by Bartholomew de Glanville, printed at Cologne by Gotz de Sletztat (and Caxton), circa 1472, is the edition on which Caxton worked at



APPIAN. De Bellis Civilibus. The first printed with woodcut border

A NEW DECORATIVE INCIDENT

Modern Polychrome Furniture in the Venetian Manner

FEW indeed are the phases of historic furniture design now left unexplored by the modern maker. Period furniture in all the French and English styles long since passed from something of "an acquired taste" to an accepted household institution, and recent years have seen the appreciation and assimilation of certain sub-styles, such as Chinese Chippendale, and the lacquered pieces which came into high favor in the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne.

Even more recently popular appreciation has included certain of the more adaptable of Italian forms

accent to an otherwise monotonous room. Certainly a quantity of decorative furniture assembled in the same room defeats its own end and creates an interior which is restless, no matter how interesting it may be. If a room is furnished all in one wood, or with an oppressive "sameness" of color, it calls for the introduction of one or two conspicuously decorative pieces to provide *incident*.

Without incident a scheme of decoration, no matter how perfect, or how carefully harmonized, may prove to be too perfect, too harmonious. It may run the serious danger of being devoid of character.

It is for such decorative contingencies that this Venetian polychrome furniture is particularly suited. There are mirrors, console tables, wall sconces, and several other incidental pieces of unusual charm. The decorations are in dull, mellow old colors, on a parchment-colored ground, the texture of which is variously called "egg-shell" or "stippled."

The small desk which is illustrated is typical of the various other pieces made in the same style, and the appearance of modern adaptations so interesting suggest the resources of current furniture design, as well as certain decorative possibilities undreamed of a few years ago.



A charming little piece of Furniture which appears to be an Italian *Cassone* on a stand—

for modern furniture, and with these forms there have been blended certain Spanish traits to further emphasize the almost inexhaustible wealth of associative design which has so long remained unused in the storehouse of the past.

And to all these distinctively interesting types of furniture there has been added a group of modern adaptations of a highly decorative Italian polychrome type. As in the case of all decorated furniture, its value lies equally in the decorative properties of the individual piece and in the judgment used in its selection and placement.

From the point of view of decoration it would be safe to say that a piece of decorative furniture should not be bought solely on its own merit or attraction, but with the definite purpose of giving



—until it is opened, revealing, quite unexpectedly, a miniature writing desk



Detail of the Great Hall

Allen & Collens, architects

THE CITY RESIDENCE OF MRS. ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES

By A. C. CHARLES

IT has come to be a recognized truth that architecture and decoration must not compete, for competition in art destroys unity. Obvious competition and obvious discord must exist in any interior where the historic spirit of the decoration is at odds with the historic spirit of the architecture, whether or not either of the two be rendered in a distinctly stylistic vein. The spirit of a room is, after all, its real expression, whether this spirit emanates from style or from suggestion of style.

Successful harmony, thus considered, between the architectural and decorative elements in an interior is not so difficult to achieve, and the purpose of this commentary is rather to direct attention toward an essential, lacking which no scheme of interior decoration can realize its best possibilities.

Interior decoration, regardless of its specific nature, must always be proportionate to its architectural setting. An interior must be neither overfurnished nor meagerly furnished; decoration must not overpower architecture, nor may architecture render the decoration insignificant and futile.

This is the first law of "balance" without which unity is impossible, and this balance is what might be called the relative "interest" of architecture and decoration must exist irrespective of historic style or any other comparatively superficial consideration. All the combined decorative beauties of furniture and fabrics, forms and colors will fail if their collective effect is out of proportion, eclipsing the architectural expression of the interior. And a failure quite as serious, though due to opposite causes, will result in the room where certain pieces of furniture, individually fine in themselves, are eclipsed by an architectural expression which is too insistent.

Here, however, is a necessary balance as obvious and as easily recognized as the essential of stylistic harmony. In both cases the aim is unity and the result is unity.

Granting these premises, we are still confronted by an axiom to the effect that no harmonious whole can be created if any of its parts be unharmonious.

Interior decoration, as a consciously practiced art,



Allen & Collens, architects

THE GREAT GOTHIC HALL,
RESIDENCE OF MRS. ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES

is not so old or so safely governed by precedent as architecture, and consequently there must be some curiosity as to the exact nature of harmony in interior decoration, and as to the means of attaining it.

Here a striking analogy becomes apparent. Just as the successful interior is found to be the result of a nice balance between architecture and decoration, so the successful piece of decoration is found to be the result of a nice balance between its own component parts.

These parts are many, but balance between the two essentials must exist if consistent expression is to be attained by way of the lesser parts. Upon observation it will be seen that any piece of interior decoration must consist of two distinct considerations—the first concerned with detail, the second with what may be called the broad effect.

In the skilful balancing of these two main parts of interior decoration lies the art of the true decorator. Detail is opposed to breadth, and certain ultra-modern painters, too much impressed with the importance of breadth, have scorned detail. The inevitable result has been that their works are not works of art, because they lack balance, because, in their insistence upon breadth they disregard form, and miss, at the same plunge, any attainment of literary values.

Interior decoration involves the detailed selection of many things, each one a unit and each demanding dual consideration in its choice. Each piece of furniture must be not only beautiful and worthy in itself, but also a part of the larger plan. Interest in the choice of each bit of the decorative material for an interior must not at any time obscure the decorator's vision of the broad effect. The failure of his work would be no less serious than the failure which would result from an attempt to secure the desired expression in a broad effect which ignored its component details.

The city residence of Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, here pictured, is a fine example of balance in the making of a Gothic interior.

The entrance hall shown on page 30 is a room of large proportions with the floor on two levels. The general color tone of the floor and walls is the warming yellow gray Botticini. The columns, capitals and mosaics in this hall are Byzantine in character and the antique finish is admirably executed.

The level of the first floor is reached by three steps, the width of the hall. There is an oak-panelled ceiling of grayish blue color with carved designs on the beams picked out in color and in dull gold. This same treatment of walls and ceilings is carried out through the first mezzanine. The win-



The Entrance is Byzantine in Character

dows here, with the exception of the stained glass window on the main staircase, have lettered glass in English casements inside of which are finely executed bronze screens.

The great Gothic hall is about fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide and rises two stories to a height of thirty-four feet. The wainscoted walls are of dark oak having the upper panels exquisitely carved, the whole being surmounted by a fine cresting extending around the room. At the westerly end over the arched doorway is the minstrel gallery.

Above the wainscot the walls are of rough plaster, without color, against which are hung rare tapestries. Carved panelled frieze, cornice and cresting completes the finish and in each bay a frieze terminates with a medieval statue.

The floor is of Brazilian teakwood which has a

natural light color and imparts more light than the ordinary teak which is light in production of old English plank floor. The leaded glass windows are painted with a thin patine and design which softens the light and screens the interior from outside view while coats of arms impart sufficient color to relieve the large surface of the openings.

The dining room in English Renaissance is opened to the conservatory from which it receives light. The walls are panelled with English lime-wood which is adopted to bold carving. The mantelpiece, shown in the illustration, is antique; of cream white and yellow Sienna marble around which the soft light satiny wood, the dull gold lighting fixtures and the old painting combine to make a charming decoration. The carvings of the upper panels are of the Grinling Gibbons type.



The dining-room in English Renaissance Style

CURRENT NOTES

OFFICIAL PERSIAN LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE EHRLICH GALLERIES

THE special event for the month of November in the Ehrlich Galleries will be the exhibition of the entire Persian art collection from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The collection consists of tapestries, rugs, miniatures, manuscripts, pottery and inlaid furniture. The collection, which has been on exhibition in several of the leading art centres since the close of the San Francisco Exposition, is particularly rich in textiles and miniatures. The old rugs are of great interest to art lovers. They are marvels of color and texture, and many of them are full of symbolic allusion impregnated with romance and poetry. Rare and costly examples of early manuscripts containing scores of pages of the most sumptuous illuminated miniatures and calligraphy commissioned by royal patrons of the arts will be on exhibit.

After many years of neglect the world of art has of late turned its attention to Persia with one of those periodical impulses of ardor that mark the fickle tide of fashion in art matters.

To collectors who have made a special study of its genesis, its development and the points which differentiate the seven eras of art in Persia, it possesses the still greater fascination inherent in a subject that is made one's own, since the fullest enjoyment of any art is so closely bound up with the first-hand knowledge of its sources and aims.

The rare objects that will be shown were produced during a number of centuries, the most modern dating back to the early Nineteenth—which are pronounced by art experts as being amongst the very best and authentic representatives of Persian art, have been culled from some of the most im-

portant collections in Persia. While the American public is familiar with the beautiful weaves of Persia, there are only a few amongst art lovers and scholars that have any idea of the large variety of objects of fine arts which have not only been produced in Persia from the earliest days, but which had originated with the people of that land.

Certain objects in the Exhibit will be offered for sale. These objects are owned by wealthy Persians who are willing to sell and the money to be used to alleviate the suffering in Persia at the present time, provoked by the war. The Exhibition will be in charge of Mr. S. Hossein, who has shown it throughout America since the close of the P. P. I. Exposition.

The bigness of this Exhibit makes it difficult to particularize in a brief article. Please bear in mind that most of the articles were loaned from famous Persian collections with the view of revealing to the Western world something of the richness and antiquity of the civilization of the land of the shahs. The exhibit would doubtless have been returned long since to its owners but for the dangers of transportation in war-time which resulted in keeping the collection in this country. Now conditions have so changed in Persia that many of the objects are going to be sold, and the money used for charity.

TEXTILE DESIGN COMPETITION OF THE ART ALLIANCE

THE third annual prize competition for Textile Designs closed on October first and the five hundred and three designs submitted have been exhibited at the Galleries of The Art Alliance, 10 East 47th Street, during the month. The designs submitted from twenty-six states, two hundred and forty-eight from New York, seventy from Illinois, fifty-one from California, forty-six from New Jersey and fifteen from Massachusetts and a few of the principal centers.

It would not be fair to say that the various contestants achieved a "high standard" in their work—they did more than that—they made a truly remarkable showing. Especially notable was the work of students of design in various public high schools.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

FOR PRINTED SILKS: First Prize of \$250 to Hazel Burnham Slaughter; Second Prize of \$150 to Marguerite Zorach; Third Prize of \$100 to Martha Ryther.

Ten Prizes of \$25 each to: Richard Marwede, Margaret Walsh, Coulton Waugh, Virginia Oberholser, Helen Walter, Ilonka Karasz, Ruth Marie Reeves, W. E. Hentschel, F. Winold Reiss, Henri Guignon.



Courtesy of Ehrlich Galleries

A group of Rhagès and Sultanabad Pottery, including pieces in Gold Lustre and rich iridescence, 12th and 13th centuries

Ten Prizes of \$10 each to: Willich Embroidery Studio, Bernice McCrystle, Mariska Karasz, Alice L. Dallimore, Alphonse Bihr, S. L. Crownfield, California School of Arts and Crafts, Mary Tannahill, Alice Reddy, Jack Watson.

FOR WOVEN SILKS: First Prize \$100. (No prize awarded); Second Prize \$50 to Grace H. Simonson.

SILKS FOR INTERIOR DECORATION: First Prize \$100 to Bertha Morey; Second Prize \$50 to Lillian Lawrence.

FOR CRETONNES: First Prize of \$100 to Helen S. Daly; Second Prize \$50 to Laura E. Mattoon.

FOR PRINTED COTTONS: First Prize \$100 to Bertha Smith; Second Prize \$50 to Ruth J. Wilson.

FOR RIBBONS: First Prize \$100. Second Prize \$50. (No prizes awarded.)

SPECIAL AWARDS: \$150 to W. E. Hentschel for group of ten panels for decorative value; \$25 to Josephine Weil for weaving; \$25 to Martha Ryther—special recognition in addition to prize; \$25 to Hazel Burnham Slaughter—special recognition to prize; \$25 to Bertha Smith—special recognition in addition to prize; \$20 to Bushwick High School for professional recognition of work by Carolyn Brookman and Caroline Berker; \$10 to Martha Singer (Age 14 years); \$25 to Mary J. Brison for rug design; \$25 to Mrs. Mary Meigs Atwater for weaving.

HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS OF NEW YORK CITY: First Prize of \$25 to Carolyn Brookman of Bushwick High School; Second Prize of \$15 to Victor Echevarria of De Witt Clinton High School; Third Prize of \$10 to Louise Goerger of Bryant High School.

FOUR HONORABLE MENTIONS OF \$5.00 to Caroline Berker of Bushwick High School; Philip Attkies of De Witt Clinton High School; Antoinette Chambers of Erasmus High School; Dorothy M. Reid of Washington Irving High School; Nicholas Reilly of Manual Training High School; Alice Jones of Wadleigh High School.

LITERARY SALES SEASON

The season of literary sales has opened, and although it is now in the early stage, nevertheless collectors of rare old books, original manuscripts, autographs and other documents from American and foreign sources are looking forward with considerable interest to certain events scheduled on the auction calendar.

An event of more than average importance

scheduled for the present month is the auction sale of the collection of rare books and manuscripts, and also autographs of celebrities, formed by Mr. Robert H. Dodd, a former partner of the publishing firm of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Dodd has devoted more than forty years to the pursuit of collecting rare books, and for many years has been the publisher of "Book Prices Current," in association with Mr. L. S. Livingston. As he remarked not long ago, the pastime of collecting is old, and antedates the wars of the nations, for it dates back to Cicero.

The sales in preparation at the Walpole Galleries include a collection of Japanese prints, books from the library of the late A. F. A. Bandelier, the Spanish-American explorer, a library of books relating to the Confederacy and Confederate imprints, Alaskan Indian relics, and old bottles from the collection of the late A. W. Drake, formerly art editor of the Century Magazine.

A welcome innovation in the character of awards distributed at art exhibitions has been introduced by Director Laurvik of the Palace of Fine Arts in the prizes given at the last Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. Instead of the usual cart wheel medal, which most artists are glad to receive but few are ever willing to show, because of their blatant ugliness, Mr. Laurvik had the happy idea of substituting for the conventional medal a piece of bronze, which in itself is a work of art, and therefore, a much more fitting tribute to the merits of the recipient.

For this purpose one of Arthur Putnam's animal figures was chosen. The plaque presents a small puma in full relief recumbent upon a circular base of a size suitable for a paper weight, with the recipient's name and the usual designation of first, second or third prize inscribed on the base. The modelling and characterization of this little figure is imbued with Putnam's well known power and delicacy, which gives to all his animals an expressive realism.

The idea of making the reward in itself a work of art has aroused enthusiastic response among the artists, and no doubt this beautiful little work of art will be valued and cherished by every recipient long beyond any mere medal. These awards have just been distributed among the following artists: Joseph Raphael, who received a gold medal for painting; Armin C. Hansen, who received a silver medal for painting and a silver medal for graphic; Anne M. Bremer, who received a bronze medal for painting; Godfrey Fletcher, who received a silver medal for water color; and Ralph Stackpole, who received a gold medal for sculpture.

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A THIRTEENTH CENTURY STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

THE thirteenth century is the golden age of French Gothic sculpture. It is the century of the greatest sculptures of Chartres and Amiens and Paris, and of ill-fated Rheims. It is the century of the unknown sculptor to whose master chisel we owe the statue of the Virgin and Child which has recently come into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Anyone who is familiar with Gothic sculpture in the architectural setting for which it was designed, knows only too well that such sculpture, removed from its original surroundings and exhibited in a museum gallery, loses not a little of its charm. This is particularly true of thirteenth-century sculpture. In the Romanesque period, architecture had overshadowed in importance the sculpture which adorned it; in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries conditions were reversed; but the cathedrals of the thirteenth century exhibit a perfect and harmonious union of the two arts. In this great period, the sculpture is an integral part of the architecture, and the sculptor's problem was the creation of a decorative ensemble rather than the execution of single figures intended to be self-sufficient and designed without reference to their eventual use.

The visitor must keep this in mind when he stands before the statue recently purchased by the Museum, and now exhibited in the gallery of Gothic art. Let him forget the other objects around him, and try to visualize this gracious statue of the Virgin and Child as it might have been seen by those for whom the artist worked. Let him imagine, perhaps, the deep-set portal of a church, where, against the trumeau which separates the two doors through which the faithful enter into the house of God, might stand the statue of the Virgin, supported by a high pedestal and surmounted by a canopy. On either side, the sculptor may have added figures of holy personages and saints, and, in the tympanum above, scenes from the history of Our Lady. Such would have been the scheme of decoration in one of the great cathedrals. It was not so elaborate, of course, in the lesser churches. Wherever the statue may have been shown, we may feel confident that it was designed for a definite place, and that it formed part of an ensemble, to which both architect and sculptor had contributed.

The statue which engages our attention is approximately life size, measuring 62½ inches in height. It is carved of stone, probably from the same stone as was used in the construction of the building whence it comes. The surface of the stone has not been elaborately worked. Here and there, indeed, the marks of the chisel are still visible. This reminds us that it was customary in the Gothic

period to paint and gild sculpture. A thin coat of plaster covered the stone and upon this color and gilding were applied. The statue still retains traces of its polychrome enrichment. The effect was further enhanced by the use of cabochons of colored glass. These simulated gems, ornamented crowns and brooches and the borders of garments, as one may see on the Museum statue, although in this instance most of the cabochons are now missing from their settings. In other respects, however, the statue is in marvelous condition, untouched by the restorer's hand.

The Virgin stands on a low hexagonal base, her body bending gracefully as she supports on her left arm the Christ Child, who raises His right hand in blessing, while in the left He holds an orb, the sym-

(Concluded on page 52)



13th Century Gothic Statue, formerly in the Demotte Collection, and recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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THE LITERARY TREASURES OF

H. V. JONES

(Continued from page 35)

The rare edition of "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," London, 1703, should also be mentioned, and among other Shakespeare items are "The Lamentable and True Tragedy of Master Arden of Feversham," London, 1633, a third edition of this supposititious play, and a rare copy of "Romeo and Juliet," London, 1637, a sixth edition.

Chaucer, the father of English literature, is represented by the notable first collected edition of 1532, an unusually fine copy. The library is rich in masterpieces by Sir Francis Bacon, Braithwaite Beaumont and Fletcher, Defoe, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Peele, Massinger, Shirley, Spencer, Waller and Wither, and all in an unusually fine state of preservation. In fact, one wonders how the collector managed to secure so many perfect copies of master works in literature. He was particularly fortunate in this respect.

A work of the utmost interest is the original manuscript of "Dog Days," by Charles Lamb, because it places in the list of Lamb's certain writings a piece which up to a few years ago was described as "not certain to be Lamb's, but probably by him." This item, therefore, affords the bibliophile a chance for speculation.

Another rarity is "The Devil's Charter," a tragedy, by Barnabee Barnes, "as it was plaide before the Kings Maiestie, upon Candlemasse night last," with London imprint, 1607. There is no copy of this work in the Hoe or Huth collections.

Of the same century but a later period, is "The Holy War, Made by Shaddai Upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World," by John Bunyan, printed for Dorman Newman at the Kings Arms, London, 1682, the extremely rare first edition.

Robert Greene, "maister of Arts in Cambridge," is represented by a rare volume, "Mamillia," the second part of the triumph of Pallas, London, 1593, and the only available edition of this work. But one copy of the first part of Mamillia is known, that in the Bodleian library.

Of Scottish origin are "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," by Robert Burns, Kilmarnock, 1785, the excessively rare Kilmarnock edition, and "James VI. of Scotland," "the Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," Edinburgh, 1584, the first edition of one of the rarest volumes of early poetry. No copy of this work is known in the Hoe or Huth collections, and it is considered exceedingly rare.

"Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe" are names to conjure with particularly for all who seek adventure. In this collection is a remarkably fine

(Continued on page 48)



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copy of the first edition of "Crusoe," Defoe's masterpiece, which has the London dates of 1719-1720.

Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," London, 1726, is a first edition, an exceptionally fine copy, and with the portrait in its first state.

The "Essayes of Montaigne" should be mentioned, with its London imprint of 1603, of which Shakespeare's copy is in the British Museum, the first edition of Florio's translation.

Early manuscripts of great rarity allure and the early foreign works possess fascination for the bibliophile. There are numerous gems in this portion of the library.

An exceptionally rare manuscript is the Latin New Testament, Spanish Codex of the Tenth Century, with musical notations indicated by the signs, and said to be the earliest manuscript known of this type. Another manuscript of the utmost rarity is the Flemish work, an Illuminated Psalter, with Canticles and Litany, written at Ghent about 1250.

A work of rare interest is "The Malerni Bible," named so after the translator, Nicolo da Malerni, and printed by Ich. Rubens for Luc di Giunta at Venice, 1494. This bible is one of the finest illustrated books in the world, and is a fine example of the Venetian's printer's art.

From the monastery at Buxheim is the "Historia Scholastica," by Petrus Comestor, and printed at Augsburg by Gunther Zainer, 1473, a first edition, and from the first Augsburg press, and Zainer's own copy.

The illuminations of the "Comestor" all represent hand-work carefully executed, a vanished art, so to speak.

From Tenth Century manuscripts and antique printed books to modern times is quite a jump, but the range of this array of literary gems is extensive and perhaps a brief résumé of some of the moderns may be of interest in conclusion.

Worthy of note are the colored book plates by Aiken, including "The Life of a Sportsman"; a set of novels by Jane Austen, all first editions; the original manuscript of "A Hallowe'en Wraith," by William Black, and a presentation copy of Blackmore's "Lorna Doon"; Charlotte Bronte's own copy of her and her sister's Poems; and "Jane Eyre," with autograph letter referring to the volume.

A unique souvenir of the dinner on the occasion of the last visit of Dickens to America, consists of autograph letters of many notables, and also of letters by the distinguished author.

William M. Thackeray is represented by a fine first edition of his famous novel, "Vanity Fair," and there is also a collected set of first editions of the writings of Anthony Trollope.

All told, there are only about 1,700 items in this library, but its keynote is quality, which should be the guiding star for all who follow the allure of collecting.

Ready November 15th

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A ROMAN LETTER

OUT of a legacy that was left me I have just bought a statue of Corinthian bronze. It is small, but thoroughly clever and done to the life—at least in my judgment, which, in matters of this sort, and perhaps of every sort, is not worth much. However, I really do see the merits of this statue. It is a nude figure, and its faults, if it has any, are clearly as observable as its beauties. It represents an old man standing up. The bones, the muscles, the veins, and the very wrinkles, all look lifelike. The hair is thin, the forehead broad, the face shrunken, the throat lank, the arms hang down feebly, the chest is fallen in, and the belly sunk. Looked at from behind, the figure is just as expressive of old age. The bronze, to judge from its color, has the marks of great antiquity. In short, it is in all respects a work which would strike the eye of a connoisseur, and which cannot fail to charm an ordinary observer. This induced me, novice as I am in such matters, to buy it. However, I bought it not to put in my own house (for I never had there a Corinthian bronze), but with the intention of placing it in some conspicuous situation in the place of my birth, perhaps in the Temple of Jupiter, which has the best claim to it. It is a gift well worthy of a temple and of a god. Do you, with that kind attention which you always give to my requests, undertake this matter, and order a pedestal to be made for it out of any marble you please, and let my name, and, if you think fit, my various titles, be engraved upon it. I will send you the statue by the first person who will not object to the trouble; or, what I am sure you will like better, I will bring it myself, for I intend, if I can get away from business, to take a run into your parts."

This letter of 1800 years ago, written by Pliny the younger to Amins Severus (Bk. III, VI), is rich in matters that are of interest. On the one hand there is the description of the work of art, its material and treatment; also the method of installation to be employed. Such matters are archaeological and have their value, but perhaps the greatest interest in this letter lies in four points, the connoisseurship of Pliny, the spirit in which the gift was to be made, the place where it was to be shown, and the conditions imposed regarding its pedestal. Pliny felt their importance, otherwise he would not have mentioned them, and his letter presents a striking picture of his position as a collector. In the first place Pliny realizes the wisdom of acquiring the work of art, that it is one in which the public would be interested, and that, although he had purchased the figure outright, the proper place for it was in a building where the general public could enjoy it, and it could at the same time be dedicated to the god. Let us also note his emphasis on the gift being worthy of the place chosen; and that it was given, not lent.

What a silent commentary this is on gifts of works of art! Pliny was not unique in following this procedure, for the treasury lists of Egyptian and Greek temples, and of Christian churches prove the contrary. Throughout the centuries there have been persons who realized how to place the work of art they own where it could do the greatest good, agreeing that this place should be where the public might have access to it, and where it might be cared for indefinitely,



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if its inherent quality warranted this procedure.

Museum experience of the present day finds much to commend in the attitude of Pliny. It is by such generous gifts of works of art or money that we have made such remarkable progress in this country. Our collectors are coming to realize that it is an honor to give some worthy object or collection. Like Pliny of old they ask for the label with the donor's name and some would even insist on much less interesting details. The museums are glad to meet the conditions of the label, but rightly hesitate in the case of binding agreements. Those who anticipate making gifts large or small should do well to note Pliny's largeness of spirit. If these public benefactors would realize that the museums are interested in bringing as much emphasis on the object or the collections as is commensurate with the actual art value they would see that they might safely trust the museums with the care of their works of art without condition. Justice to the object concerned, to the donor and to the museum, follows similar lines to those presented in this letter of so long ago.—*Bulletin, Rhode Island School of Design.*

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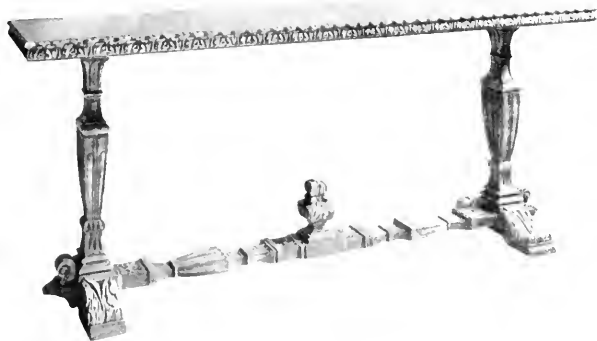
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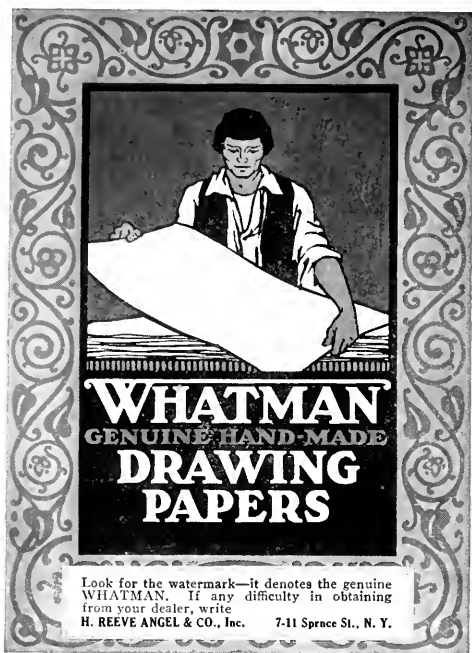


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A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

(Continued from page 44)

bol of His majesty. A veil covers the Virgin's head; a crown indicates her royal rank. Over her gown, girdled at the waist and falling in long folds to her feet, the Virgin wears a mantle tied with a tasseled cord. One end of the mantle is drawn across her body and gathered up under her left arm. On her breast is a jeweled brooch.

The pose of the figure is marked by a feminine, aristocratic grace, but this quality is epitomized, as it were, in the expression which illumines the Virgin's face. In the tender, serene smile with which the Virgin looks down at her baby, there is nothing of the cold austerity of the earlier Madonnas of the Romanesque period, nor of the merely pretty domesticity, too intimate sometimes for the dignity of the theme, which characterizes the later Gothic versions of the Divine Mother.

In the expression of this exquisite modesty of affection, the sculptor has been eminently successful. Equally successful is his solution of artistic problems. He simplifies form and movement until alone the essential, significant facts remain. Emphasized in this way, these truths are comprehended so readily by the spectator that an extraordinary impression of reality results. We have still to note another aspect of the artistic performance, the achievement of abstract beauty. Here we are not concerned with religious thought or with truth of representation, but with pure design. This is the beauty of rhythmic lines, of harmonious shapes, of the infinitely varied manifestations of order in design. This quality of abstract beauty, which characterizes Gothic art of the great period, is present to an unusual degree in the statue recently acquired by the Museum.

The statue may be dated toward the close of the thirteenth century. Its similarity in style to the *Vierge Dorée* of Amiens, and the fact that the statue, which for several years has been in private possession, came originally from the neighborhood of this celebrated cathedral, would indicate that the sculptor was strongly influenced by the ateliers of Amiens. Sculpture of this period, particularly works of the highest order, are so rarely available that the Museum may be congratulated upon the acquisition of this masterpiece of French Gothic sculpture. A recent writer has said, "A beautiful thing may be self-luminous with pleasure; or it may also glow with pleasure reflected from its truth or its morality." One would have to search far to find a more perfect illustration of this definition than the statue of the Virgin and Child which has occasioned these notes.—J. B. in *Bulletin of Metropolitan Museum of Art*.



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The Brooklyn Museum opened to the public on Wednesday, Oct. 30, an exhibition of 120 paintings, water colors and drawings (mostly paintings in oil), by the Russian artist, Boris Anisfeld. The exhibition will continue until Sunday, Dec. 1st, inclusive, and will be subsequently shown in a circuit tour of various leading museums and art institutions. From Brooklyn it will be taken to Boston, and shown there under the auspices of the Copley Society and the Boston Art Club. Although Mr. Anisfeld's name is not yet widely known in this country, he has already achieved the distinction of a commission from the Metropolitan Opera Company to design and execute the scenery and design the costumes for the opera, "La Reine Fiammette," by the composer Xavier Leroux, which is to be one of the novelties of the coming Metropolitan season. Mr. Anisfeld is widely known in Europe as an artist of distinction, and especially as a designer of scenery and costumes for the Russian ballet and the Russian opera. In this direction he was not only a predecessor of Bakst, but he designed and executed the scenery and designed the costumes of several of the most notable recent Russian ballets and operas. Among his chief successes in this field were *Islamey*, *The Preludes*, *The Sylphides*, *Egyptian Nights* and *The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King*. He also also contributed to the decorative and scenic designs for Ivan the Terrible and Boris Godounov. His first production in this direction was in 1906 when he was commissioned to undertake the scenery and costumes for Hugo von Hofmannstahl's *Marriage of Zobia*, which was produced with notable success at Mme. Vera Kommissarjevskaya's Theater in Petrograd. Aside from this distinction as a leading decorator of the most important school in this department, which has been the Russian, the artist's energies and interest were originally devoted to painting for its own sake, and still center in that direction, including landscape, figure composition, genre and portraiture. Mr. Anisfeld was born at Bielsti, in Bessarabia, in 1879, and began his artistic training at the Odessa School of Art. After five years' work in this school he entered the Imperial Academy of Arts at Petrograd, and completed his training there in 1909. Many of the pictures which he executed during the two years' travel which followed will be seen in the present exhibition. His work has attracted attention in foreign countries, as shown at the exhibition of Russian art at the Salon d'Automne in Paris in 1906. He also exhibited at the Vienna Secession of 1908 with remarkable success. Subsequently his work was enthusiastically received in Rome. His latest participation in a foreign exhibition was at the Baltic Exposition at Malmö in Sweden in 1914.

Mr. Anisfeld arrived in this country in the early part of the present year with his wife and daughter as a refugee from the revolution in Petrograd, where he witnessed the bread riots and was himself a member of the bread line. He subsequently packed his pictures and fled for his life by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok, where he spent two months, and then came to this country by way of Japan. As a distinguished and leading representative of the recent so-called Fantast School of Russia, and as a notable decorative contributor to the success and popularity of the new Russian School of ballet.

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OF THE ART WORLD AND ARTS AND DECORATION, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1918, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Dexter W. Hewitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ART WORLD AND ARTS AND DECORATION, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Hewitt Publishing Corporation, 470 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, none; Managing Editor, A. C. Gaylor, 470 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, Dexter W. Hewitt, Elisha Hewitt, 470 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) Hewitt Publishing Corporation, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York N. Y.; Dexter W. Hewitt, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Elisha Hewitt, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Kalon Publishing Company, Inc., 470 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None. Stockholders of Kalon Publishing Co., Inc., owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock, John Hemming Fry, 222 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Dexter W. Hewitt, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1918, E. De Haven. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

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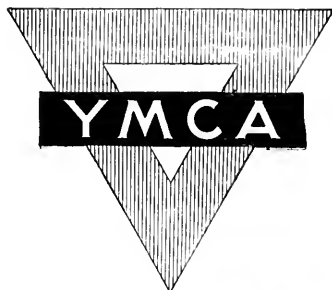
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